

THE  
Fifth Volume  
*Shahin F. Marston*  
LETTERS  
Writ by a

**Turkish Spy,**

Who lived Five and Forty Years,  
Undiscover'd, at

**PARIS:**

Giving an Impartial Account to the  
*Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Imvignes* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1654. to the Year 1682.

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MDCCVII.





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TO THE  
READER.

**P***Refaces methinks, are so much like the Printed Bills, pasted upon the Booths in Bartholomew-Fair, to give an Account of the Entertainment you are to expect within; that, were it not in pure compliance with Custom, one would forswear writing any. But the World is humorous, and must be served according to its own Fashion. Every Thing's damn'd that is not à-la-mode. And he that publishes a Book, without Civilly accosting the Reader at the Beginning, is thought to intrench upon Good Manners.*

*To the Reader.*

To prevent all these Inconveniences, 'tis thought fit once more to say a Word or Two, not in praise of this *Volume of Letters*, (e'en let it take its Fortune as the other *Four* have done) but by way of *Apology* for some Things which may seem liable to Censure

Some perhaps will be offended at the Zeal which appears in this *Arabian*, when he writes in Honour of the *Mahometan Faith*. Others will as much wonder at his Looseness and Indifference, his Doubtfulness of all Things: For, in some of his *Letters*, he appears a Great *Sceptick*, and confesses himself so.

These Gentlemen ought to consider, that his Style and Sentiments, are suited to the *Quality* of the *Person* to whom he writes. To his Intimate Friends, he unbosoms himself with Abundance of Frankness: But when he Addresses to the *Mufti*, or other *Grandees* of the *Port*, he is Cautious and Reserved.

It

## To the Reader.

It may be suppos'd that he understood himself very well, or else he was not fit for that *Employment* in *Paris*. And without doubt having had his Education in the *Seraglio*, as he professes, he was no Stranger to the *Punctilio's* of Address us'd in the *Turkish Court*. It was his Policy and Interest, to appear a very Devout *Mahometan*, when he wrote to the *Ministers of State*: And 'tis possible, he was so in Reality, or at least persuaded himself so at certain Seasons. And yet this hinders not, but he might at other Times take the Liberty to descant on some Absurdities in their *Doctrine* and *Practice*, when he wrote to his Familiars, and was minded to converse with Freedom.

If in some Points, he seems to give Credit to the *Arabian Writers*, who have treated of *Egypt* and its *Antiquities*; in others, he shews himself a Man not over-fond of *Fables* and *Romances*.



## To the Reader.

However, let his *Opinions* be what they will, and his *Sentiments* never so *Extravagant* in Matters of *Speculation* and *Controversie* ; so long as his *Morals* are sound and good, there's no Occasion to be Captious. We need not fear that any *Christian*, or any Man of Sense will be Proselyted by his Letters, to a *Religion* which he himself, though professing it, yet so often doubts of, and ridicules.

He speaks very Honourably of *Christ*, and Impartially of *Christians*, accusing their *Vices* rather than their *Doctrines*, and appearing all along a Moderate Man in his Sentiments of *Religion*, and a Friend to *Virtue* and *Reason*. If he discovers some Failings, in being too Melancholy ; consider, that he was a Mortal like other Men. However, *Reader*, admire his Untainted Loyalty, and Imitate it.

You will find in this *Volume*, True *History*, with Variety of Solid  
Remarks.

## To the Reader.

Remarks. And not a few Secrets of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and *Oliver Cromwel*, Uncabinetted: Particularly, that Famous *Intrigue* carried on by *Colonel Spintelet* and his Confederates, to save *Ostend* from being surprized by the *French*, in the Year 1658, and to bubble Two of the ablest *Statesmen* in *Europe*.

After all, assure thy self, that the next *Volume* will contain more *Illustrious Relations* than any that has gone before. Where you will hear of an end put to the *War* between *France* and *Spain*, after it had lasted Five and Tweniy Years; and the Marriage of *Lewis XIV.* with the *Spanish Infanta*; as also of an *Universal Peace* in *Christendom*: The *Restauration* of *Charles II.* to his *Crown* and *Kingdoms* after *Twelve Years Exile* in *Foreign Countries*, and *Twelve* several *Revolutions* of *Government*, here at *Home*. With many other *Memorable* and *Important Events* and *Transactions* in the

A 5                      World.

*To the Reader.*

World: As the dreadful *Earthquake* which overturned part of the *Pyrenean Mountains*; the more destructive *Plague* which swept away almost a *Hundred Thousand People* in *London*, and the deplorable *Fire* which consumed the Greatest Part of that Famous City, in the space of *Three Days*.

You will there also find an Account of the *Death* of that Great *Minister of State, Cardinal Mazarini*: Of the *Duke of Orleance*, Uncle to the *French King*: Of the *Dutchess of Savoy*: Of *Carolus Josephus*, the *Emperor's Brother*: Of the *Duke of Vendome*: Of the *Queen-mother of France*, and of *Philip IV. King of Spain*, with other Persons of *Princely Quality*.

For this *Arabian* was careful to transmit to the *Ottoman Port*, Intelligence of all Things which were most Remarkable in *Europe*. And that his *Letters* might not seem tedious, he intermix'd *Moral Reflexions*,

*To the Reader.*

flexions, with some *Maxims* of *Policy*, *Essays* of *Reason*, and now and then a touch of *Philosophy*: And if we may guess at the cause of his more abounding in these kind of *Miscellany* Discourses after the Year 1659, than he did before: It seems probable, that a *General Peace* about that time being establish'd in *Europe*, he had little else to write, but his *Observations* on the several *States* and *Courts* of *Christian Princes*, the *Different Manners*, *Customs*, and *Laws* of *People*; the *Counsels* and *Intrigues* of *Statesmen*: With such other Matters as occurred worthy of Notice.

If either in this *Volume*, or in those that are to come, he seems in any of his *Letters* to alter his Opinion, and contradict his former Sentiments; remember 'tis no more than what the Greatest *Writers* have done, who have lived to Old Age, as this *Agent* did. No Body is Ignorant of *St. Augustine's Retractations*, and

## To the Reader.

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wherein those Two Great *Authors*  
run counter to all that they had  
writ before. And 'twere easie to  
produce a Hundred Instances be-  
sides.

In a Word, *Reader*, take in good  
Part the *Translator's* Pains, who ren-  
ders Things as he found 'em, with-  
out altering or Corrupting the Sense  
of his *Copy*. Farewel.





A

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VOL. V.

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LETTERS



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# LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

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VOL. V.

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BOOK I.

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LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian, and Vilest of the*  
Grand Signior's Slaves, to the *Myste-*  
*rious Esad, Arbitrator of doubtful Pro-*  
*blems, Prince of the Musti's.*

**W**HEN I first came to *Paris*, my  
*Instructions* were not so Full and  
Particular, as to direct me in all  
Emergencies. A great many Things  
were left to my own Conduct and Prudence,  
both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters. So that  
if I have made any false Steps, I hope 'twill be Ex-  
cusable;

cusable; in Regard, 'tis not so much my Fault, as that of the *Ministers* who reside at the *August Port*. I have often address'd to them, desiring Supplemental Rules and Cautions in some Peculiar Cases which I propos'd: But they have been very sparing of their Counsels. 'Tis true indeed, about Five Years ago, I receiv'd some Particular Orders from the *Vixir Azem*, and the *Kaimacham*, as also from thy *Sanctity*: Wherein I was commanded to write with all Freedom to the *Grandees*. This, with the other Directions, has been of great Use to me. It has arm'd me with fresh Courage, and remov'd the Melancholy Apprehensions I had of some Mens Revenge, whose Vices I reprov'd. Praise be to God, *King of the Day of Judgment*, I have accus'd no Man wrongfully. Yet I was full of Fears, even in the Performance of my Duty: Knowing, that Mortals generally love to have their Faults conceal'd, and pursue those with Malice, who discover or reprehend 'em. But now, all my Fears in that Kind are vanish'd. Yet, I have Scruples of another Nature, which none but the *Infallible Guide* of the *Faithful* can disperse.

Ever since I have resided here, I have been precise in observing all the *Precepts* of our *Holy Law*, so far as consist'd with the Security and Success of my *Commission*. For I have been forc'd to leap over many Lies, and False Oaths, to conceal my self. I have likewise done abundance of other irregular Things, to promote the *Cause* I am engag'd in, for all which, thou hast vouchsafed me a *Dispensation*. There remains One Thing, in which thy Advice is necessary.

I have been hitherto punctual in keeping the *Fast of Ramazan*, at the Time appointed to all *Muslimans*; which, thou knowest, falls Earlier by Eleven Days every Year, than it did the Year before. So that in the space of Four and Thirty Years, it passes





passes through all the Four *Seasons*. Now this Successive Variation of the *Great Fast*, causing it sometimes to fall at the very Times of the most solemn *Festivals* among the *Nazarenes*, such as that which they call their *Christmas*, which is a *Feast* of Thirteen Days; I fear lest I may be taken Notice of, should I, by Celebrating the *Ramazan* at those Times, contradict the Universal Practice of all the *Franks*, and start Suspicions in those with whom I converse, to my Disadvantage and Ruin.

To thee therefore, who art the *Wise*st of the *Wise*, I fly for Counsel in this Exigency: Beseeching thee, to dictate plainly what I am to do.

I know, that the Sick, or Wounded, or Travelers, are dispens'd with, if they violate the *Sacred Moon*. At which time, the *Gates* of *Paradise* are open'd, and invisible Favours are done to the devout Observers of this *Precept*: Whilst the *Avenues* of *Hell* are Barricado'd, and all the *Devils* Chain'd up from appearing abroad, or doing any Mischief in the *World*. I say, I am not ignorant of the *Indulgence* which is given to Men under such Circumstances; provided they satisfy the *Law*, by keeping the *Fast* at some other Season, more agreeable to their Health, or other Necessities. And thus far I cou'd have silenc'd the Alarms of my own Conscience, without molesting thee: Knowing, that a *Mussulman* is always allow'd this Liberty in a *Foreign* Country, much more in a *Region* of *Infidels*.

But that which I aim at, is to be inform'd, Whether to put the better Disguise upon my self, and more efficaciously to prosecute the Interest of the *Grand Signior*, I may not always Celebrate this *Fast*, at the precise Time that the *Christians* keep their *Lent*? For then I shou'd pass unsuspected, and no Man wou'd take me for any other, than a *Christian* and a *Catholic*. Nay, my manner of daily Fasting at that time wou'd raise me a considerable Credit



among the *Christians* that know me. They would cry me up for a *Saint*, or a very *Holy* Man. For, the *Fast* of the *Christians* is a *Feast*, in comparison with the *Rigorous Abstinence* of the *Mussulmans*. Those indeed refrain all sorts of *Flesh*, but they load their Tables with variety of *Fish*, and other *Dainties*; neither have they patience to tarry for their Repast beyond the Mid-day. Whereas, the *Mussulmans* taste of nothing during the *Ramezan*, till the *Sun* is gon down, and the *Stars* appear. No, not even in the parching *Desarts* of *Arabia*, where Men are ready to perish of Thirst. Yet no Man will extend his Hand to the Water-Pot, to refresh himself in those unspeakable Agonies, till the Shadow of the *Earth* is advanc'd into the *Higher Region* of the *Air*, and has banish'd the least Glimmerings of the *Sun*. When therefore the *Franks* shall see me Fast after this austere Fashion in their *Lent*, they will say, I am a very Mortify'd Man, and a Devout *Catholick*: For they judge altogether by the outside. So, if any danger should threaten me, I should find Friends among the *Zealots*, and the *Indifferent* wou'd not appear my Enemies: But the *Wicked*, whose Black Guilt has render'd 'em a Terror to themselves, as well as an Abomination to others, wou'd stand in fear of me. Thus, on all Hands, a way wou'd be open for me, to escape a discovery of the *Secrets* committed to my Charge.

'Twould be much more to my satisfaction, if I could with safety Celebrate this *Fast*, in the very *Moon* wherein the *Alcoran* was brought down from *Heaven*, as all good *Mussulmans* generally do. But I am taught, not to betray, or so much as hazard the *Affairs* of my Great Master for a mere *Nicety* or *Punctilio* of Religion. God is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, and 'tis his *Will*, that the *Empire* of the *True Faithful* should be extended where-ever the *Moon* or the *Sun* shine on *Earth*,

Great

Great Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, Doctor of Faith and Verity, it is in thy power to confirm or shake my Resolution in this Point. For, from thy Sentence, there is no Appeal.

Paris, 5<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

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L E T T E R II.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

**T**Hou informest me, that the *King* of the *Romans* is dead, and that divers *Prodigies* happen'd about the time of his expiring. Whilst others report, That the *German Emperor* himself died the 9<sup>th</sup> of the last Moon. However, I shall transmit thy Advice to the *Shining Port*; not trusting to the uncertain Intelligence of Fame.

*Kings* and *Emperors* must resign up their Breath, as well as other Mortals. 'Tis a *Tribute* we all owe to *Nature*, who will be paid, one time or other. Neither has she ever exempted any from the *Common Lot*, save *Enoch*, *Elias*, and *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. These were *Holy Prophets*, *Perfect Saints*, and void of *Original Sin*, and therefore receiv'd an *Indulgence*: Tho' those of your *Nation*, and the *Christians* believe, That the last of these three died on a *Cross*.

As for all others, they have either been dissolv'd by *Sickness*, or snatch'd away by sudden *Death*: Some by an *Invisible Dart* from *Heaven*; Others by the *Ruder Hand* of Mortals like themselves; Millions by the *Sword* and *Spear*, and Ten Millions by the swifter and more unavoidable stroke of the *Arrow* and *Bullet*: Whilst not a few have receiv'd their

*Death*, from the very *Elements* which supported their *Life*. An unruly *Fire* has crumbled some into their First *Atomes*, and mingl'd their *Ashes* with those of their Houses and Beds of repose : Whilst *Water*, a contrary *Principle*, has quench'd the *Vital Flame* in others. There is but *one way* to enter into this *Life* ; but the *Gates* of *Death*, and the *Invisible State* are without *Number* : And the greatest *Monarch* may as well fall by the prick of a *Thorn*, as by the edge of a *Sword*. Every time I swallow my *Meat*, I remember the *Fate* of him who was choak'd by a *Grain* of *Pepper* ; And that of *Anacreon* the *Poet*, who was strangl'd by the *Stone* of a *Raisin*.

Yet I am not solicitous in chusing or avoiding *Particular Deaths* ; knowing that no *Human Council* can prevent the *Decrees* of *Destiny*. It rather pleases me to think ( such is my *Ambition* ) that by whatsoever *Method* I am sent to the *Grave*, there I shall be equal to the *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Timurlengs*, and the greatest *Mortals*. For there is no distinction of *Noble* and *Vulgar*, in that *Region* of *Anarchy*, where all *Ranks* are levell'd in the *Dust* : As *Diogenes* told *Alexander the Great* ; when the *Monarch*, beholding that *Philosopher* in a *Charnel-House*, his *Eyes* attentively fix'd on the *Bones* of the *Dead* which lay in heaps, ask'd him, What he was doing ? To whom *Diogenes* reply'd, *I am looking for thy Father Philip's Bones, but cannot distinguish 'em from those of his Slaves*. Some such thought as this, might perhaps first occasion the custom of writing *Epiraphs* on the *Sepulchres* of eminent *Persons*. Among which I have read some made by the *Entomb'd* themselves, whilst they were on this side the *Grave* ; and for their singular fancy were thought worthy to be Recorded by *Historians*. Such as this.

I Sabbas of Milan, by Blood a Castilian,  
 Friar and Knight of Jerusalem, wish a  
 happy Resurrection to my Ashes. While  
 I was alive among Mortals, a little sa-  
 tisfy'd me. Now I am dead, and alone  
 in my Grave, I am content with less.  
 I neither knew my self what I was;  
 nor do thou inquire. Traveller, whoever  
 thou art, if thou be Pious, pray for me,  
 and pass on. Farewel, and live mind-  
 ful of Death. Living, I provided this  
 Epitaph, knowing I must Die.

The Birth and Life of Mortals, are nothing  
 but Toil and Death.

Such another was that of Heliodorus, a Moor, who  
 caus'd himself to be bury'd near to the Pillars of  
 Hercules, with this Inscription on his Tomb.

I Heliodorus, a Mad Carthaginian, have  
 commanded by my Last Will and Testament,  
 that I should be Interr'd here in this far-  
 thest Angle of the World: To make Expe-  
 riment, whether any Man more Mad than  
 my self, wou'd Travel thus far to visit my  
 Sepulchre.

But that which Semiramis caus'd to be Inscib'd  
 on her Tomb, was a perfect Satyr on the Living. It  
 was this.



*I Semiramis, whilst Living, never was in need of Money; yet was always Compassionate to the Poor. Now I'm Dead, my Grave is my Treasury. If any of Royal Race be in Want, let him open this Dormitory, and he shall find a Supply.*

When Darius conquer'd Babylon, and was told of this *Epitaph*; stung with Avarice, he caus'd the *Sepulchre* to be open'd in his own Presence. But instead of Money, they only found a *Tablet of Brass*, with these words Engraven on it.

*My Epitaph is a Riddle. This is the Interpretation. I never was Covetous; only such as are Poor, these I pity; and have therefore provided this Lesson as a Treasure for the Man who for Lucre shall presume to violate my Tomb.*

*If thou wilt Rob the Living, forbear to Plunder the Dead; lest they bring thee to Shame, as I have done.*

Thou tellest me; that the *Emperor* seems not to be much griev'd for the Death of his Son, the *Roman King*. Perhaps his Sorrow is so great, that it cannot find a vent. Violent and Uncommon Passions are apt to smother within the Heart, whilst only smaller Griefs break forth in Tears.

It was a memorable Saying of a certain *King of Egypt*, who was overcome by *Cambyſes* the *Persian Monarch*, and taken Captive with all his Children; when the Cruel Conqueror, to sport himself in the Misery of his Royal Prisoners, and insult o'er the vanquish'd *Egyptians*, caus'd the Daughter of the Captive King, to be employ'd in the meanest Offices with the common *Slaves*, before her Father's Face: Then his Son to be bridl'd and curb'd like a Horse, with a vast Burthen ty'd on his Back. At both which dismal Spectacles, the poor *Egyptian Monarch* shed not one Tear: But when he saw one that had formerly been his Servant, reduc'd to great Poverty, he wept bitterly. *Cambyſes* asking him the reason, Why he seem'd so insensible of his Childrens Calamity, and yet was touch'd with so tender a Grief for the misfortune of a Stranger? He answered, *Son of Cyrus, the Desolation of my Family afflicts me with so profound a Sorrow, that no Tears can express it: But my Compassion to this distress'd Servant, being not so violent, easily breaks forth in Tears.*

*Nathan*, I wish thee neither extreme Joy, nor Grief; for they are both hurtful to the Heart.

*Paris 1st. of the 8th Moon,  
of the Year 1654*

## LETTER III.

To Mahummed, Hodgia. Venerable Eremit, of the Cave replete with Wonders.

**W**HEN I contemplate thy Life so full of Innocence, and void of the very Shadow of Vice, I am like a *Serpent* rous'd from his Sleep, by a Breez of cooler Wind, or the Noise of a Traveller on the Road : My *Soul* starts ; and unfolding all the drouzy Curls of Sensuality, stretches it self at full length : Surpriz'd and asham'd of its own Lethargy, it swiftly retires into any dark Corner, to cover it self from the Light of its own Faculties, and from the brighter Reflections of thy Spirit, which penetrate like the Beams of the Sun.

I do not presently curse my self, the hour of my Nativity , my Friends that have flatter'd me into an erroneous belief of my own Virtue, or my Enemies that have provok'd me, and by various Trains entangl'd me in the Paths of Vice. Such *Malediction* only becomes the Mouth of a *Jew*, or a *Liber-sine* : For, we arrive at *Perfection*, not by Curling the *Evil*, but by Imitating the *Good*.

I rather bless the Hour of *Conjunction* ; the *Influence* of my better *Stars*, and the *Constellations* of a more propitious *Horoscope* ; the Moment when I had the Honour to touch the Sand before thy Feet with my Lips, in that *Sanctuary* of Holiness. O thou *Patron* of Good Intentions ; Sincere Reformer of Human Errors ; Refulgent Pattern of the Pious ; Gloiy of the Wise ; most Excellent of the Excellent ; *Phoenix* of the Age !

Praise

Praise be to God, the *First* and the *Last*: Peace to the *Angels* who stand round his *Throne*, and to the *Prophets* who rejoice in his Presence. An universal *Jubilee* to all the Inhabitants of *Paradise*: And Eternal Felicity to the *Saint* of the *Desart* on Earth, whose *Soul* is expanded wide as the *Firmament*.

I am ravish'd and full of *Ecstasies*, because there is not found thy equal on this side the *Clouds*. When thou shalt be cropt from the Earth, the *Mirror* of *Mortals*, the *Flower* of *Humane Nature* is gon. The *Trees* of the *Wilderness* will lament thy *Death*, by whose presence they flourish'd, and brought forth their *Fruit* in due season. At thy *Departure*, the *Grass* of the *Field* will fade and wither, conscious that thy *Merits* drew down the *Rain* and *Dew* of *Heaven*, to render *Arabia* fertile in *Herbage*.

The *Beasts* will languish for want of *Pasture*, and *Men* will bewail the *Dearth* of the *Land*; knowing that the *Life* of the *Just* causes the *Ground* to produce a *Plenteous Harvest*.

But no *Mourning* will be like that of *Mahmut*, who can boast of thy particular *Friendship*; and in losing thee, will be as if he were depriv'd of the *Light* of the *Sun*, or the *Morning Air*, or the benefit of *Fire* and *Water*: For so thy *Favours* are refreshing as the *Elements*, without which we cannot live.

Therefore, as oft as I turn my *Face* to the *City* Sanctified by the *Birth* of our *Holy Prophet*, I send up my *Vows* to *Heaven* for thy long *Life*; beseeching *God*, for the universal good of *Nature*, to continue the *Man* on Earth, the *Vestment* of whose *Soul* is composed of *Rays* darted from all the *Fortunate Stars*.

Tell me, O thou Holiest of the *Holy ones* in the *East*; *Favourite* of the *Angels*; secret *Friend* of the *Eternal*; *Envoy Extraordinary* from the *Omnipo-*

tent;



sent ; *Agent Incognito* for the Court of Heaven ! Tell me by what *Chart* I shall steer my course through this *Life*, uncertain as the Sea , and toss'd with as many Tempests. I find in my self manifest Inclinations to Virtue, and whatsoever is Good : Yet I still mistake the Methods of attaining my End. I would fain be perfectly Pious, Just and Wise ; but know not how to compass my design. One Event or other still frustrates my Labour : Either a Friend or an Enemy, a Relation or a Stranger, Casualties without, or my Passions within, stop me in the beginning, or the midst of the Glorious Career, the Race which cannot be run without noble Agonies.

Then I take breath ; and rousing my self with fresh Vigours, I cheerfully address to the Combat, which crowns the *Victor* with *Immortality*. My Courage is great, my Resolution fix'd, at the first setting out : I gain Ground on a sudden ; the *Wheels* of my *Chariot* are for a time like those of the *Sun*, whose momentary advances are not perceiv'd by *Mortals*. But before I get half way to the *Meridian*, some unskilful *Phaeton*, an erroneous Thought, or a giddy Passion, overthrows me. Either Old Habits, or New Temptations, hinder me from gaining the Prize, in the *Olympicks* of Virtue.

Thus, often foil'd, I retire with Shame and Weakness : And finding no redress within, I fly to thee, who art created a *Director* of the *World*.

'Twill be an offence to make Repetitions, and ask Counsel again : I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy *Example*, which is certainly the most *Correct Rule* of a *Religious Life*. But then I cannot serve the *Grand Signior* in this *Post*. Resolve my Doubts. Is it lawful for me to abandon my Duty, and retire into a *Desart* ? If not, I will erect a *Solitude* in the midst of this populous City, and build an *Hermitage* in my own Heart. If I cannot arrive at the *Perfection* I aim at, I will at least endeavour to be as  
Good

Good as I can. There is a *Religious* dexterity, by which a Man may in the midst of *Worldly* Business make to himself *Paths of Innocence*, and walk free from the *General Contagion of Mortals*. If I cannot perform any *Eminent Good*, I will take care to abstain from *Enormous Evils*: Neither will I commit the *Least*, without a *Good Intention*; which I am assured by the *Mufti*, sometimes sanctifies a *Bad Action*. If I *lye*, or *for swear* my self, it shall be to serve my *Great Master*. If I dissemble my *Religion*, and counterfeit a *Christian*, I will propose to my self the greater advantage of the *Mussulman Faith*. Thus, some higher End, shall always direct my Intention and Performances.

But if thou shalt tell me after all, That this is not the way to *Paradise*, I will forsake all worldly Interest, wherein I find so many entanglements, and take up my Residence in some humble Cave, or Cleft of a Rock, or Hollow of a Tree; where I will spend the rest of my Days in Contemplating the *First Essence*, and all that flows from it. I will bid a final adieu to this *Perfidious Age*, to the *Vain Generation of Mortals* that live in it, to whose converse I shall have reason to prefer that of the *Beasts*, who are far more innocent, and less debauch'd than *Men*. Even *Lions* and *Tigers* in the utmost fury of their hunger, abstain from preying on those of their own kind. *Man* is the only *Cannibal*, who devours his Brother, and greedily swallows down the Blood of him who bears the same *Image* as himself.

I speak not of the ancient *Scythians*, *Massagetes*, or *Tartars*; nor of the more Modern *Salvages* in *America*, who stuff'd their greedy Paunches with Human Flesh. Their *Barbarism* has crept by *Transmigration* into the most Civiliz'd *Empires* and *States*; and is not the less cruel, because it has chang'd its *Form*.

Nor

Nor do I tax the more excusable *Epicurism* of those, who ransack all the *Elements* for Dainties; whose Tables are loaded with the slaughter'd Carcasses of *Birds, Beasts, and Fishes*; their Houses polluted with an extravagant profusion of the *Blood* of those *Creatures*, which the *Eternal Mind* form'd to live, and enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, as well as our selves.

But I accuse the oppressors of Men, those *Cannibals* in disguise, whose very *Bread* is mingl'd with the *Marrow* of the *Poor*; and their greater delicacies are *Ragoes*, compounded of the *Blood* of *Widows* and *Orphans*: Whilst they starve and ruin whole Families, to support a needless Grandeur, a momentary Pomp, which vanishes almost as soon as it appears.

Yet these Men think to pacify *Heaven*, by building Magnificent *Temples* and *Oratories*; by entailing their Estates to *Convents* and *Hospitals*: As if the *Omnipotent* were to be brib'd; or took pleasure in *Gifts*, which are but the *Fruits* of *Robbery* and *Injustice*. Can the *Sacrifices* of *Infidels* be more acceptable, because they are made on *Altars* of *Gold*? Or even the *Prayers* of *Mussulmans*, in that they are breath'd out in *Mosques*, built of the finest *Marble*, crufted over with precious *Stones*, and adorned with *Carpets* and *Hangings* of the richest *Tissues* and *Broccades*? The ancient *Pagans* can instruct us better.

Thou wilt not think me tedious, if I relate a passage which just comes into my mind; of a certain great Man in *Asia*, who possess'd vast Herds of Cattel, and was accustomed to make magnificent *Oblations* to the *Gods*. This *Grandee* once made a *Pilgrimage* to *Delphos*, famous in those days, for the *Oracle* of *Apollo*. He carried with him a hundred *Bulls*, whose *Horns* were enchas'd in *Gold*, being spurr'd on with extraordinary *Devotion*, and designing to do a singular Honour to the *God*. When he arrived

arrived at the place, puff'd up with his costly Presents, and the Flatteries of his Attendants; he boldly approach'd the *Temple*, thinking no Man on Earth more worthy of the God's Friendship than himself; demanding of the *Pythonefs* (for so they call'd the Woman, who perform'd the Office of Priesthood there) Who among all Mortals made the most acceptable *Sacrifices*, and departed with the greatest Blessing from the *Oracle*? (for he presumed the preheminnence would be granted to himself:) When she answered, *That one Clearchus of Methydrium, was the most devout and dear to the Gods of all Men.*

Astonish'd above measure at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot resolv'd to find out this Man, and learn of him what method he took to please the Divinity. He hastens therefore to *Methydrium*: And when he first came within view of it, he despis'd the meanness of the place, judging it impossible, That one Man, or all the Town, could be able to present the Gods with more magnificent *Ob-lations* than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he ask'd him, What *Sacrifices* he us'd to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* Replied, "I am a poor Man, and when I go to *Delphos*, I carry neither Silver nor Gold, but only a Basket of Fruits, the best that my *Farm* affords, which I freely offer to the Powers which govern *All Things*, and from whom I receive whatsoever I enjoy. Moreover, I keep the appointed *Holy Days*; and my poorer Neighbours go cheerful from my Table. I never Kill'd any Thing: Nor have I done to another, that which I would not have done to my self. I pray to *Jupiter* every Morning before the Sun arises, and at Night when he goes down. I keep my self and my Cotrage clean. In all things else I live like the *Beasts*, that is, according to *Nature*.

Thou



Thou wilt perceive by this, O pious *Eremit*, that *Simplicity* and *Innocence* are the most acceptable *Sacrifices* to the *Supremely Merciful*: And, that the most *High God* takes no pleasure in the *Smoke* of *Burnt-Offerings*, or the *Pompous Addresses* of the *Great*; but only in the pure *Flames* of a devout *Heart*; the *Integrity* of a just *Man*, void of *Deceit* and *Guile*.

Thou, *Illustrious Mahummed*, art the *Person* in whom these things are verifi'd. May *God* shelter thee with his *Mercies*, to the *Hour* of *Transmigration*, and beyond the *Last Flight* of *Time*.

Paris, 1st. of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

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## LETTER IV.

To the *Kaimacham*.

THERE are two *Actions* which take up all the *Discourse* at present. One is the *Siege* of *Stenay*, a strong *Town* in *Flanders*, before which the *French Army* is newly laid down. The other is the investing of *Arras* by the *Spaniards*.

'Tis the presence of many illustrious *Personages*, that renders both these *Sieges* considerable. In the *French Camp* are present, the *King*, *Cardinal Mazarine*, and all the *Grandeess* of the *Court*. In the *Spanish* are *Arch Duke Leopold*, the *Prince of Conde*, *Francis Duke of Lorrain*, with others of *Prime Quality*.

They are very vigorous on both sides, in pressing and defending these *Two places*; as if the *Fate* of both

both *Kingdoms* were now at Stake. In my opinion *France* runs the greatest hazard : For if the *Spaniards* should prove successful in what 'tis said they have resolv'd upon, that is, the relief of *Stenay* ; if they should give Battel, and get the Victory, a Way would be open for them to penetrate into the Bowels of *France*. And 'tis thought many Towns in this *Kingdom* wou'd open their Gates to them, whilst the Prince of *Conde* is at the Head of their Army, who does all things in the Name of the *French King* : Even his *Rebellion* it self, is masqu'd under the specious Title, Of taking up Arms to rescue the Captive King from the hands of *Mazarine* and his Adherents : A pretty way of seducing the People from their Obedience. The *Parisians*, and indeed all the *French*, are divided into Cabals and Parties ; some espousing the Prince of *Conde's* Interest, whilst others manifest an incorruptible Loyalty to their Sovereign. I approve the Morals of the latter, yet privately rejoice at the Treasons of the former, wishing their *Intestine Quarrels* may continue till the Day of the Earthquake.

*Eliachim* the Jew follows the Court, which rather ought now to be call'd the Camp. His private Affairs call him that way : From him I receive frequent Advice of the most important Matters in that Theatre of War. He informs me, That the King of *France's* presence in the Siege of *Stenay*, inspires his Soldiers with more than ordinary Vigor : And, That he shews daily proofs of an extraordinary Courage. He was one whole Night on Horseback, giving Orders, and directing his *Engineers*. Next Morning he sent a Summons to the Governor ; who made a stout Reply, being resolv'd to hold out to the last Extremity ; and therefore sally'd out of the Town with a Party of resolute Men, who kill'd near Four thousand of the Besiegers.

But alas, these *Infidels* are only stout, whilst well fed : Not knowing what it is to endure the Rigors  
of

of Famine, and other intolerable Hardships. In all the *Western Histories*, they cannot match the Bravery of a *Garison* in the impregnable Fortrefs of *Merdin*, famous in our *Annals* for sustaining a *Seven Years* Siege, when the mighty *Timurleng* lay before it with his *invincible Army*. That Scourge of *Heaven*, to terrify the besieged, and give 'em an earnest of his Resolution, caus'd all the old Trees round about this place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater Numbers: Declaring at the same time, *That he would not raise the Siege, till those Trees should be mature enough to bear Fruit*. When that time came, he sent a Present of the Fruits to the Governor of the *Garison*; as likewise of Mutton, with this Message, *That he took pity on so brave a Man, fearing lest he would starve for want of Necessaries*.

As soon as the Governor had receiv'd these Presents, turning to the Messenger, he said, *Go tell thy Master, I thank him for his Present of Fruits: But, for the Flesh, we shall have no occasion, so long as our Ewes afford us Milk enough to sustain the whole Garison. And that thy Master may be assured we are not in want of that, I will send him a Present of Cheeses made of the same*. Accordingly he commanded Four Cheeses to be deliver'd to the Messenger; which when *Timurleng* saw, and had heard the words of the Governor, he despair'd of reducing that place, tho' he had lain before it *Seven Years*, wanting only *Two Moons*. But, had he understood what sort of Cheeses these were, he wou'd no doubt have chang'd his Resolution: For, it seems, they were made of the Milk of Bitches, and were the very last Sustenance the *Garison* had, except the *Flesh* it self of those *Unclean Animals*.

Believe me, Sage Minister, such Examples of Patience and Fortitude, are very rare. And this was the more remarkable, in that it was the first Place,  
where

where that invincible *General* hand met with a *Repulse*.

Paris, 1st of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

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LETTER V.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS is the *Anniversary Day* of my *Nativity*; which I Celebrate not, as others do, on such an occasion, with *Mirth* and *Revelling*, with *Musick* and *Songs*. My *Chamber* is not perfum'd with the *Incense* of *Arabia*, nor with any extraordinary *Odours*: Neither is it adorn'd with *Flowers*, *Laurel*, or the *Branches* of *Green Trees*. I am not at the expence of *costly Oils*, to burn in a multitude of *Lamps*, and make joyful *Illuminations*, as at a *Feast*. Such pompous *Vanity*, I leave to those who perhaps have more reason to be merry in this *Life*, than the *Thoughtful* and *Pensive Mahmut* can find out.

On the other side, I spend not this Day in extreme and fruitless *Mourning*: But retaining an indifference of mind, I consecrate it to the *Service* of my *Reason* and *Contemplation*; which are the only things considerable in mortal Man.

From the minute that I first awak'd this Morning, I have been pondering on my *self*, and *Humane Nature*. I suffer'd my anxious *Thoughts* to start back beyond the *Hour* of my *Birth*. reflecting on the *Imprisonment* I suffer'd in my *Mother's Womb*, which yet I cannot in the least remember. And this is the Case of all Men. We know not how we came into  
this



this open *World of Light*, from that *Region of Darkness*; nor that ever we were so shut up, but as we are told by our *Parents*; and Common Experience confirms us, that this is the *Lot* of all *Mortals*. How then shall we be able to discover what *State* we were in before our *Conception*? Whether we were in the Rank of *Things* which have *Existence*, or whether we were not hid in the *Womb* of *Nothing*? I tell thee, this thought has fill'd me with great *Inquietudes*. I am restless to know my own *Original*. I would fain be Inform'd, if that which they call the *Soul*, be a *Substance* distinct from the *Body*, or only the *Finer Part* of *Matter*, a *Quintessence* of the *Elements*. If it be distinct, as I have reason to believe, 'twou'd be a singular *Happiness*, to be satisfied where it was, before united to this *Machine* of *Flesh* and *Bones*: And whether that *Union* be *Voluntary*, or *Forc'd*: For I must profess my self to be altogether in the dark as to these *Scrutinies*. Sometimes I join with the *Platonists*, and conclude all *Human Souls* to be *Particles* of the *Divine Nature*, *Beams* of the *Eternal Sun*: And that though our *Light* be now obscur'd and veil'd under this *Cloud* of *Earthly Matter*; yet we have formerly shin'd with an undiminish'd *Splendor*, when only embody'd in the *Clearer Air*, or more *Refined Substance* of the *Sky*. Perhaps, think I, for some *Errors* committed in that *Superior State*, we are sent down into these *Bodies* as into *Prisons* for our *Punishment*. Then I am vex'd at the *Fatal Dulness* of my *Memory*, that retains no *Idea* of my past *Condition*.

At other times (for like all *Mortals* I am subject to *Change*) I embrace the *Doctrines* of *Pythagoras*, which thou knowest are generally entertain'd all o'er the *East*: And believing the *Transmigration* of *Souls* from one *Living Creature* to another, I cannot be certain but that I have been an *Elephant*, a *Camel*, or  
a *Horse*

a *Horse*, or perhaps some more *Contemptible Animal*; and, for ought I know, I have undergon all the various kinds of *Metamorphosis* that ever *Ovid* mention'd

However, be it how it will, I see no Grounds to make any extravagant Solemnity on the account of my being born to what I am now, that is, a *Man*. For I think we are the only *Spectacles* of *Folly* and *Misery* among all the *Creatures* of *God*.

We boast of *Arts* and *Sciences*; yet the wisest of Mortals are always most sensible, *That they know nothing*. One Man builds a stately House, a Place of Repose and Refuge for himself and his *Family*. Another comes and pulls it down, demolishing the only standing *Monument* of his Brother's *Prudence*, or rather of his *Folly*, who perhaps consum'd the greatest part of his *Estate* in that *Costly Fabrick*: Whereas among all his *Sciences*, had he but learn'd to *KNOW HIMSELF*; an humble convenient *Cottage* would have serv'd his *Necessities* during this *Short Life*, and so he might have avoided the *Stroke* of *Envy*.

I tell thee, my Friend, I cannot build *Altars* to *Fortune*, nor adore the *External Pageantry* of the *Rich* and *Great*. I equally hate to be flatter'd my self, as those are who invite their Friends to solemnize their *Birth day*.

Yet in thus contemning *External Honour*, I do the greatest Reverence to my self, whilst I preserve my *Reason* free from being violated or prophan'd by *Foolish Customs*.

Paris, 1st. of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

LETTER



## LETTER VI.

To the Selectar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to  
the Grand-Signior.

Sometimes we seem to be asleep here in this City, for want of News. But of late, we have been rouz'd by Post upon Post : Some bringing intelligence of the surrender of *Stenay* to the *French* King; others of the Revolt of *Barcelona* from the *Spaniards*. But that which is of freshest Date, and for which all the Streets of *Paris* are this Night illuminated with Bonfires, is the Relief of *Arras*, where the *French* have obtain'd a glorious Victory. The Number of the Dead is not yet known, but said to be very great. And 'tis certain the Victors have taken above Seven thousand Prisoners, Sixty Cannon, Five thousand Waggon, an equal Number of Horses, with all the Plate and rich Furniture of the Prince of Conde, Arch-Duke Leopold, Francis of Lorraine, and the other *Grandeess* of the *Spanish* Army. In fine, the *French* are Masters of the Town, and of the Field, and all *Flanders* appears now too little to hold 'em.

These continual Successes redound much to the Establishment of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who now seems above the stroke of Misfortune or Malice. Yet no Man can call himself Happy till the Hour of his Death, which alone releases us from all Human Miseries.

Some days ago I received a Letter from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, which informs me of the Death of the *Roman* King, and of several Prodigies which were seen before, and about the time of his Departure:

When he was first taken Sick, there arose a Violent Tempest of Wind, which blew down the Cross  
from

from one of their *Churches*. After this, follow'd a terrible Earthquake, that shook the whole City, threatening to remove its foundations. Moreover, an *Old-Eagle*, a *Domestick* of the *Imperial Palace*, and that had liv'd there many years, took Wing the day before the *King's* Sickness, and flew quite away. Then the Bells of the *Imperial Chappel* rung thrice of their own accord in the space of Twelve Hours. Thus far the *Jews* assures me is true. There are additional Reports of strange Apparitions that were seen about *Vienna* during the Sickness of this Prince, as of a *Funeral Procession* after Midnight, through the Courts of the *Palace*; and of a show'r of warm Blood that fell at Noon-day in the Streets of that City. But these I have only from the Mouth of Common Fame, which, thou knowest, does not always speak Truth.

I desire thee and all the *Ministers*, to make a distinction between those Passages which I ascertain, and the doubtful Relations of the Multitude. In these Cases, Men are prone to *Superstition*, and love to be the Authors of Portentous News. But thou may'st believe what the *Jew* relates; for he never affects to be fabulous.

'Twould tempt one to ask, What strange hidden Power produces those unusual Signs? Whether we Mortals are under the Custody of *Invisible Beings*, who teach the *Elements* and other *Creatures* to utter the *Future Events* of Fate? Or, Whether all these things which appear so strange and surprizing be not meer Casualties; accidents of *Nature* happening of Course, and only made remarkable by their timing? Who knows, but that the voluntary Ringing of the Bells, might proceed from the Motion of the Tower where they hung during the Earthquake? Or, Why, need we wonder, that a *Cross*, or a *Crescent* should be blown down from the top of a high *Minaret*, by a violent Tempest of Wind?

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These things appear to me as Natural, as for the Rain to lodge all the Corn in the Fields; or for a Storm to tear up Trees by the Roots, overturn Houses, and commit a thousand other Violences. Neither do I perceive any thing worth Admiration in the Flight of the *Eagle*. Perhaps some *Royal Caprice* sprung in the Head of that *King of Birds*, which he ne'er felt before. There's is nothing of Prodigy in all this, but only because it happen'd at such a Critical Juncture. Had it been at another time, no body, perhaps, would have taken notice of it, any more than they do of Earthquakes at *Naples*, which are common in that Country, where the Earth is very Hollow, being made so by Veins of continual burning *Salphur*. They have felt several in that *Kingdom* within these Two *Moons*, as also at *Rome*; but no great hurt has been done.

*Nathan* informs me also, That the *Venetian Ambassador* at *Vienna*, has distributed great Sums of Money, in token of his Joy, for the late Victory that *Republick* obtained against the *Mussulmans*. This appears to me a real Prodigiy, That the *Ottmans* who are invincible by Land, yet still come off with Loss at Sea.

Queen *Christina* of *Sueden* is expected here e'er long. She came to *Antwerp* in the habit of a Man, which occasions variety of Censures. The *French* call her, the Learned *Amazon*, She being well vers'd in many *Languages*, and *Sciences*. They extol her Virtues and Perfections, stiling her the *Phenix* of this Age. All the Western *Nazarens* are devout Admirers of Women: And one of their famous *Sages*, whom thy call *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, wrote a select *Treatise* in praise of that Sex; wherein he endeavours to prove, That they are more Excellent and Noble Cratures than Men. But he wou'd find few *Proselytes* in the *East*.

'Tis

'Tis certain, there have been very famous Women in all Ages, and it would be Envy in Men to deny them their due Praise: Such was *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, the *Roman Lucretia*, the *Sybilss Theana* *Pythagoras's* Wife, with his Daughter *Dama*; *Sappho* the *Poetess*, with innumerable others both of *East* and *West*, Renowned for their Virtue, Learning, or Valour in the Wars. But it does not follow, that they therefore surpass Men.

Let us keep the Rank, in which *God* and *Nature* have plac'd us, without being Churlish or Effeminate. And this is the best way to get and retain the Esteem of that Nice Sex, who hate a Clown, and despise a *Dorard*.

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

## LETTER VII.

To *Pesteli Hali*, his Brother, Master of the Customs at Constantinople.

THOU art he, to whom I can unmask. With others I converse (like our Women in *Turkey*) under a Veil. When I write to the *Grandeess* of the *Port*, 'tis necessary for me to dissemble many Things; and, to feign some, that I may be credited in others, and not be suspected in all. But with thee, I use no Artifice or Disguise: Thou hast a kind of natural Right to my secret Thoughts, beyond the Claim of a Brother. I owe thee an Entire Confidence, on the Score of Friendship; and I seem to wrong my self, when I conceal my Sentiments from thee. For, besides the Tye of *Blood*, we were Partners together in the Adventures of Youth; and

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the mutual good Offices that pass'd between us, fasten'd our Affections with stronger Bands, than those of our Birth. Nor were we so unhappy, as to suffer the little Youthful Emulations which are common between Sons of the same Mother, to stifle the more solid and generous Efforts of real Love. Our Friendship grew up with our Years, cemented by Interest as well as Affection; and I esteem *Pestiferi*, but my self in another Figure. If thou hast the same Regard to me, I am happy. Let us continue to cherish this noble Passion: The least Coldness or Reserve now, would appear to me more hateful than a Divorce, more terrible than Death:

'Tis but reasonable, That among the many Services our *Great Master* claims at our Hands, we should employ some of our Time and Care on our Selves. We owe the *Sultan* much; but both He and We owe *Nature* more, without whose Bounty and Providence, We had never had the Honour, nor He the Profit of our being in his Debt. He is more deeply engag'd in *Fortune's* Tally than We; but in the Accounts of *Nature*, We are all equal. She is the Universal Creditor of Mankind. We are indebted to Her, for all we have; yet methinks, nothing so much enhances our Score, as the ill Menage of Time. In that we still run in Arrears, whilst the hasty Minutes pass forward, never to be revok'd; and yet, we neither lay hold on 'em in their Flight, nor so much as imprint on any of them, the least transient Mark of Virtue or Wisdom. Thus our Lives slide away without Profit, till the Last Sand tells us, *We are Bankrupts, Nature will not trust us with a Moment longer.*

'Tis time therefore, dear Brother, for thee and me to look about us; and since 'tis impossible for us to make a full Payment, let us at least compound with *Nature*; and getting an *Acquittance* for what is past and irrecoverable, let us be sure to cancel the

remaining Part of the Score, by a Wise Improvement of every Minute.

Think not, that *Mahmut* is persuading thee to turn *Dervise*, or to bestow all thy Time in *Prayers*: Such Rigorous Devotion is not consistent with the Life of a Man in thy *Station*. But permit me, dear *Pesteli*, to counsel thee, not to build *Altars to Fortune*, and consecrate all thy vacant Hours to her Service. I am told, thou art grown a great *Gamester*, not only at the Polemick Traverses of *Chefs*, but also at Plays of Hazard. The former of the Two, is the most innocent: Yet, 'tis too Intricate and Puzzling, deserves the Name of Business rather than of Recreation: It commits a Rape on the Mind, whilst it requires as much Attention and Abstractedness of Thought, as would serve to trace out the Conduct of a Battel or a Siege. But, the latter have a far worse Influence on our Passions, by exciting us to immoderate Desire; Hope, Joy, and Grief for mere Trifles, the uncertain Products of Chance. Therefore are they forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*. And, 'tis not to be number'd among the Commendations of a *Mussulman*, to be dextrous at managing the *Cards* or *Dice*.

When thou art dispos'd to unbend thy Mind, I would rather counsel thee, to use some healthful Exercise; such as may ventilate thy melancholy Blood. Our Fathers were wont at such Times to divert themselves with Bows and Arrows, Hunting, Wrestling, and the like manly Pastimes; thus, making their Private Recreations subservient to the Publick, whilst they sported themselves into the Discipline of War, and inur'd their Bodies to Labour, even at those hours when their Minds sought Rest.

What! tho' *Claudius Caesar* devoted himself to Gaming with *Dice*, and wrote a *Book* in Praise of his Folly. What! tho' *Domitian* the Emperor, and *Theodoric*, King of the *Goths*, spent whole Nights and



Days in this unprofitable Play? Thou hast not read or heard of such Examples, among the Renowned Sons of *Ottoman*. Our Glorious *Sultans* were never vacant to these Fooleries. And if they had, their Practice cannot justify a *Subject's* Imitation. Neither wouldst thou be so in Love with Gaming, didst thou consider what unhappy Destinies have commonly attended the Voraries of *Fortune*. Whole Estates have been squander'd away at *Dice* in a Night, Families ruin'd, and the Gamester himself Imprison'd in the Morning. He that Yesterday was Master of great Possessions, and a Companion for *Princes*; by the Effects of this accursed Vanity, has bereav'd himself of All, and is to day become the Scorn of Beggars.

The *Chineses* are so bewitched with Love of Gaming, that when they have lost all their Stakes, they'll pawn themselves, their Wives and Children; which if the Fortune of the *Dice* run against them, become all Bond-slaves to the Winter. Here is a *Dervise* in this City, of the Order of the *Jesuits*, who lately came from *China*. Among other Learned Men, I sometimes converse with Him. He relates many pretty Passages of that People, but one is Tragical, whereof he himself was an Eye-witness.

He says, That in the Province of *Queintong*, a certain Nobleman who had serv'd in the Wars, and acquir'd great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours, who likewise had been a Captain, and much in Favour at the Court. Their Emulations carried 'em to many Ill Offices, and at last to open Defiance. The *Emperor* being made sensible of the Hatred that was between these Two Officers; and being unwilling their Fury should precipitate them to the Ruin of each other, became himself an Arbitrator of their Quarrel; laying his Commands on 'em, to embrace and eat together, which is an assured Token of Reconciliation and Friendship in that Country.

Country. They obey'd the Will of their *Sovereign*. But sitting up late one Night at *Dice*, it was the *Captain's* ill Fortune, to lose all he had to the *Nobleman*. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in hopes to retrieve his Loss, he sends for his Wife and Three young Sons, whom with himself he pawn'd to the *Nobleman* for a considerable Sum of Money, and falls afresh to play : But Fate was his Enemy ; he lost All. Whereupon in Despair, he stabs his Wife and Three Children, and lastly falls on his own Sword ; glorying, that he and his Family should thus escape a hated Captivity to his Old Enemy.

Tell me, dear *Pesteli*, hadst thou seen this *Tragedy*, would it not have made thee resolve against Gaming during thy Life ? Assuredly, our *Holy Prophet* frowns from his *Paradise*, on those who violate his *Laws*. He knew our Passions, and which were the most dangerous ; therefore he prohibited such Things, as are most likely to betray us to Violence, and an incurable Disorder. If thou wilt acquit thyself a good *Mussulman*, thou must not leap over these Prohibitions, accounting them small and indifferent Trifles. Remember the Saying of the *holy Doctor*, and *Leader* of the *Mussulman* Armies, the Chast *Osman*, a little Spark will set a whole City on Fire. And the *Roman Satyr*ist has observ'd, *That no Man becomes wicked all at once*. Think then with thyself 'tis for this Reason the *Messenger* of God has forbid Gaming to the *True Faithful* ; not as a Thing in it self naturally Evil, but only Morally, so as it is a Step to the greatest Vices. For whilst we captivate our selves to Chance, we lose our Authority over our Passions. We stand or fall at the uncertain Cast of the *Dice*. We are Slaves to the feeblest Wishes ; which if they succeed not, we grow Furious, Profligate and Impious. Banishing all Prudence Temperance, and Justice, we become Impudent and fit for the blackest Crimes.

Take not in ill Part the wholsome Admonition of a Brother, who manifests his Love, in thus reproving thee without Flattery. Use the same Freedom when thou hearest I am guilty of any *Unnecessary Vice* : For, the *Publick Service*, turns some *Vices* into *Virtues*.

Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

## LETTER VIII.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of  
the Ottoman Empire.

I Believe, thou hast a mind to try my Temper ; to make an Experiment upon me and see, Whether I'm Proof against thy Anger : Else, why should *Kenan Bassa's* Business be reviv'd again , after it had been bury'd above these Four Years ? I examine not, what mighty Interest thou hast in that Officer, that thou afresh espoudest his old Quarrel , as if 'twere thy own. Thy Affairs are best known to thy self. But let me tell thee, 'twill not redound much to thy Credit, to be found Partial. I honour thee with all the Devoir that is due to a Minister in thy Station, and with something more : For, the Esteem a Man has for his Friend, is Singular and beyond Ceremonies ; But still he owes some Regard to himself. Self-Preservation is Rooted in the Center of our Nature ; and few will be knowingly Complaisant to their Ruin. I am puzzl'd what to think, or how to write, thy last Letter has put my Mind into such a Hurly-Burly. A thousand Imaginations like Whirl-winds , tear up my most solid Thoughts by the Roots. I'm in as wild a Condition as a Man in an Earthquake, leaping this Way and that Way, yet knows not where to fix his Foot in Safety. If

If I persevere in calling thee Friend, perhaps thou wilt accuse me of Presumption. If I change my Stile, and suppose thee under another Character, Ingratitude will be laid to my Charge. To vindicate my Actions, will be interpreted Obstinacy; and to own my self in the Fault, will be counted Weakness. Nay, all the World will call me Fool, in condemning my self for Things whereof I never was Guilty. What shall I do in this Case? I am naturally Thoughtful and Melancholy. The Words that spring from Resentment, cleave fast to my Mind, and breed a Thousand Inferences. My busy Apprehension extracts Menaces out of the most Artificial Expressions. I look on my self, as mark'd out for a *Sacrifice*, one time or other. The *Will of Destiny* be done, Early or Late. I will not go out of my Road to avoid it; Since it is but ill Husbandry of Time, to borrow it from the Ineffable Joys of *Paradise*, to multiply a few Days or Years, of a Miserable Life on *Earth*.

As for the *Treasurer*, and the rest of my *Accusers*, let them know, that I will persevere in doing my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, without warping to the Right-hand, or to the Left, for Fear or Favour.

But if my *Private Agency* in these *Parts* meet with Rubs and Checks for want of Money, let the Blame rest on those whose *Charge* it is, to supply me with what is necessary for a Man in my *Station*: For, henceforward, *Mahmut* will be reproach'd no more for demanding his *Pension*.

Think not, 'tis an easy thing for a Man to be always a Counterfeit, and never to have his Mind unbent; to act two contrary Parts at the same time; to be True and False; a *Mussulman* and Servant of the *Grand Signior* in Reality; a *Christian* and Subject of *France* in Appearance. My Soul is perpetually stretcht upon the Rack of watchful Thoughts and busy Invention, lest by some Improvident Word or Deed,



my Disguise should fall off, and I appear in my Naked Colours.

'Tis but Reason therefore, that whilst this vast Solicitude takes up all my Faculties, the Care of my Subsistence should rest on those who employ me. Let not the *Ministers* of the *Benign Port*, be peevish at me without a Cause. For I imprecate, *Serene Grandee*, that *God* would split my Soul into Ten thousand immortal Splinters, if ever I betray my Trust. But needless Suspicion, wou'd tempt a Man to Treachery.

Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

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## LETTER IX.

To the Venerable Musti.

THE *Pope* has been sick for a considerable time, and 'tis now strongly reported, He is dead. They talk of an *Express* that is come to the *Chancellor of France*, to certify him of it, and to consult about the next *Election*. But this is not credited here; being only look'd upon as a *Roman* or *Spanish* Artifice, to sound the Inclinations of this Court beforehand, that so they may be able to countermine the *French* Interest, when the *Pope* shall really dye. And 'tis not expected he should live long, being of a great Age, and worn out with Cares and Sicknefs.

'Tis certain he has made his *Will*, wherein Two Millions of Gold are given to the *Treasury* founded by his *Predecessors*, to serve the *Church* in its extreme necessities. But 'tis a thousand to one, if some future *Pontiff* succeeding in that *Chair*, do not in his unerring Judgment, interpret his own Personal Occasions, or those of his Nephews, to be the Extreme  
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Necessities of the Church; and then, all this huge Mass of Wealth is infallibly gone.

He has likewise bequeath'd large Legacies to his Sister in law, whom they call *Dona Olympia*; and to others of his Relations and Creatures. And 'tis thought, this Lady will more than doubly pay her self, having the Management of all his Affairs. Indeed, during his Reign, it may be said, the whole Roman Church was govern'd by a Woman. For this Prelate wou'd never do any thing without her Advice.

She was born of an obscure Family, but is of a high Spirit, Ambitious of Rule, and a Person of great Abilities: Extremely Covetous and Subtle; turning and winding all Events to her own Profit. All Preferments were at her Disposal: She sold Bishopricks, Abbies, and other Ecclesiastical Dignities at her own Rates, and to whom she pleas'd. In fine, whosoever had any Business with the Pope, made their Addresses to her. By which means she has heap'd together a prodigious Treasure, and is esteem'd the Richest Lady in Europe. 'Tis thought she would have sold even the Pope, and Rome it self, the Capital Seat of the Christian Empire, rather than refus'd a proportionate Offer of Gold, cou'd she have met with a Chapman to her Mind. This wou'd have been a Merchandise fit for the Grand Signior, were it not reserv'd as a Prize for the Victorious Arms destin'd to conquer All Things.

The French seem mightily concern'd for the Tragedies Acted in Poland by the Moscovites. 'Tis affirm'd that they have taken the Town of *Vitebsko* by Storm, (putting Men, Women, and Children to the Sword) with divers other Cities and Places of Strength: And that they have laid in Ashes all the Towns and Villages round about *Smolensko*; so that there is nothing to be seen but Ruin and Desolation for above an hundred Miles round that City; which also is now closely besieg'd by the Forces of the Czar.

If these *Northern Infidels* go on, and make such bloody Work where ever they come, they will, in a short time, over-run and dispeople all *Europe*. But 'tis to be hop'd the *Tartars*, who are lately enter'd into a League with *Poland*, will put a stop to the cruel Victories of the *Moscovites*, and chastise the Treason of the *Cossacks*, who join with 'em contrary to their Faith given to the King of *Poland*.

They say, Four *Grandees* of *Tartary* are arriv'd as Hostages at *Warsaw*, and as many Lords of *Poland* are sent on the same Errand to the Court of the *Cham*; who, as a farther Evidence of his Integrity, has releas'd all the *Polish* Captives in his Dominions, and sent the *Ambassadors* of the *Cossacks* home, without their Noses and Ears, as a Mark of his irreconcilable Indignation at their Infidelity.

In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual Losses by Sea. They say here, That above six thousand *Mussulmans* were killed in the late Fight in the *Hellepont*; and that we have lost sixteen Gallies, besides Ships of War. That Element, one would conclude, is fatal to the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither have we had much better Success by Land this Campaigne. Yet *Chusaein* the *Vizier Azem*, and General in *Candia*, has perform'd very Heroick Things. To speak impartially, and give due Honour to our Enemies, the *Malteses*, *Venetians*, and *French*, have not been wanting in any point of Bravery. Which also redounds to the greater Honour of the *Mussulmans*, in that they draw their Sword against the Flower of *Christendom*, and not against *Owls* and *Pigmies*. Such are the *Persians*, when we encounter 'em; for either they dare not endure the Lustre, and stand the Brunt of our Invincible Arms; or if they do, they sink under the first Shock.

When I name those Hereticks, I spit on the Ground in Detestation of their Errors: For they are worse than the *Zindick* and *Giafers*. I have more Charity for

for a *Christian* or a *Jew*, than I have for those *Verm*in of the Land. In fine, I wish they were extirpated from the Earth ; and that they may after this Life, be either *Metamorphos'd* into *Hogs* , which Creature, thou know'st, is an Abomination to all Good Men and Angels (and they already resemble it in their Uncleanneſs) or else that they may become the *Asses* of the *Jews* in *Hell* , to carry their Burthens for a Thousand Ages.

Paris, 17<sup>th</sup> of the 11<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

## LETTER . X.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the  
Grand Signior's Customs.

**T**HE God of our *Fathers* grant thee as much Joy every Minute of thy Life, as I feel at this Instant. Wilt thou know the Occasion of this unusual Transport ? I can hardly believe my self, when I tell thee of an Adventure, the most surprizing that ever happen'd to me since my arrival in this City. And perhaps thou wilt think I Romance in relating it : But assure thy self, that of a Truth *Oucomiche* our Mother, is at this time in *Paris*, with our Cousin *Iſouf*.

May a Thousand soft Passions thrill thy Heart, when thou readeſt this News , as they did mine, when at my Chamber-door I first saw and knew the Face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for dead long ago ; for I had heard no Tidings of her these eleven Years. Good God ! So strange and unexpected a Sight, had almost dismanti'd my *Senses*, those Out-Works of the Soul. For a while I stood still, astonish'd and trembling with Ecstasy, I was not presently satisfy'd , whether I beheld a



*Mortal*, or the *Ghost* of one: For, they say, these appear in the same Forms as they bore when Alive. Neither Age nor Travel, with all the other Infirmities and Crosses of Humane Life, had so alter'd her Complexion; but that I easily discern'd the manifest Features, Lineaments, and Air of my Mother. I concluded therefore, it must be *She*, or her *Apparition*, if there be any such Things.

These were my first Thoughts, in that Waking Trance: But her Voice and Address, soon put me out of Doubt, when impatient to see me stand like one Thunder-struck she ran to me with open Arms and Tears of Joy in her Eyes; crying out with a Tone and Affection peculiar to Women. *Art thou alive, my Son Mahmut? Do these Eyes see thee, or am I in a Dream?*

For my Part, I was as much upon the Rapture as she, and hardly knew how to deport my self, or what to say or do. Yet the Fear I was in, lest some body in the House shou'd over-hear us, and make ill Consequences of this Passionate Interview, taught me a Lesson of Moderation and Prudence. Wherefore I beckon'd to her to suppress her Passion, and converse by *Signs*, as the Custom is, at the *Mysterious Port*. Those silent Expressions of our mutual Love, Joy and Admiration, were not less significant, because not cloath'd in Words. Thou know'st, there's Eloquence enough in this Mute Language. And I was jealous of Words, lest some Inquisitive Soul might understand us, tho' we convers'd in *Arabick*.

After our first Endearments and Tendernesses were over, in which my Cousin *Iseuf* also had his Share (for we were all reciprocally overjoy'd to see one another, in this Nest of *Infidels*) I began to consult the safety of us all three, in providing convenient Lodgings for my Mother and Kinsman. In order to this, we made a visit to *Eliachim* the Jew, who entertain'd us at a Banquet, after the Fashion of the  
East.

*East.* We advis'd with that honest *Hebrew* about our Affairs, I having made frequent and sufficient Proof of his Fidelity and Friendship. In fine, he took them both into his own House, under the Notion of *Greeks*, his Acquaintance; judging this the securest way to prevent any Discovery, or even the least Suspicion of our Circumstances. They have continu'd there these Five Days, and their Character has not been question'd by any. I visit 'em daily, and we pass away many hours in recounting the different Adventures of our Lives, in discoursing of our Friends in *Arabia*, *Greece*, and other Parts of the *World*, and in concerting the best Methods to serve one another, till Death shall divide us from our selves, as well as from our Friends, and rank us in a List of *Invisible Beings*, whose State and Qualities we know not.

Well, but all this while I believe thou art impatient to know what Motive of their own, or Turn of Fortune, drove them into so remote a *Region* as *France*, a Country inhabited by none but *Infidels*? Shall I tell thee in a Word? 'Twas Love, on her Part; and the Desire of Novelty, on his.

Our Kinsman *Isouf*, from his Childhood, felt powerful Inclinations to Travel: Which encreas'd with his Years, and were much heighten'd by his Converse with *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Franks*, and some *Mussulmans* at *Constantinople*, who had seen many Foreign Countries, both in the *East* and *West*.

The Relations they made of the Curiosities they had seen, and of their own Adventures, fir'd his Youthful Blood, and he form'd a Resolution to depart, with the first Convenience, from *Constantinople*, and visit all the *Regions* in the *World*, if his Life and Health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he had survey'd the greatest part of *Asia*: Since which he set forth again; and having finished his Travels in that *Quarter* of the *World*, he bent his Course for *Africk*; where he visited *Egypt*, *Barbary*

bary, the Empire of Morocco, and Fez, with that of the *Aethiopians*, and many other Regions under the *Torrid Zone*, too tedious for me at this time to mention particularly, because I write in hast. Hereafter I shall give thee a more ample Account of his Observations, &c. Wherein thou wilt find, that *Isouf* has not altogether lost his time.

At length, having satisfy'd himself with whatsoever he thought worthy to be seen and known in that *Southern Tract*, he parted from *Fez* with a design to see *Europe*. Some *Bills of Exchange* caused him to take *Grand Caire* in his Way, where he encounter'd my Mother. She perceiving, that he wou'd take Shipping directly for *France*, resolv'd to lay hold on so favourable an Opportunity, of seeing me once more before she dy'd. Wherefore, imparting her Design to him, *Isouf* offer'd her his utmost Service. And having settled her Affairs at *Caire*, and pack'd up her Money, Jewels, and other Necessaries, they took the Road of *Scanderoon*, where they soon arrived; and putting themselves into the Habit of *Greeks*, *Isouf* also speaking pretty well that *Language*, and the *Lingua Franca*, they bargain'd with the Master of a Vessel then lying in the Harbour, and bound for *Marseilles*: He took them on Board, and under the Protection and Favour of *Heaven*, they arrived safe at *Marseilles*, and are now in this City.

Yet amidst all the Pleasure I conceive in the Presence of so near a Relation as a Mother; I am not without some Qualms of Fear, lest some Unfortunate Occurrence should discover her to be no *Christian*: For then, the Issue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for *Isouf*, he designs to tarry no longer in *Paris*, than to inform himself of what is most Remarkable in this City, and to satisfy the other Ends of a Traveller. From hence, after he has visited the Chiefest Cities in *France*, he talks of travelling  
into

into *Flanders, Holland, Germany, Suedeland*, and the other *Kingdoms of Europe*. But for *Spain or Portugal*, he has no thoughts; either out of Fear of the *Inquisition*, which is very severe in those Countries; or out of an Aversion for the People who expell'd the *Moors*, of which he relates very Tragical Stories, which they told him during his residence at *Morocco and Fex*. In a Word, he gives this Character of a *Spaniard*, That he is a *Mungrel*, between a *Man* and a *Devil*. He likes the Company of the *French*, in Regard they converse with a Natural and Unreserv'd Freedom, which becomes them very well But he has spoke with none but Travellers yet, who have been otherwise employ'd, than in studying the Artificial Disguises of *Courtiers*. If he Sojourns the space of Three *Moons* in this *Kingdom*, he will find some of the *French* as affected in their Way, as other People: He will encounter with a new Sort of *Frenchmen* in every *Province*. For *France* is a mere *Gallimaufry*, made up of the Fragments and Remnants of other *Nations*. They differ also in their *Language*, as well as in their *Manners*, one from another. So that the Inhabitants of *Gascoigne and Bretagne*, can hardly be understood by those of *Paris and Blois*, with the *Adjacent Parts*. These *Western* People, are not Curious in preserving the *Dialect* of their Fathers, but every *Age* introduces a Change in their *Speech*. Neither are they diligent in retaining their *Genealogies*. Whereas in the *East*, thou know'st the *Languages* remain uncorrupted, the same now as they were Two Thousand Years ago, or from the *Confusion of Babel*. The same care we *Arabians* have of our *Tribes and Families*.

Son of my Mother, when thou readest the two enclos'd, and shalt see the very Hand writing of the Dear *Oucomiche*, and *Isof* our Kinsman; let thy Heart be like the Valley of *Admoim*, Fragrant as a Grove of Spices :



Spices : For then thy Eyes will convince thee, that what I write is Truth.

Paris, 22<sup>d</sup> of the 12<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1654.

## LETTER II.

To Adonai, a Jew, Prisoner in the Tower  
of Nona at Rome..

**T**HIS comes to thee by the Hand of a trusty Friend : Give entire Credence to his Instructions. To say I'm sorry to hear of thy Misfortune, would but faintly express my Passion : Tis not easily describ'd in Words. I am as Melancholy as an *Antelope*, when the *Sun's* in Conjunction with *Saturn*. This is a sad sort of a Beast, that will neither Eat, Drink nor Sleep, during that Dull Aspect.

In God's Name, how cam'st thou to be so free with thy Tongue among the *Romans*? Or, what tempted thee to meddle with their Religion and Laws? Was it not enough, that thou and all the *Jews* in that City, had Liberty to frequent your *Synagogues*, and there curse the *Christians* in Antiquated Hebrew? Must you needs rail at 'em in plain *Italian* too? And that over your Cups, when Men ought to be Good-Natur'd to all the World? Of what import is it to you, whether they be *Idolaters* or no, so long as they give you leave to Adore One God, Creator of the *Worlds*? Or, what signifies it, if they are guilty of Ten thousand Injustices and Follies among themselves, whilst you live quietly under their Protection and Government? *Adonai*, I'm asham'd of the Immorality of those of thy Nation. I blush for your Ingratitude, Pride, and Malice. Surely, if the *Nazarenes* did really believe what they profess, they would

would Sacrifice you all to the *Ghost* of their *Messias*, whom they say, you *Crucifi'd*. They wou'd not leave a *Jew* living in *Christendom*, but do their utmost to exterminate you from the Earth. I speak not this as my *Wish*; but only to upbraid your *Impertinence* and *Vanity*, in thus foolishly provoking those, with whose *Permission* it is, that you live and enjoy the *Elements*.

The *Prophet Moses*, your *Law giver*, left you another *Rule*, a *Lesson of Civility*, when he said, *Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the People*. Had thou and thy *Companions* obey'd this *Precept*, ye might have been at liberty : But 'tis bad falling into the *Hands* of the *Inquisition*. However, I am glad to hear, that you are not transported to the *Castle* of *St. Angelo*; that would have been a *Tragical Remove*, at this *Juncture*. But now, as I'm informed, not one of you is in *Danger* : For, they say, that all the *Prisoners* in *Rome*, are by *Custom* releas'd upon the *Death* of the *Pope*, except those who are in that *Fatal Fortress*. And 'tis generally suppos'd the good *Old Caliph* is no long liv'd *Man*. For they never use to remove the *Prisoners* design'd for *Death*, till the *Physicians* are past all hopes of the *Holy Father's Life*.

However, in *Regard* there is no certainty in *Human Affairs*, but a perpetual *Change* and *Circulation* of *Events*; lest some unhappy *Turn of Fortune* shou'd either now continue thy *Restraint*, or hereafter bereave thee of thy *Liberty*, I send thee here enclos'd, a *Receipt* of a *Chymical Liquor*, which may be of some *Service* to thee, in the strongest *Prison* on Earth. 'Twas reveal'd to me by my *Mother*, who learn'd it of an *Aegyptian Artist* at *Caire*. Despise it not, because it comes from a *Woman's Hand*: For I have made an *Experiment* of it, and find it effectual. 'Twill render *Iron* as brittle as *Glass*. 'Tis more powerful than the *Water* of the River *Styx*, which

no Vessel could hold, but the Hoof of a Mule. After an Hour's Application, thou may'st make the thickest Bars, Chains, and Bolts, fly in a Thousand Pieces, as if they were made of *Porcelain*.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou consider'st the innumerable strange *Inventions* of Men prying into the *Secrets* of *Nature*, and Fortunate in their Searches. Above all, *Chymistry* has brought to Light the greatest Prodigies of *Art* and *Knowledge*. This *Mysterious Science*, was the peculiar Boast of the Primitive *Egyptians*, from whom all other *Nations* learn'd it. And had not *Moses* himself been instructed from his Youth in all the *Learning* of *Egypt*, perhaps he would have been at a loss, when he Calcin'd the *Golden Calf*, and gave the Dust to the *Israelites* to be mix'd in their Drink, as the only Expiation of their *Idolatry*. Doubtless, this *Secret*, among others, was transmitted down to those Times from *Philemon* the good *Priest*, who was in the Number of them who escap'd the *Flood* in *Noah's Ark*, and whose Grandson *Masar*, was the First King in *Egypt* after the *Deluge*.

*Philemon*, the better to establish the State of his *Off Spring*, reveal'd to them many Hidden Things; taught them the *Hieroglyphicks* of the *Dgebel Pharan*, or the *Pyramids*, with all the *Mysteries* of the *Talismans*, and the *Chymical* Preparations of *Moncatam*; the forcible Waters and Essences, Powders and other Ingredients, by which they made Marble as pliable as Wax or Clay. These Things he had learn'd of those who perish'd in the *Flood*: He retain'd the *Wisdom* of the *Ancients*, his Coevals and Predecessors; leaving the Rudiments of so profound a Knowledge to his Posterity, as an Invaluable Treasure, of which they could never be robb'd. Thus *Science* became Hereditary to the *Coptites*, who bear that Name from *Coptim*, the Son of *Masar*, the First King of *Egypt*, since the *Rainbow* appear'd in the Clouds. And 'twas

'twas from one of that Race, my Mother learn'd that admirable *Secret*.

Trust not to Words, but try the Experiment. The *Receipt* will give thee all Necessary Directions. Yet I counsel thee not to be big with it, like him who having found out the Art of making Glass Malleable, or fit to be beat by the Hammer into any Shape or Figure, as the Silver-Smiths work their Metal; must needs go and discover his *Secret* to the *Prince*, expecting a great Reward: When, on the contrary he lost his Head on the Spot; the *Prince* thinking it great Injustice, that so many Thousand People as got their Bread by making of Common Glasses, should be all ruined, to promote one Man's Profit and Advantage.

In fine, use this *Secret* to serve thy self, or the Cause thou art engag'd in: But trust it not to another, unless on the same Equal Terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, 15<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

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## LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, once an Eunuch Page in the Seraglio, but now an Exile in Egypt, at Grand Caire.

WHEN I first heard of thy Banishment from the *Imperial Palace* and City, think not that I was sad, or entertain'd the usual Sentiments of a Friend, on such Occasions. No: I tell thee on the contrary, I rejoyc'd, (yet not with the Joy of an Enemy) at that Seeming Misfortune, as knowing



knowing it has deliver'd thee from a Real one, in which, according to my Presages, all the Attendance of thy *Mistress*, the Old *Queen*, were soon after involv'd.

Thou art oblig'd to *Bacchus*, for that Fortunate Calamity; which tho' it for a while eclips'd thy Honour, yet was the only means to save thy Life.

When I formerly sent thee an Account of my Imprisonment here, and how I was regal'd by my *Keeper* at a *Banquet of Wine*; when in that Letter I play'd the Advocate for the Juice of the *Grape*, I little thought that thou woudst ever make an Experiment of that Bug-bear-Liquor. Tho' I know 'tis common, even in the *Seraglio*, to drink *Wine* privately, and chase away Melancholy, the constant Familiar of Restraint and Servitude, with generous Computations.

I am no stranger to the counterfeit Sickness of those, who for the sake of this stolen Mirth, put themselves into the *Infirmery*, that they may there Carouse with Freedom, and drink Healths to the *Grand Signior* without Suspicion.

Were it not for the convenient Situation of that Apartment, and the Favour of the *Bostangi's* no *Wine* could find admittance into the *Seraglio*, save what is for the *Grand Signior's* Use. But now his *Slaves* drink it as merrily as *he*: And I am not sorry, that thou art one of the Number. 'Tis a groundless Superstition, to refuse the Gift of Divine Liberality, and deny our selves the use of that *Plant*, which was made to cheer the Hearts of *Mortals*. Nay, our *Holy Traditions* themselves, and all our *Doctors* tacitly own, that the *Vine* is allowable, in that it was sav'd among the rest of the *Vegetables*, by *Noah* in the *Ark*: And that *Holy Prophet* curs'd the *Devil* for stealing it away. Perhaps the Story will not be unpleasant to thee.

When *God* commanded *Noah*, with his Companions, to descend out of the *Ark* in Peace, they built them  
Houses,

Houses, and began to exercise *Husbandry*: They sowed *Corn*, and the Seeds of other *Vegetables*: They planted also all sorts of *Trees*; but when they came to look for the *Vine*, it could not be found. Then it was told *Noah* by the *Angel*, that the *Devil* had stolen it away, as having some right to it. Wherefore *Noah* cited the *Devil* to appear before the *Angel* in the Name of *God*, to answer his Theft. The *Angel* gave Judgment, that the *Vine* should be divided between e'm into *Three* Parts, whereof the *Devil* should have *Two*, and *Noah* *One*: to which both Parties consented Whereby it is evident, that Man has some share in the Juice of the *Grape*. For, this was the Decision of *Gabriel*, That when *Two Thirds* of the *Liquor* of this Fruit, should be evaporated away in boyling over the *Fire*, the Remainder should be lawful for *Noah* and his *Posterity* to drink: And thou know'st, we *Musfulmans* generally obey this *Law*, in preparing our *Wine*

Let the *Devil* therefore, in the Name of *God*, have his share in his Tempting Fruit, and then there can be no injustice in enjoying our own Part. For when that which inebriates is separated by *Fire* from the rest, this *Liquor* becomes pure, holy, and blessed. This is the Sentence of the *Ancients*, the immediate Auditors of the *Messenger* of *God*, as is to be seen in the *Manuscripts* they left behind them; which tho' they are rare and difficult to be met with, yet such as diligently seek *Wisdom* shall not lose their labour. *Abu Bee'e Eb'n Mahumet*, has taken great Pains to collect the *Memoirs* of *Antiquity*. He was a Learned *Doctor* among my Countrymen of the House of *Sulpha*, ( may he rest under the *Umbrella's* of *Paradise*. ) From him I had this Relation.

But, tell, me, my dear *Mehemet*, if thou know'st, how cam'st thou to be the only Man that had the good Fortune to be sentenc'd to this happy Disgrace? Or, if thou art ignorant, I will tell thee. For, it seems, the

the rest of thy Company in that Night's Revel were discover'd as well as thou, yet escap'd all Censure. It looks, as if they were designedly reserv'd for Victims, to a more inexorable Revenge. And the Event justifies this Conjecture: Since within the Circuit of the *Moon*, not only they, but all the surviving Creatures of the *Sultana Kiossem*, were strangled.

Therefore again I pronounce thee Happy, and doubly Bless'd in being an *Exile*, since thereby thou hast escap'd the Hands of the *Executioner*, and art now living in *Egypt*, the most Fortunate Region on Earth. Ascribe this to thy *Propitious Destiny*, and to the Favour of *Solyman Kyzlir Aga*: Who foreseeing the Slaughter that would be made of that Old *Queen's* Servants, took this Opportunity to accuse thee to the *Grand Signior*, that so he might save thy Life. For, 'twas at his Intercession, thou wert banish'd into this Happy Province, which is call'd the *Nurse* of all Nations. Improve thy *Exile* to the best Advantage; and from this *Nurse*, suck the Milk of Science with which she has formerly nourish'd the whole Earth. Be grateful also to thy *Deliverer*; for he is a Trusty Friend, and unchangeable, where he once places his Affection. He had a particular Kindness for thee. From him I received the News of thy Escape; for that is the proper Name of thy Banishment. Pour forth devout *Oraisons* for his health and Happiness: Since thou art in a Land, where the *Prayers* of *Mussulmans* are as effectually heard at some particular Places as if they were utter'd at the Tomb of the *Prophet*.

I counsel thee, to visit the Prison of *Joseph*, which is in the *Dungeon* of the *Castle of Caire*. This is a Place of great Devotion among the Faithful, and has been so in all Ages, since the Death of that *Patriarch*. *Moses* the *Prophet*, of whom it is said, that he died in the Embraces of God, made his *Prayers* in this Place; and so did *Aaron* his Brother, when they perform'd those Miracles in *Egypt*. *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, visited

sited this Place, both he and his Mother (on whom are center'd the Smiles of the Creator : ) They there perform'd their *Devotions*, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*. So did the *Prophets*, and *Apo-  
stles*, as many as were in *Egypt*, with all *True Belie-  
vers*. Nay, some of the *Infidels* themselves, having heard of the Renown of this *Sanctuary*, made their *Addresses* to *Heaven* there, in time of great Distress. For, here *Prayers* are infallibly heard, especially if they be said after the *Sun* has travers'd the *Meridian* ; when the *Wicked Demons* are asleep, who walk abroad till *Noon*, doing all the Mischief they can.

My Friend, when I think of the *Region* where thou art, I can hardly forbear envying thee. 'Tis a *Land of Prodigies* and *Miracles*. It is the Support of Men, and the *Granary* of the *World*: Those who Inhabit it, are full of Complacency and Joy ; and those who abandon it, burn with a perpetual desire to return. Its *Rivers* are Clear, and the *Waters* Sweet and Rich as *Wine* ; the Eye of *God* is upon it, who causes the *Nile* to flow at his accustom'd *Season*, whence the Land is made fertil beyond all the *Provinces* on Earth. This *Nile* is one of the *Rivers* which *God* caused to descend from the *Springs* of *Paradise*, on the *Wings* of *Gabriel*; and has hid the Place of its Descent, among the inaccessible Heights of Mountains.

There are many strange Things related of the *Land* of *Alphiom*, and how it was first Manur'd by *Joseph*, being before his time but a *Fen* or *Marsh*. The Story also of *Hagar*, the Mother of all the *Ismaelites*, is not unpleasant ; Thou wilt find it in the *Chronicles* of *Egypt* : For she was an *Egyptian* , of the *Family* of the *Coptites* ; and was bestow'd on *Sarah*, the Wife of our Father *Ibrahim*, by *Charoba*, the *King* of *Egypt*'s Daughter. After she was dismiss'd from her Lady, she travell'd to *Mecca* ; from whence she sent a *Dispatch* to the *King* of *Egypt* , to acquaint him with her Affairs, and with the Birth of her Son *Ismael*,  
im-



imploing his Assistance, in Regard she was in a *Land* barren of all Things. Then the *King of Egypt* caused a *Canal* to be cut form the *Nile*, at the Foot of the *Eastern Mountains of Egypt*, to the *Red Sea*; and send Vessels laden with Corn, Fruits, and all manner of Necessary Provisions to *Hagar*.

If thou addrest to the Feet of the *Doctors*, the Venerable Prelates of *Caire*, they will inform thee of more strange Things than these. It is a Noble Exercise, to Contemplate the *Kingdoms* of the *Heavens*, and the *Earth*; to search into their Wonders and Prodigies; to trace the Footsteps of *Ancient Nations*, and the *Traditions* which know no *Origine*.

*Mehamet*, I am an *Exile* as well as thou: Let us continue our former Friendship in this State, and do one another all the good Offices we can. As for the Misfortunes of Humane Life, let us bear them with an equal Mind. For, they will soon have an end, as well as we our selves.

May *God*, who in the time of *Gog* and *Magog*, took up from the *Earth* the Great *Alcoran*, and the *Sheets* of *Science*; the *Black Stone*, and the *Shrine* of *Moses*, with the *Five Rivers*; have thee in his Holy Protection and Custody, at the Hour of *Evil*, and at all times.

Paris, 26 of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

### LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan Bassa.

**T**HOU may'st report it to the *Divan* for a certain Truth, That the *Chief Mufti* of the *Christians* is Dead: Which puts all the *Courts* in *Europe*, upon new Strains of Policy.

He

He was call'd *Innocent X.* after his Assumption to the *Papacy*: For, his true Name, was *Pamphylus*. But, some say, it has been a Custom for the *Popes* to change their Names, ever since a certain *Priest* was lifted to that *Dignity*, who was call'd *Bocca de Porco*, or *Hogs Face*. He, asham'd of this *Ignominious Name*, as soon as he sat in the *Chair of Peter*, assum'd the Name of *Sergius*. Yet, all his *Successors* have not observ'd that Rule.

These *Popes* have an Authority, greater than our *Principal Musti*. For, they are obey'd by *Kings* and *Emperors*. And being esteem'd little less than *Gods* on *Earth*, they are solemnly Ador'd on the Day of their *Coronation*, by all the *Cardinals*, *Princes*, *Prelates*, and *Foreign Ambassadors* at that time in *Rome*. And, for that End, they are seated on the *Altar*, which the *Nazarenes* call, *The Tabernacle*, and *Habitation* of their *God*.

If I mistake not in my Observations, these *Roman Caliphs* aspire at a *Sovereignty* over all *Kings* and *Princes*: They wou'd make that which they call the *Hierarchy*, a *Superlative Independant Monarchy*, to which all the *Governments* in the *World*, should pay *Homage*, and be *Subject*.

This puts me in mind of a certain *Preacher* at *Naples*, who some Years ago, when *Adonai* the *Jew* was in that *City*, and happen'd to be present in the *Church*, having made a very *Elaborate Speech* to persuade the *People*, That the *Priests* were *Superior to Kings*; at length he broke out into this *Passionate Exclamation*: O ye *Princes of Christendom*, ye are *Pharaohs*, and we *Priests* are your *Gods*; O ye *Pharaohs*, obey your *Gods*! Ye can only command the *Creature*, but we make the *Creator himself* come down on the *Altars*, at our *Pleasure*. This Relation I had from the *Jew*, in his *Travels* through *Italy*. And it is asserted by some of their *Doctors*, That the *Pope* has not only *Power* to *Excommunicate* the greatest *Prince* on

D

Earth,

*Earth, but also to pull a Saint out of Paradise, and send him to Hell.*

If they cou'd persuade the *Nazarene Princes* and *People* to believe they have such an *Exorbitant Power*, perhaps in time they might reduce 'em to as blind a *Superstition*, as the *Ancient Kings of Egypt* were guilty of, who were so besotted to their *Priests*, that when he whom they call'd the *Cater*, or *Master* of the *Celestial Influences* commanded the King to kill himself, for that it was the *Will of Heaven*, the poor bigotted *Monarch*, durst not dispute the *Orders* he had receiv'd, but in simple *Obedience* became his own *Murtherer*.

Those *Egyptian Priests* indeed, were *Masters* of great *Science*, profound *Astrologers*, excellent *Mathematicians*, and perfectly skill'd in the *Secrets* of *Natural Magick*. They perform'd Things transcending the more common and obvious *Works of Nature*: By which it was easy to strike a *Terror* into the *Hearts* of ignorant *Mortals*. But, as for these *Nazarene Priests*, all that they can boast of is, that they have read the *Histories* of former *Times*, and are able to discourse in *Philosophy* and other *Sciences*, without having the *Power* to work any *Prodigies*: Unless thou wilt count it one, to keep so many *Warlike Nations* in a servile *Awe* of their *Authority*; with the bare *Pretence* of turning a *piece* of *Bread* into a *God*.

Yet for all this, there are many poor *Prelates*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*, who are invested with empty *Titles*, having little or no *Revenues*: Among which, the *Poverty* of some is so *Remarkable*, as to become a *Proverb*. Thus, 'tis common in the *Mouths* of the *Romans* to say, *The Pope's Mule fares better than the Bishop of Orvietto*.

*Illustrious Bassa*, live thou in the *Faith* of a *Musfulman*, and the *Favour* of the *Grand Signior*.  
For,

For, in that State, thou mayest despise the greatest of these *Ecclesiastick Infidels*.

Paris 13<sup>th</sup> of the 2<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

## LETTER XIV.

*To the Kaimacham.*

I Believe, the *Secretary* of the *Nazarene Affairs* takes me to be a *Conjurer*, and thinks that I can divine of all the Changes and Alterations that happen at the Port ; or that I have some *Magical Glass*, which represents to me the continued *Series* of remote Events, with all the *Transactions* of the *Imperial Court*, *Camp*, and *City* : Or else he wou'd not be so late in his *Dispatches*, and send me such *Imperfect News*. I am forc'd many times to address my *Letters* by *Guess* ; not knowing, whether the *Person* to whom I write be in the same *Station* he was a while ago ; or whether he be among the *Living*, or the *Dead* : Whether I should direct my *Dispatches* to *Constantinople*, or to the *Elyzian Shades*.

My *Intelligence* of the *Mussulman Affairs* is many times more owing to the *French Merchants* who *Trade* in the *Levant* ; or to the *Expressees* which come from *Ambassadors* residing at *Constantinople* ; than to that *Secretary*, whose *Care* it ought to be, that I shou'd be timely inform'd of whatever happens in the *Osman Empire*.

Surely, *Kisur Dramelec* has some *Design* upon me, in being always thus tardy and negligent. I scarce hear from him once in half a Year ; whereas he is commanded by his *Superiors*, as well as mine, to write to me every *Moon*. And then, he sends me such a lame *Account* of *Things* ; such *Fragments*



and Scraps of News, that his Letters need a *Comment*, to make 'em intelligible.

About four Years ago, I modestly tax'd him with this Neglect, when I had reason to do it in my own vindication, to *Minezim Aluph, Bassa*. But *Kisur* heard of it, and was very angry. He sent me a Letter full of Invectives, which I answer'd with a kind of Indifference, mixing Railery with my Juster Repentments. How that work'd on him, I know not; but his Reservedness ever since, makes me conclude he studies Revenge; and that he takes this method to accomplish it, by keeping me as much in Ignorance, as he dares, of the Changes and other important Occurrences at the *Mysterious Port*. He knows it wou'd be a Crime little less than Capital, not to write to me at all: Such a wilful Contumacy wou'd strait proclaim him a *Traitor*; since, among the other Instructions which were given him with his Commission, this Charge was none of the least, That he should send frequent Intelligence to all the *Grand Signior's Agents*, whether Publick or Private, in the Courts of *Nazarcne Princes*. He is sensible that such a manifest Contempt of *Supreme Authority*, wou'd absolutely ruin him. Therefore he goes more subtilly to work. For, he writes, indeed, but very seldom. And then, with cunning Artifice, either quite conceals, or at least disguises the most considerable Transactions, only filling up his Letters with trifling Stories, and impertinent Relations, nothing to my Purpose: Thinking by this means, to bring upon me the Displeasure of the *Grandeess*, through the Mistakes I may commit, for want of better Advertisement.

Be it how it will, I am strangely at a loss sometimes, what to think, or how to write to my *Superiors*; or what sort of Conduct I shou'd use in this Place, amidst so many various Reports as are continually spread abroad in *Europe*, concerning the Affairs

fairs of the *Seraglio*, the *Shining City*, and other Parts of the *Ottoman Empire* : Whilst this *Kisur* still delays to ascertain me of any Thing.

I have been wholly a Stranger, till within these few Days, to the Fate of the *Captain Bassa*, who was strangled about a Year ago, for his Cowardise and ill Conduct against the *Venetians*. Neither knew I any thing of the Adventure and Flight of his Sons. I was equally ignorant of the Succession of the *Bassa* of *Buda* in this important Command ; and of many other changes both by *Land* and *Sea*.

So at present, here are a Thousand Rumours stirring about one Thing or other in the *East*. Some say, that *Chussein Bassa* is strangl'd, and that the *Captain Bassa* is made *Vizier Azem* in his stead. Others Report, That this *first Minister* was only depos'd from that *Supreme Dignity*, the *Seals* being taken from him ; but that nevertheless, he still continues to be *General* of the *Sultan's* Forces in *Candia*. A third sort affirm, that he intended to turn *Christian*, holding a secret Correspondence with the *Patriarch* of *Jerusalem*, by whose means, and a General Revolt of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and other *Christians*, under the *Grand Signior's* Jurisdiction, he sought to betray the *Ottoman Blood*, and exalt himself to the *Empire*.

I am not willing to believe, that such Monstrous Perfidy, cou'd enter into the Heart of that Illustrious Hero ; yet know not how to contradict it, for want of true Advice.

It is reported also, That *Signior Apello*, the *Venetian Bailo* or *Resident*, at the *Happy Port*, has kill'd himself with a *Ponyard* : Being driven to despair, by his long Confinement, and the cruel Usage he had receiv'd from the *Mussulmans*. God knows whether it be true or no. It wou'd be much to my satisfaction, to have a particular Account of all these things, and of whatsoever else occurs worthy of Notice. For,

how can I discharge my Trust, whilst I am thus kept in the Dark?

They talk here of a violent *Plague* that rages in *Moscow*, and that above 200000 People have died of it in the City of *Mosco* only, besides Millions that have been swept away in the Provinces of that vast *Empire*. Those that really know not *themselves*, nor are acquainted with their *own Nature*, will yet pretend to penetrate into the *Counsels* of the *Omnipotent*, and pronounce this as a *Judgment* on the *Moscovites*, for the Cruelties they have committed in *Poland*. Doubtless, the *Methods* of *Fate* are *Inscrutable*.

In the mean while we are plagu'd here with a Crew of *Vagabonds*, whom they call *Gypsies*, or *Egyptians*: For, they pretend to be descended from that Place. They swarm up and down the Country like *Caterpillers*, devouring the Fruits of the Earth. They boast of a Profound Skill in *Palmestry*, *Visiognomy*, and other *Sciences*, cheating People of their Money, under the Notion of telling them their *Fortunes*. No Body knows from whence they come, or whither they go. For, they are as uncertain as the Wind. A nasty Generation, and the very Burthen of the Land. If any Creatures be oblig'd to them, 'tis the *Mice* and *Rats*, with whom they seem to be in League. For they kill and eat all the *Cats* they seize on.

*Illustrious Minister*, I pray *Heaven* defend thee from all sorts of *Plagues* and *Vermin*, but especially from *Monsters* in *Human Shape*.

Paris, 26<sup>th</sup> of the 2<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

To the same.

AS I am alive, these *Gypsies* have enchanted me : I cannot put 'em out of my Mind. And, perhaps, it will neither be impertinent nor troublesome, to give thee a farther Information of them.

There are several Opinions concerning the *Original* of these *Vagrants*, and they have been thought worthy to be inserted into *Histories*. Some say, they came out of *Tartary*, or *Scythia*, and that they first appear'd in these *Parts* about the Year 1417 of the *Christians Hegira*. At which time they enter'd into *Saxony* in Troops, having the *Passport* of *Sigismund King of Hungaria*, and Son of *Charles IV*. They had also the Recommendations of divers other *Princes*, who look'd upon them as *Holy Persons*, or *Prophets*. For they pretended, that they were commanded by *God*, to travel over the whole Earth, and not to have either Houses or Lands in their own Possession : And, that this was enjoin'd 'em as a *Penance* to expiate the Sin of their *Ancestors* ; who inhabiting *Egypt* in the Days of *Jesus the Son of Mary*, the *Christians Messias*, refus'd to entertain that *Holy Prophet*, and his *Mother*, when they fled from the *Persecution* of *Herod*.

Others are of Opinion, that they came first out of *Persia*, and are of the *Race* of those who Adore the *Firs* : Being forc'd once in Seven Years, to make *Decimations* of their *People*, and send away many *Caravans*, to seek their Fortune in Foreign Countries, *Persia* not being able to sustain their numerous *Progeny*.

A third Sort affirm, That they are the *Posterity* of the *ten Jewish Tribes*, that were carried away *Captives* by *Salamanassar*, King of *Assyria*. No Body



knows for certain, what they are, or of whence. They are of swarthy Complexions, wrapt up in Mantles of Cotton or Wool. They speak seven *Languages*; profess three *Sciences*; obey one King or General, who always travels with 'em. The *Italians* call 'em *Cingari*, from a Word in their *Language*, which signifies a kind of *Water-Fowl*, that hath no certain Nest, but is forc'd every Night to seek a New Lodging: For so these *Gypsies* rove from place to place. The *Germans* call them *Zingener*, from the Word *Zindel*, which is the constant Appellative of the King of these *Ramblers*; as *Pharaoh* was of Old among the *Egyptians*, and *Cesar* among the *Romans*. In many things they resemble the *Torlakins* and *Faquirs* of the *East*: Boasting of extraordinary Illuminations, and a constant Familiarity with God: Tho' some Learned Men among the *Nazarenes*, esteem 'em no better than a Crew of Cheats and Hypocrites: Even as they do those *Oriental Santones*; who, they say, under the Masque of an Uncommon Holiness, commit a thousand Villanies.

God best knows what Judgment is to be made either of the *One*, or the *Other*. But these *Egyptians*, as they call 'em, whether they are really such, or no, have no great Marks of *Sanctity*, in that they are very *Unclean*. They seldom or never Wash themselves, but like the Swine, wallow in all manner of Filthiness, eating prohibited Meats, and having their Women in Common, which are the two Sources of all *Impurity*.

As to the *Faquirs* of the *East*, they are strict Observers of the Law of Abstinence and Cleanness; whether they be *Mussulmans*, or the *Gentiles* of *India*. And if in other Matters, they may be found faulty, 'tis very rare: And then they exceed not the Character of *Humanity*, which thou know'st, is by Nature prone to Error, and subject to a thousand Frailties and Oversight. We are all Men, and God does not expect

expect our Conduct to be that of *Angels*. His Repose is in himself; and if he takes any Complacency in the Things of the World, 'tis in beholding every Thing act according to its *Nature*. The exquisite Form and Symmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Pismire*, with the inimitable Architecture of the two former, and the admirable Providence of the latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much Delight, as the most celebrated Beauty, Strength, Science, and Performances of Men. For, his Power and Wisdom, are equally manifest in all Things. Every Creature is Perfect in its Kind, only a Wicked Man is a Blot in the Universe.

Would'st thou know what the *Western Nazarenes* are most busy about at this time? 'Tis the Election of a new Pope. He is to be chosen by the College of Cardinals, who are Princes of the Roman Church. They are all shut up in a Place, which they call the Conclave. This is a certain Gallery in the Palace of the Vatican at Rome; where every Cardinal has his Cell or Apartment by himself, having only two Servants to attend him. The Conclave is surrounded by the Roman Militia, to prevent all Intercourse by Letters, or other ways, between those without, and those within. The very Dishes which are serv'd up at the Tables of the Cardinals, are narrowly search'd, lest any Letters should be convey'd in them. The last Posts from Rome assure us, That there were no less than 66 Cardinals thus shut up, when they left that City. And, there they must remain Night and Day, without taking the fresh Air, or seeing any Body till they have agreed in their Election. There are two Physicians, a Surgeon, and an Apothecary, shut up with 'em to serve 'em in case of Sickneſs.

One of the Conclavists is the Cardinal de Retz, who escaped out of his Prison in this Kingdom, and fled to Rome for Protection. From whence he sent a Letter to the Archbishops, and other Prelates of

*France* ; which being pronounced a *Seditious Libel* against the *King* , and the *Government* , was in the End of the last *Moon* burnt publicly by the *King's* Order, and all *Copies* of it prohibited.

The *King* has also sent private Instructions to the *Cardinals* of his Party at *Rome*, to keep a strict Watch on the Conduct of *de Retz*, and to oppose him in all Things.

Here is nothing but Caballing and Intrigue among these *Infidels* : They are good at a Stratagem, and know better how to undermine one another, than to face their Enemies in the open Field : Which is a Character more suitable to Women than Men. Whereas thou know'st, our *Hero's* in the *East*, know no other way to Honour, Victory, and Empire, than by downright Bravery and Resolution, subduing all Things by the Force of their Arms. But *God*, when he divided the Nations of the *Earth*, and separated the Sons of *Noah*, assign'd to every one a different *Constellation*, according to whose *Influence*, the *Genius* of each People is disposed. They all obey the *Diſtates* of their particular *Stars* , and the Orders of *Eternal Destiny*.

Therefore, Sage Minister, since *Mars* is the Planet of the Sons of *Ismael*, and the *Ascendant* of the *Ottoman Empire*, there is no need, that we should turn *Apoſtates* from the Star of our better Fortune, to court the Glances of *Mercury*, who is only the Guardian of *Knaves* and *Cheats*.

Paris, 26<sup>th</sup> of the 2<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

The End of the First Book.

LET.

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# LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

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VOL. V.

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BOOK II.

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## LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

**F**Ormerly I could have writ to thee with as much Freedom, as I could to *Egri Boimou* (on whom rest the Favours of God) or as I can now to *Gnet Oglou*, to my Brother *Pesteli Hali*, or to any of my Familiar Friends. But when I consider the Eminent *Station* thou possessest, in that the Health and Life of the *Mighty Emperor* is now committed to thy Skill and Care, I am many times at a Stand how to address my self. Methinks, thou art tinctur'd with the *Majesty* of that *Personage*, whose Hand thou so often hast the Honour to touch, when requir'd to discover by the beating of his *Pulse*, the Interior Maladies which afflict his *Royal Soul*. Yet I know



thou still retainest thy Humanity, and wilt not despise those whom thou hast once thought worthy of Friendship.

Suffer me then to converse with a *Philosophick* Freedom, that is, in an Address void of Formalities and Reserves.

I know 'tis of no Import, whether *Mahmut* be sick or well, provided the *Grand Signior* be serv'd. What signify the Languishing Pains, or more Acute Agonies of a Slave, so long as he is able to carry on his *Master's* Interest? we are not born for our *selves* only, but by the very Condition of our *Nature*, are oblig'd to consecrate our Lives to the Service of *others*. 'Tis a Reciprocal Debt, from which no Mortal is free. Every Man owes something to his Relations, more to his Friends, but most of all to the *Publick*.

Therefore I make no Complaints of my Lot, nor murmur at the Will of Destiny. I accuse not the *Stars* of my *Nativity*, nor tax 'em with unkindly *Aspects*: But am contented with my Fortune, be it Good or Bad, and resign'd to the Pleasure of *Heaven*.

As *Nature* has fram'd my Body Infirm and Weak, subject to a thousand Maladies; so is my Mind also harass'd with Distempers which have no Number. But above all, I labour under a kind of *Intellectual Fever*, a perpetual Thirst of Knowledge, which all the Books and Converse in the World cannot satisfy. There is no End of my Doubts and Scruples. Every Thing appears to me as Ambiguous, as the *Answers* of the *Delphick Oracle*. Nay, I am a perfect Riddle to my self.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, how I should cure this *Dropsy* of the Mind, and I will not trouble thee with the inconsiderable Diseases of my *Body*. I have a high Opinion of you *Physicians*: And shall put more Confidence in thy Advice, than in the *Tetra* of the *Mysti*. Conceal not thy Art from *Mahmut*, who admires thee with a Respect equal to that which he  
pays

pays to the Memoirs of *Avicen*, *Al' Razi*, *Helal*, and the rest of those excellent *Physicians*, mentioned in our *Arabian Histories*.

And now these Ornaments of our Nation are come into my Mind, permit them to divert me from saying or thinking any more of my self at present: For it will be better to turn the Discourse to such illustrious Themes. At worst, it will be but an innocent Digression.

In perusing the Lives of those Famous Men, I meet with some Passages which are very delightful. Perhaps thou hast seen the same. Yet 'twill do thee no hurt, to call 'em again to thy Remembrance.

I have read in a certain *Manuscript*, penn'd by *Ibrahim* the Son of *Helal*, a Renown'd *Physician* at *Badgat*, this Memoir of his Father. "On a certain Day, says he, that my Father had administred  
"Phyick to the *Emperor Tuzun*, for which he was  
"presented with a Royal *Vest*, rewarded with Five  
"Thousand *Piasters*, and by the *Emperor's* Com-  
"mand was carried through the Streets in State; I  
"observ'd that he was Pensive amidst all those Ho-  
"nours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought he  
"had greatest Reason to rejoyce. Therefore I said  
"to him, My Father, how comes it to pass, that you  
"are thus dejected, at a time when all the World ex-  
"pects to see you dissolv'd in Pleasure? He answered,  
"Son, he that has bestowed these Honours on me is a  
"Fool, and does things preposterously without Reason.  
"And therefore I cannot rejoice at these untimely Fa-  
"vours he has shewed me, being sensible they are not  
"the Effects of his Judgment, but of his Ignorance.  
"I gave him a Cathartick Potion, which work'd so  
"strongly with him, that it excoriated his Bowels, and  
"brought forth Blood. So that I was forced to use a  
"different Method, both to remove his Distemper, and  
"stop the Violent Flux. In the mean while, he igno-  
"rantly believing, That the Voiding of so much Blood,  
"pro-

“procured him the present Ease and Health he feels,  
 “therefore ordered these Honours to be done me which  
 “thou seest. Now that which saddens me, is my Fear,  
 “lest some time or other, he may through his Ignorance  
 “commit as great an Error on the contrary side, and  
 “suspect that I have done him an Injury, when there is  
 “no Ground for it, and so put me to Death.

Tell me, my Friend, had not this *Physician* Reason for his Behaviour and Words? He was a Man of great Abilities, accomplish'd with divers *Sciences*, and in high Esteem with the *Princes* and *Nobles* of *Arabia*.

It were worth thy Pains to peruse frequently the Life of *Avicen*, written by himself, wherein thou wilt behold the Methods he us'd to acquire a Profound Skill in the *Sciences*: How he was at first puzzl'd in the *Metaphysicks*, and was almost driven to Despair, till a Dream unfolded to him whatsoever was difficult. When he was at a loss in any Disquisition, he us'd to frequent the *Mosques*, and pour forth devout and fervent *Oraisons* to the Source of *Intellectual Lights*, till the Thing was manifested to him. He sat up late at Nights, having a Lamp perpetually burning in his Chamber, applying himself attentively to Books and Contemplation. This was his Course, till he was Consummate in all the *Liberal Sciences*, which was in the Eighteenth Year of his Age.

But of all the *Physicians* whose Names adorn our History, none seems comparable to *Thabet Eb'n Abraham*, for his Skill in exactly indicating the Causes of a Distemper by the different Measures of the Pulse. *Abul Pharai*, his Contemporary and Friend, writes thus of him. “On a certain Day, says he, when I was  
 “with *Thabet Eb'n Abraham* of *Harrain*, in the House  
 “of *Abu Mohammed* the *Vizir*, *Abu Adalla Ebno'l*  
 “*Hejai* the *Post* being there also, reach'd forth his  
 “Hand to *Thabet*, desiring him to feel his Pulse.  
 “To

"To whom the Physician forthwith reply'd, *Thou*  
 "hast us'd a gross Diet, and been intemperate in eating  
 "sour Milk with Veal. The other answering, That it  
 "was true, and all the Company admiring; *Abu'l*  
 "*Abbas* the Astrologer, also reach'd forth his Hand.  
 "But when *Thabet* had felt his Pulse, *Thou*, said he,  
 "hast committed an Excess in taking too much of cold  
 "Things; for, as I judge, thou hast eat about eleven  
 "Pomegranates. Immediately *Abu'l Abbas* cry'd  
 "out, This is a Prophet certainly, and more than a  
 "Physician; for he speaks the Truth to a tittle. Every  
 "body was astonish'd at his wondrous Knowledge,  
 "and I more than all the rest. Wherefore, when  
 "I had him alone, I said, My dear *Thabet*, The  
 "Study of Physick is common to us both; therefore hide  
 "nothing from me, but discover freely by what Art  
 "you were able to tell, That the Poet eat sour Milk with  
 "Veal, and not as well with Beef or Mutton; and that  
 "the Astrologer eat no more nor less than eleven Pome-  
 "granates. He answered, My Mind suggested this  
 "to me, and prompted my Tongue to utter it. Then  
 "I desir'd him to shew me the Scheme of his Na-  
 "tivity: Which he hid at his own House. And  
 "considering it attentively, I observ'd, That the  
 "Planet Jupiter was Lord of the Horoscope. Then  
 "I said to him, 'Tis this speaks, my dear Friend, not  
 "you, so often as you make these fortunate Conjectures.  
 "Thus far *Abul Pharai*.

God knows, whether the Stars have any such Influ-  
 ence on Men in their Birth, or no. I am not very  
 credulous in this Point. Nor can the Authority of  
 the Ancients, or the Character of the Persian and  
 Chaldean Magi captivate my Mind in an implicit  
 Faith of things so liable to Doubt. Who knows  
 what the Stars are made of, or for what Ends they  
 are created? Yet I must own, that some Men seem  
 to be born with inherent Faculties, which others  
 can never acquire with all the Art and Industry in  
 the



the World. One Man is of a *Poetick* Constitution : Another is *genially* inclin'd to *Physick* : a Third excels in *Mechanicks* : Every Man has his peculiar Gift. And yet perhaps all this while, the *Stars* have nothing to do in the Matter. However, if there be any Truth in *Astrology*, the *Persians*, *Caldeans*, *Arabians*, and *Indians*, seem to be the only Men of all *Nations*, constellated to understand this *Science* perfectly. One knows not what to think, admist so many Appearances of Truth and Falshood. Nor can our thoughts be of any great import, be it how it will, in these *speculative* Matters. At the *Day* of *Judgment*, we shall not be ask'd What Proficiency we have made in *Logick*, *Metaphysicks*, *Astronomy*, or any other *Science* ; but, Whether we have lived according to our *Nature*, as Men, endu'd with *Morality* and *Reason*. In that Hour it will more avail us, That we have thrown a handful of Elower in Charity to a Nest of contemptible *Pismires*, than that we could muster all the *Hosts* of *Heaven*, and call every *Star* by its proper Name. For, then the *Constellations* themselves shall disappear ; the *Sun* and *Moon* shall give no more Light, and all the *Frame* of *Nature* shall vanish : But, our good and bad Works shall remain for ever, recorded in the *Archieves* of *Eternity*.

If from this manner of Writing, thou shalt conjecture I am Melancholy, and wilt also reveal the *Causes* and Remedy of this *Distemper*, thou shalt be more to me than a Thousand *Avicen's*, *Helal's*, *Tabet's* or all the *Physitians* and *Astrologers* of the *East*, For, these kind of Thoughts are mournful as the *Shadow* of *Death*,

Paris, 23 of the 4<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the year 1655.

LETTER.

L E T T E R II.  
To Afis, Bassa.

I Know not whether thou wilt praise or condemn the *Sentence*, which the *Elect*or of *Saxony* pronounced not long ago on a poor Fellow for killing a *Deer*. Yet, because there is something very singular in it, I will relate the whole *Passage*, as I receiv'd it from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the *Jew* at *Vienna*.

In the *Moon* of *Cheurval*, a certain *Citizen* of *Wirttemberg* was accused before the *Elect*or, for hunting in his *Forest*, and killing one of his *Deer*. The *Duke* in a rage, commanded him to be set upon a *Stag*, his *Hands* chain'd to the *Horns*, and his *Feet* under the *Belly* of the *Beast*; ordering, that the *Stag* with this *Burthen*, should be let loose to run whither he would. The poor frightn'd *Stag* not being accustomed to such a *Load*, and terrified with the ratling of the *Chains*, ran away full speed over *Hills* and *Dales*, through *Thickets* of *Briars* and *Thorns*, never stopping till he had measur'd above *Three* and *thirty* *German* *Leagues*; and then tir'd with so fast a *Race*, he fell down. At which instant, a *Caravan* was coming by that *Place* out of *Silesia*.

The poor *Wretch* on the *Back* of the *Stag*, almost dead with the *Pains* he had undergone, in so continued and violent a *Motion*, being also sorely bruised, and his *Flesh* torn and mangled by the *Boughs* of *Trees*, as the *Stag* rush'd through thick *Woods*; cry'd aloud to the *Caravan*, begging that some of them would in *Mercy* dispatch him out of his *Torments*. But they, either for fear of the *Duke's* *Displeasure*, or for other *Reasons*, refused him this *Kindness*. So that after the *Stag* had rested a while, and recovered new *Spirits*, he began a fresh *Career*; and

and never ceas'd running, till he arriv'd at a certain *Monastery* or *Convent* of *Religious*, where he beat against the Gate with his Horns, till some of the *Dervises* open'd it, and let him in. They astonish'd to see a Man thus pinion'd to a *Stag*, his Face, Arms, Legs, and all his Body cover'd with Blood, and himself ready to expire, immediately brought him *Cordials* and other Refreshments, whilst some were employ'd in loosing his Chains. But being inform'd by his own Mouth, how he came into this condition, they began to think of turning him loose again, for fear of the *Duke's* Anger. However, suffering themselves to be overcome by the Importunity of the miserable Man, and relying on their *Ecclesiastick* Privileges, ( for here in the *West*, the *Convents* are generally allow'd *Sanctuaries* for all sorts of Offenders, ) they took him into their Protection : But he expired that Night.

It is hard to determin, whether the *Duke*, or these *Dervises*, were in the right or wrong: The *French*, who of late, have by a Fashion learn'd to grow Obdurate, justify the Proceedings of this *Prince* ; saying, That Pity is a Passion fit only for Women, Children, and Fools. They esteem it a Mark of a great Spirit, a Mind capable of *Empire*, not to be moved with the Sighs or Tears of the Miserable ; but to frown or laugh at the Misfortunes of others. This, they say, is the only Method to harden Men for War, Conquests and Plunder : Where the Victors are to cut their way to Honour and Riches, through the Hearts of the vanquish'd to quench the ardent Thirst of Glory with human Blood, and to celebrate their Triumphs only in the midst of horrid Massacres and Funerals.

'Tis true, these Principles and Actions are allowable in *Men* of the *Sword*, when they fight the Battels of their *King* and *Country* in heat of Blood. But, Clemency and Compassion, are Virtues becoming the

the greatest *Prince*, or most valiant *General*, when their Enemies are reduc'd by the Fortune of War, to kiss the Dust of their Feet, and beg for Mercy : Or, when in time of Peace, their *Subjects* fall into a Crime which may admit Indulgence. Certainly, these *Western Infidels* have wrong Notions of Humanity, in asserting, That Cruelty is either a Sign of a Noble Nature, or a Step to true Happiness : Since, the most hard-hearted *Tyrant*, one time or other, will have need of Compassion himself ; especially in Sickness and the Agonies of Death, which perhaps prove more tormenting to him, than to the Merciful and Generous. It is recorded of *Al Hejai Eb'n Hesha'm*, a famous *Arabian* Captain, that when in a *Malignant Fever*, he call'd for Water to drink, and it was deny'd him by the *Physicians*, who had care of his Health : *It is enough*, said he, *Rueno'ddaula*, once my Lieutenant, to whom I forgave Three Treasons, and who died a natural Death, has refreshed me at this minute with a Liquor unknown : Sure 'tis the Wine of Paradise And from that moment he began to recover his Health, after which he liv'd many Years, often rehearsing this Passage among his familiar Friends to his last Day.

But the *Infidels* are either ignorant of these Examples, or if they know 'em, Pride will not suffer 'em to learn Morality and Justice. They are destin'd, the greatest part, to be incredulous to the Day of Judgment. How many *Prophets* has God sent into all Nations, to teach them the right way, and not the way of such with whom he is displeas'd ; yet they will not be converted ? They look on the *Apostles* and *Messengers* of the *Eternal*, with the Eyes of Swine ; they grunt under the burthen of their Sensuality, and like those filthy Animals, return to their Mire again. Yet, that *superlatively Merciful*, winks at their Frailties, and visits them with his *Graces* every Morning. But they put their Fingers in their Ear



Ears and turn away in disdain, as from a Beggar.  
They reject the *King* of all things, as a Fugitive and  
Vagabond on Earth.

From that delectable *Essence*, the Odour of whose  
Sweetness is diffus'd through the *Elements*, and re-  
freshes the Minds of the *True Faithful*; let us by  
continual Devotion and Virtue, attract divine Tin-  
ctures, till our Hearts be all transform'd into *Incense*,  
and in this Aromatick Pile, our Souls expire like the  
*Phoenix*, to revive again in the Joys of *Paradis*, in  
Amours which know End.

Paris, 8<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>h</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

### L E T T E R III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Wonder at nothing: Much less, at the extrava-  
gant Caprices of *Tyrants*. Methinks, there ap-  
pears no Novelty in Modern Transactions. They  
are but a repetition of ancient Practices, under new  
Forms. Of all the Events in this Age, not one has  
come to my knowledge which gives me a Surprise.  
Yet I must confess, there is something very singu-  
lar in the Punishment the *Duke of Saxony* inflicted,  
as thy Letter tells me, on the poor *Deer-stealer*.  
And, if it be just to put a Man to Death on such  
an account, as the *Indians* hold; the *Duke* seems  
very ingenious and accurate, in the choise he made  
of an *Executioner*.

The ancient *Romans* had a *Law*, which they call'd  
*Lex Talionis*; which in all *Criminal Cases*, appointed  
the Punishment to be in some Circumstances ade-  
quate to the Fault. And thou know'st, *Moses* your  
*Lawgiver*, left much the same *Statutes*: requiring  
the loss of the Eye of him, who had put another  
Man's

Man's out ; a Tooth for a Tooth, an Arm for an Arm, and so proportionably of other Injuries. But this *Prince* seems to have made a Supplement, where these *Laws* appear'd short ; and has shew'd a most exquisite Niceness of Rêvenge in the Destiny of the unfortunate Huntsman, to cause a *Stag* to be, in so peculiar a manner, the Instrument of his Death, who had villainously murder'd one of the same *Species* ; doubtless, it was a *Princely* Freak of Justice : And, had it been done purely to avenge the Blood of the slaughter'd Beast, and not in vindication of his own Right, I cou'd not forbear to pronounce it a Frolick worthy of a *Hero*. But he himself is frequently guilty of the same kind of Murther, as are most of the *Great Men* in *Europe* ; whose Tables are no other than the *Altars* of *Gluttony*, smoaking with Flesh and Blood, whilst *Hecatombs* of Animals are there sacrific'd to voracious Appetites, the *Idols* of these *Western* People.

Methinks therefore, it had been more generous and becoming a *Prince*, to pardon the poor Fellow a Theft, which perhaps was the only Method he had to preserve *Himself* and his *Family* from starving. And, for ought I know, he had as much right according to the *Law* of *Nature*, to kill a *Stag*, as the Owner has. But, there is no Talk to be made of right or wrong, where Power over-rules all.

*India* is at present, the only publick Theatre of Justice toward all living Creatures. There, it is a capital Crime to shed the Blood of any Animal, and punish'd with Death no less than the Murther of a Man. The *Princes* and *Nobles* indeed inclose *Deer*, and other innocent Creatures in Parks, not with a design to prey upon them at their Pleasure, but to defend 'em from the Violence of others ; whilst those happy Animals range and feed where they please within those Pales, free from Peril, and never fearing any other Death, save what they pay to  
*Nature,*

*Nature*, when they have spun out the accustom'd term of their Life. They also build Hospitals for a like purpose; and are at a great charge every Year, to redeem a certain number of Oxen and Cows from Slaughter. For they esteem it a barbarous and inhuman Cruelty, to murder those Creatures which are the Nurses of our Life.

The *Law of Moses*, if I mistake not, obliges all of thy *Nation* to certain specifick Tendernesses towards the dumb Animals. And *Esa* the Prophet, a Man of no obscure Extract, but of a noted Race among the *Hebrews*, says, *He that killeth an Ox, is as if he slew a Man; and he that sacrificeth a Lamb, as if he beheaded a Dog.* And in another place, the same Prophet says, in the Person of God, *To what purpose is the multitude of your Sacrifices to me? I am offended with the Smoak of your Burnt-offerings, and nauseated with the Smell of broiled Fat. I take no delight in the Blood of Bulls, Lambs or Goats. Who hath required these things at your Hands? Bring no more vain Oblations, which my Soul hateth.*

By these Expressions, one would think the Prophet brings in God, denying that ever he commanded any such *Sacrifices* or shedding of Blood, and protested against it, as an Abomination. Where then is the Reputation of those *Writings* which go under the Name of *Moses*? For, in them these bloody *Victims* are expressly enjoined; God cannot be contradictory to himself. Doubtless, a great part of the *True Law* which God gave to *Moses*, was lost in the former *Captivities* of your *Nation*, when your Cities and Provinces were quite dispeopled, your Fathers led away by the victorious *Monarchs* of the *East*, and your choicest *Memoirs* abolish'd. So that what remains now, is only a collection of Fragments patch'd up by *Esdra*s, and other industrious *Scribes*, to which they gave the specious Title of the *Law of Moses*, that so they might fasten the wavering People

ple in obedience to something tho' of their own devising.

*Nathan*, I do not go about to seduce thee ; examine all Things. Believe neither me nor thy own *Rabbi's*, but trust only thy Reason, which will stand by thee at the *Day of Judgment*, when all things else shall fail.

Paris, 8<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

## LETTER IV:

To Dgebe Nafir, Bassa.

**T**Hese *Nazarenes*, like the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, are divided into innumerable *Sects* ; and so 'tis in all *Religions*. Men cannot think alike. *Nature* it self delights in Variety, *God* has diversify'd the *Faculties* of our *Souls*, as he has the *Constitutions* of our *Bodies*. The *Zealot* is subject to *Choler*, the *Bigot* to *Melancholy*, the *Libertine* is of a *sanguine* Complection ; and as for the rest, they are but so many walking, speaking Lumps of *Flegm*. This is the *Physical Division* of *Mortals* ; under which are comprehended, the various *Temper*s which result from the different mixture of these four *Radical Principles*. And for this, we must thank *Galen* and *Hipocrates*.

But, if we consult the *Astrologers*, they will assign as many different *Humours* and *Complections* as there be *Stars* in the *Heavens*, at least, as there be *Constellations*. They'll tell ye of the *Bull* and the *Bear*, and *God* knows what *heavenly Stories*. The *Dragon* shall spit *Venom* on one *Man's Nativity*, out of his *Mouth* ; and give another a poisonous Lick with his *Tail*. If we believe all they say, there is

not



not an Herb in the Field but has its particular *Star*, whose *Influence* causes it to grow and prosper; tho' *Moses* tells us, that all the *Vegetables* appear'd on the Earth, even before the *Stars* themselves had their Existence in the *Heavens*.

But, whether there be any Truth in *Astrology*, or no; this is certain, that Men differ in their Sentiments of *Religion*, as they do in their Faces. The *Physiognomy* of *Faith* is infinitely various. One Man believes in *Moses*, another in *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, a third in *Mahomet* our *Holy Law* giver. Then these are subdivided into innumerable Parties. The *Jews* have seventy eminent *Religious Factions*. There are number'd Seventy and one *Sects* of *Christians*, and Seventy two of *Mussulmans*. These are all at odds about Words and *exteriour Ceremonies*; so zealous for Charity and Peace, that they are in perpetual Wars for its sake, murdering one another in the Love of God: And such stout Champions for the *Truth*, that they scruple not to tell ten thousand Lies in its Defence.

The Differences between the *Greek* and *Armenian Nazarenes*, the *Nestorians* and *Jacobites*, with other *Sects* of the *East*, are not unknown to the *Ministers* of the *Port*. But, perhaps thou art a Stranger to the newer *Schisms* of the *West*.

The most eminent *Division* of *Christendom* at this time, is into *Catholicks* and *Protestants*. The former obey the *Roman Musti*, and boast of an uninterrupted Series of *Caliphs* from *Peter* the *Vicar* of the *Messias*, down to the present *Pope*. The latter are the *Followers* of *Luther* and *Calvin*, Men who pretended to certain *New Lights*, and claim'd a right to reform the Errors of their *Fathers*, in matters of Faith and Worship. God best knows, who's in the right or wrong of these two Parties: But, they have always been at Daggers-drawing in defence of their several *Tenets*; persecuting and massacring.

cring one another, for *Conscience*-sake. Both sides appeal to the *Written Law*, to *Apostolical Traditions*, to the *Testimony* of the Ancients, the Decrees of *Councils*, and the Practice of those whom they call the *Primitive Church*. Yet neither Part will allow the other a sufficient Judgment to interpret those *Memoirs* of Antiquity, nor an Authentick Power to decide Controversies of this Nature. Thus their Disputes are like to last, till the *Final Day* of Decision, when all human Quarrels shall be determin'd before the *Grand Tribunal*.

In the mean time, they take all Advantages to execute their Spight and Malice on each other, under the Notion of Justice and Piety. We are daily alarm'd here with Tragical Relations of horrid Murthers and Butcheries committed on the *Protestants* of *Piedmont*, and other Parts under the *Duke of Savoy*. Whilst some say, That all these Reports are false, and the Sufferings of those People are according to Law, the due Punishment of their *Rebellious Actions*.

It is not in my power to adjust their Differences; nor is it Material to a *Mussulman*, which of them has the Law on their side. Yet, if I were inclin'd to take any Part, it shou'd be that of the Oppressed. Cruelty I abhor: And our Holy Prophet has forbid Force to be us'd in Matters of Religion, since the Conscience is responsible to none but God.

May that God, from whose Unity have sprung all the different Essences in the World, and all the variety in Nature, give us Grace to love the whole Creation, and not to shed Blood unless in the Sacred Combat.

Paris, 13<sup>th</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

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LETTER

## LETTER V.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of  
Austria.

I Had concluded thee dead, till thy Letter certify'd me to the contrary. So long a Silence between Friends, wou'd put any Man upon the same Thoughts. Ten Years have slipt away between my last to thee, and thy Answer. I hope thou dost not measure *Time*, after the rate of the *Seven Sleepers*. Perhaps thou hast been enjoind a ten Years *Silence* and Abstinence from all manner of Conversation, by the *Superiour* of thy *Convent*. Such Severities are not uncommon in *Religious Societies*, where the main Business is, to acquire *Perfection*. The *Armenian Monasteries* are much more rigid, where but for one extravagant word, I have known a Man's Tongue lock'd up for the space of two and twenty Years, under pain of *Excommunication*; and then releas'd, only for the sake of a most significant Jest, put on the *Patriarch* in *mute Signs*. Wit will find a way to vent it self, tho' it be at the Fingers Ends. And for ought I know, thou hast oblig'd thy *Abbot* to take off the *Censure* by the like Method. There was abundance of *Satyr* in the Subfannation of the *Ancient Romans*; and no less *Rhetorick* in the Shrug or Grimace of the *Modern Italians*. The *Mimicks* of *Scaramouchi*, are a perfect *Lampoon*; and *Harlequin* is *Burlesque* all over.

Thou know'st I always entertain thee with one frivolous Discourse or other, to divert thy Melancholy; and thy own Letters give me Encouragement. They seem to be writ in a pleasant Humour. But, tell me, Have I guess'd right at the cause of so tedious a Reservedness, or no? Hast thou been forc'd

all

all this while, to speak with thy Hands, Feet, Nose, and the Emphatick Motions of thy Head and Eyes? If it were so, I fancy thou wert excellent Company among thy grave flegmatick Brethren, and in a fair way to understand the Language of the *Beasts*, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, frisking their Tails, and other Postures, express their various Passions, Desires and Necessities, as intelligibly to those who are us'd to them, as we can do by the most Elegant Addresses in Words.

But to be serious : If for the sake of *Virtue*, this *Penance* be impos'd on thee by *him* who presides over thy *Convent*, or thou hast voluntarily undertaken so difficult a Part of Self-denial on the score of *Philosophy* or *Religion*, thou hast approv'd thyself Wise and Brave in not flinching. A Coward in religious Matters, is as despicable, as in the Engagements of the World. 'Tis honourable to face Temptations, and come off with Victory.

As for what thou desirest to know concerning the Sepulchre of King *Childeric*; it is esteem'd a piece of great *Antiquity*, in regard he was the Fourth *Monarch* of *France*. He reign'd over the *Gauls* or *Franks* in the Year 458. *Severus* being Emperor of *Rome*, *Severinus* and *Degalaiphus*, *Consuls*. Yet in little more than three Years, he was depos'd and banish'd by his Subjects, whilst one *Ægidius* a *Roman*, was Crown'd in his stead. Neither did this Man please the People so well, but that after some Experience of his Oppression, Avarice and other Vices, they expell'd him also, and recall'd their *Lawful Sovereign*. For *Ægidius* had vex'd them with unreasonable Taxes, fleecing them of many Millions, which he privately sent out of the *Kingdom*, disposing of this vast Treasure at *Rome*, and among his Friends in other Parts, as a Support against future Contingencies: For, he look'd for some Back-Blows of *Fate*. *Childeric* therefore



being restor'd to his *Crown*, enjoy'd it till his Death ; which was in the Year 484. After whom succeeded in the *Kingdom*, *Clodoveus the Great* , who was the first *French King* that embrac'd *Christianity*.

The time when *Childeric's Tomb* was first discover'd, was about two Years ago, when the *Cathedral* of *Tournay* wanted reparation. For, as the *Labourers* were digging up the old *Charnel-House*, they encounter'd a long Stone ; which giving 'em some Fatigue, they broke in Pieces, and found under it the entire *Skeleton* of a *Man* lying at length , with abundance of *Greek Medals* of Gold, and some other *Curiosities* of the same *Metal*, among which was a *Ring* with this *Motto* :

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI REGIS.

All these *Reliques* were at first possess'd by the *Cannons* of that *Church*, where they were found : Of whom they were begg'd by the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, who has them in his *Custody*. Therefore those who told thee, they are in the *King of France's* Hands, were misinform'd themselves, or design'd to abuse thee. For this cannot be suppos'd, during the present Wars between *France* and *Spain* : When they are more ready on both sides to plunder one another , than to grant *Civilities* of this obliging Nature.

I perceive , thou art grown a great *Antiquary* ; and therefore, in token of my Esteem, I have sent thee a *Cabinet* of such *old Things* as I have scrap'd together in my Travels, and during my Residence in this City.

The *Agates* which you will find in the *Uppermost* Drawer, may easily be dated by their Figures, which are all after the Fashion of *Gentile Rome*. As for the *Shells* in the *Second*, I leave 'em to thy own Judgment ; only this I will say, That they

are not common. The *Third* contains a Miscellany of several *Antiques*. The *Knives* were us'd by the Ancient *Roman Priests* in their *Sacrifices*. The *Weights* are at least twelve hundred Years old, by the *Parallels* which I have seen in the *King's Library*. The *Rings* also are of the *Parthian Make*: And the *Arrow* to which they are fasten'd, retains its *Oriental Venom* to this Hour; as thou wilt find by trying it on any *Animal* that deserves it. But, after all, the *Lowermost* Drawer contains nothing but *Counterfeits*. For, those *Medals* are the work of *Parmezan*, the finest Graver in the World. If thou knowest not his Character, I'll tell thee in a word; he was famous for imitating so exactly the most ancient *Medals*, that the *Transcripts* cou'd not be discern'd, even by the most skilful *Artists* from the *Originals*.

Accept these with the same good Will as I did, when they were presented to me, and tell me wherein else I can gratify thy Wishes.

You *Monasticks* are infinitely happy, in the advantages of Retirement and Tranquillity. You are free from the Cares which molest other Mortals. The Bell rings you to *Prayers*, and to your *Repast*. You have nothing else to regard, but your *Contemplations* and *Studies*. Many Great Lights have sprung from your various *Orders*. And I'll tell thee, Father *William*, the World will be disappointed, if thou should'st prove a *Dark-Lantern*, and only be Wise for thy Self.

Paris, 25<sup>th</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

## LETTER VI.

To the most Illustrious and Invincible Vizer  
Azem, at the Port.

**B**Y the Sound which the Sun makes at his going down, I swear, I was not mistaken in the Idea I had of thy Generosity. And, the Dispatch with which thou hast honour'd the *Slave Mahmut*, confirms me in a perfect security of thy Favour and Protection.

I shall with exquisite Diligence obey thy Orders. But, it cannot be attempted without vast Sums of Money. And, if I may be thought worthy to give Advice to my *Superiors*, the most effectual way to accomplish this, will be by sending one of the *Principal Ministers* to this Court, with a splendid *Embassy*. For, this young King expects very honourable Addresses from all that seek his more intimate Friendship. Therefore a *Chiaus* wou'd be slighted on such an Occasion, and mar all the Design. I would counsel, That some body be sent who perfectly understands the *Genius* of the *French*, and the particular Aims of *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Under the Protection of such a one, I shou'd be able without hazard of a Discovery, to act all that is necessary to carry on this Design with good success. Here are abundance of needy *Courtiers*, on whom Gold will have a powerful Influence. But neither I in Person, nor any one whom I shall depute, can make such Tenders, unless there were here some known Publick *Embassador* from the *Grand Signior*, to countenance the Business. For, otherwise it will presently be whisper'd, That some private Agent lurks here *Incognito*. They will start a thousand *Chimera's* of Jealousy; and so I may run the hazard of a second Imprisonment, when the *Cardinal*

dinal shall call to mind the occasion of my *first*. All that I can then say of my being a *Moldavian*, will find no Credit; and 'twill be no less than a Miracle, if they do not expose me to a Scrutiny for the Mark of *Circumcision*. Which if it be found, all's betray'd and ruin'd.

I do not value the Punishments they will inflict on me, nor the Loss of my Life: But I dread the more important Consequences of such a Discovery; the unmasking the *Secrets* of the *Grand Signior* to *Infidels*.

These are the chief Reasons I have to offer in behalf of an honourable Embassy. As to the Person whom thou shalt think fit to employ in so glorious a Trust, I will not presume to add any thing to what I have said already, That he be a Man of Experience in the *French* Affairs, well vers'd in the Knowledge of *Christian* Policy, the different Interests of the Courts of *Europe*, and one that exactly knows what Advantage to make of the New Pope. For, after long Debates, the *Cardinals* have at last Elected one, who has assum'd the Name of *Alexander VII*.

It is hard to judge at his first Accession to that *Sovereign Chair*, what Interest this *Prelate* will embrace, whether that of *France* or *Spain*: Or whether his Conduct will be *Neutral*, deporting himself with an equal Indifference to all the *Nazarene* Princes, whom he calls his *Sons*, endeavouring to compose their Quarrels, and unite their Forces against the *Mussulmans*. I tell thee, no body can be yet assur'd, what the Temper of the *Roman* *Musti* may prove. For, it is usual for the aspiring *Cardinals*, to promise many Things in hopes of the *Papacy* which they never perform, when they have once obtain'd the *uncontroulable* Command. *Dissimulation* is rank'd among the *Principal* Virtues in the Court of *Rome*: And he that knows not how to



disguise his Affections, is not thought worthy of any important *Trust*. *Adonai* the Jew, has lost his Liberty in that City, for being defective in this Courty Accomplishment. It seems, he and some others of his *Nation*, rail'd too passionately and openly at the *Idolatry* of the *Romans*. Yet I expect daily to hear of his Relief; for, I understand by a Letter from him, that he was excepted out of the Number of those, whose *Condemnation* is *Irrevocable*.

I reprov'd him for his Immorality, in reflecting on the *Establish'd Religion* of the Country where he resides. But, this kind of Arrogance is the peculiar Vice of the *Hebrews*. They despise all other People in the World: Whereas thou know'st, the impartial God respects not one Nation more than another; for, they are all equally the Works of his Hands. And for ought we know, he tolerates the Variety of Religions that are extant in the World, with the same Indifference as he dispenses his common Blessings to such an infinite Number of Men of diverse Faces.

The Multiplicity in the Universe, exalts the Divine Unity, which is the Root of All. And if there be ten thousand Myriads of Worlds, they all sprang from one Cause, and there they end. For he is the First and Last of every Thing.

Paris, 2<sup>d</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

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## LETTER VII.

\* To Nathan Ben Saddi a Jew, at Vienna.

THE *Egyptians* have a Proverb, That he who thinks and speaks of God only when he is Melancholy, Sacrifices to the Planet *Pharavis* or *Saturn*,

turn, and not to the most High and Exalted King of *All Things*, who is the Fountain of Joy to Men and Angels.

I counsel thee, not to list thy self in the Number of those who adore the Stars, by cherishing *bad Idea's* of the ever indulgent and merciful Divinity: Nor think thy self the less liable to this Censure, because it proceeds from a Nation which was once at Enmity with the Sons of *Jacob*. Despise not the Wisdom of that People, from whom even *Moses* your Lawgiver learn'd all his, and from whom all Nations borrow'd Improvements of Learning, if they are not indebted to them for its first Rudiments.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive that I consult thy Happiness, and wou'd have thee chase away vain Fears and superstitious Thoughts, the mere Product of an ill-temper'd Spleen, which is the peculiar Malady of thy Nation. Let thy Heart be always cheerful; for God loves every thing that he has made: The Universe overflows with his Bounty. Be not too Religious, nor strain the Faculties he has given thee for thy Support, and not for thy Bane.

I had rather hear from thee Matter of News, than these dismal Scruples about thy Soul. If thou art not willing to embrace the *Mussulman Faith*, in God's Name continue to observe the Law of *Moses*, and prosecute thy Affairs with Alacrity.

Thou hast been very slack of late in sending me Advices of what passes at *Vienna*, and other Parts of *Germany*. We have flying Reports here of the Death of *Eleanora* the *Empress*; and that on the same Day whereon she died, *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, the Emperor's Son, was elected King of the *Romans*. I know not how to write to the Ministers of the Port, till thou hast ascertain'd me of these Things. For God's sake, be speedy in thy *Dispatches*, and inform me what is done at the Diet of *Frankfort*. Rowze

up thy self, and banish superfluous Cares. Remember, that as there is but *One God*, so there is but *One Law*, but *One Thing* necessary to Men; that is, *To live according to Reason*. This is Engraven in every Man's Heart, and there needs no Comment to explain it. Thou art a sufficient *Lawgiver*, *Rabbi*, *Doctor*, and *Interpreter* to thy self. Let not others amuse thee with *Fables*.

I will now acquaint thee with something of Certainty. The *French* have gain'd *Landrecies*, a strong Town in *Flanders*. It was surrendred to them on the 22<sup>d</sup> of this *Moon*; and the next Day all the *Garrison* marched out, consisting of 1500 Men, besides 300 wounded.

The King is gone upon this good News, to view and take Care of his New Conquest. For, this is not the only Town the *Spaniards* have lost: They talk of *Maubeug*, *Bovines* and *Conde*; all which, according to fresh Report, are in the Hands of the *French*. This Young *Monarch* is strangely Fortunate.

If thou canst inform me of such successful Campaigns among the People of the *North*, fail not to do it in Season: For we are not plac'd in these *Stations* to whistle to Sheep:

Paris, 29<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

## LETTER VIII.

To Mustapha Lulu Beamtilla, a Man of  
the Law.

I Wou'd willingly be admittred into *Paradise*, as well as other *Mussulmans*. Neither wou'd I think, speak or do any thing which might prejudice my Title, and baulk my Pretensions to Eternal Happiness. This Desire is natural to all Men; and when  
I pre-

I profess it, thou may'st believe me without an Oath. Yet methinks, I wou'd not go Hoodwink'd to Heaven, but wou'd fain enjoy the benefit of my Sense and Reason, in my Advances to that *Region of Bliss*.

I believe the *Alcoran*, as the Oracle of God; and 'tis so firmly imprinted in my Memory, that I con'd repeat it *verbatim* from the beginning to the end, without missing a *Versicle*. I give an entire Credence to the Doctrine of the Resurrection; being naturally desirous of *Immortality*: But I cannot entertain the gross Conceit, which the greatest Part of *Mussulman's* have of the *Resurrection*; that is, that our very *Dust* shall be raised again, and Organiz'd into a *Body*. The *Nazarenes* are of the same Opinion. But methinks, there's no need of stretching and straining of *Nature*. Besides, this Opinion is inconsistent with other *Fundamental Doctrines* of the *Mussulman Law*.

We are all taught to believe, That the Souls of *Just Men, Saints and Martyrs*, immediately on their Departure from the *Body*, ascend to *Paradise*. If so, then they either live there in an *unbodied Estate*, or they have *New Bodies* assign'd them by the same *Providence* which gave them their *Old*. Be it which way it pleases God; it will appear a manifest Borch in the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, and *Indecorum* in *Nature*, to make these Souls either cast off their *New Bodies* at the *Day of Judgment*, for the sake of their *Old Rotten Reliques*, after they have enjoy'd all the ravishing Delights of *Eden* for so many Ages; or to stand in need of any *Bodies* at all, after they have liv'd so long in a *separate Condition*. There's no Sense in't. Doubtless, this Opinion was first hatch'd by those who believ'd the Sleep of the Soul, and held that it was inseparable from the *Body*. For then they had no other way to comfort themselves with any probable hopes of a *surviving Immortality*, but by maintaining, That as the Soul slept with the *Body* in the *Grave*, so both Soul and *Body* shou'd conjointly rise again at the *Day of Doom*.



Or perhaps, this *Figure* of our *Resurrection* was inculcated, to insinuate the Faith of an *Immortal* State, into the duller Minds of those who were incapable of comprehending either the *Pre-existence* of *Souls*, their *Self-subsistence* after *Death*, or their *Translation* into other *Bodies*.

It seems to me much more easie to believe, according to the most obvious *Works of Nature*, that after our *Dissolution* here, we shall either assume some *Body of Air, Fire, or other Elemental Supplement*, or by *Magnetick Transmigration* shall be united to some *Vegetable or Animal Embrio*; than to dream of re-collecting all our scatter'd *Ashes* together after so many Thousands of Years, wherein they have been dispers'd, perhaps thro' all the Ranges of the *Universe*.

Surely, our *Holy Lawgiver*, and all the other *Prophets*, intended no other Thing by the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, but only to convince the World, that the *Soul* was *Immortal*, and that consequently there wou'd be a Reward of *Good and Bad Works* after this *Life*. We shall live for ever, *Old Lawyer*: And what signifies it, whether we have the same *Bodies* or others, so long as we are happy in any State: And if we are *Metamorphos'd* we cannot fail of our *Specifick* Felicity, since every *Creature* is happy in his own *Essence*. Then let us be *Apes, Dromedaries, Camels*, or any thing but *Hogs*, and we shall have Bliss enough. That *Creature* is the very *Emblem* of *Uncleannefs*, and therefore its *Life* cannot be the Object of a *Mussulman's* Wish. Yet we know not the *Laws* of our *Change* or *Transmigration*, from this *Mortal* Life. For the *Soul*, according to *Pythagoras* and the *Ancients*, is capable of all *Forms*.

If thou wond'rest what has put me upon this Discourse, it is the Remembrance of what I have heard thee relate of the *Apparition* of *Dead Mens Bones* in the *Cemetery* of *Grand Cair* in *Egypt*, at a certain Season of the Year, when Multitudes of People  
by

by Custom flock thither to behold this Wonderful Scene of a *Sham Resurrection*. I can give it no better Title, since in all probability, 'tis only the effect of some Artifice us'd by the *Christians*, to procure Money from the Admiring Croud. And I'm confirm'd in this Belief, by a Letter I receiv'd from *Mohemet* the Exil'd Eunuch, who now resides at *Cair*; and having been curious to observe this Celebrated Miracle, among the other *Rarities* of this City, sent me such an Account of this Passage, as convinces me there's some Cheat in't.

He tells a great many other things of the *Superstition* and *Ignorance* of the *Egyptians* as to the *Pyramids*, and the suppos'd *Spirits* which guard 'em. In all, he laments the Condition of Mortals, who have so far degenerated from themselves, and suffer'd their *Reason* to be debauch'd with *Fables*.

Sage *Mustapha*, thou art of the Race of those who have preserv'd *Science* and *Philosophy*. A Halo of *Light* invests thy Soul. Let no dark opinion of God and his Works, eclipse thy *Intellect*.

Paris, 20<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

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## LETTER IX.

To Solyman Kuslir Aga, Prince of the Black Eunuchs.

THY Dispatch came in a happy Hour: Yet the Contents of it surpriz'd me. 'Tis a strange Turn of Fortune, that the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, after so many *Rebellions*, shou'd become the *Sultan's* Favourite, and be invested in the *Highest Dignity* of the *Empire*. Yet, who knows, but this may be the only

only effectual Course to reclaim him, and of an Enemy to render him a Friend ? For, Ambition is a Vice so nearly bordering on Virtue, so refin'd and subtle in Complexion, that when the Passion which cherishes it, is once gratify'd with its proper Object, it soon becomes a Virtue it self, and transforms a *Libertine* to a *Hadgi*, ranking a Man to Day among the most deserving *Hero's*, who but Yesterday was in the Number of the *Seditious*.

Therefore, I cannot but highly applaud the Counsel of those, who persuaded the *Grand Signior* to this uncommon Choice of the *Vizier Azem*. The whole *Empire* has languish'd for want of a Man of Abilities in that *Supreme Station*, ever since the *Seal* was taken from the most illustrious *Chusaein Bassa* through the Malice of his Enemies. And in this Juncture, they cou'd not have pitch'd on a Man more capable of the *Charge*, than this bold *Bassa*; who, besides his Experience in the Wars, both by Sea and Land, is look'd on as the stoutest Man in this Age. As for his former Crimes, they proceeded only from his Discontent and Thirst of Glory, which is now sufficiently allay'd by the Bounty of our *Sovereign*. The Cause therefore of his Extravagances being thus seasonably remov'd, the Effect will naturally cease.

But, suffer me to ask thee; Do they not resent at the *Seraglio*, his Approaches to that *Sanctuary* of *Mortals*, with such a Formidable Retinue? Thou tellest me, he is attended by forty thousand Men, an Equipage fit for a *Sovereign Monarch*. Perhaps, 'tis only the effect of his *Martial Genius*, and that he is willing to appear like a Soldier. Or, it may be he really suspected Danger, and that he was design'd for a Sacrifice; which made him come thus guarded to the Feet of his *Master*: That his Son might revenge his Death, by some desperate attempt on *Constantinople*. Be it how it pleases God, it seems, the *Sultan* wink'd

wink'd at all, and receiv'd him with such Marks of his Esteem and Affection, as are seldom vouchsaf'd to *Subjects*. I hope, the Event will answer his Expectation. These new Methods of Clemency may prove more successful, than the severe Conduct of former times. Men of great Souls, are sooner subdu'd by Favour, than Force and Cruelty.

I am extremely oblig'd to thee for thy Instructions, which I shall exactly observe, in writing to this *Supreme Minister*. Thou hast match'd my own Thoughts, in this Advice. For, knowing that *Bassa's* Temper, it will be Policy, as well as Justice, frankly to own what I have writ against him, and not stuff my Letter with abject fawning Submissions, or sneaking Excuses. He is brave himself, and will be pleas'd to see a Man resolute in his Duty.

However, let the Consequence be what it will, I must follow the Measures of my own Integrity. There is something so satisfactory in Truth, and an honest blunt Carriage, as far surpasses the little faint Pleasures of Artifice and Dissimulation. And I shou'd be weary of my Life, were I forc'd to preserve it by such Effeminate Tricks. Yet, I must confess, 'tis a vast Encouragement, to find thy Sentiments the same. What is this World, that we shou'd be so fond of it? Or what is the Life of Mortals, that we need be so over-studious of prolonging the Respiration of that Breath, which may with as much Ease be all breath'd out at once, as by so many Successive Millions of Moments; For, Death properly possesses but an Instant of Time; no more does Life. Every Gasp renews the one, and the last commences and finishes the other. As to Pleasure and Pain, we generally have an equal share of 'em. And it appears to me an equal, if not a greater Happiness, at once to be freed for ever from the latter, than by such an irksome Composition to protract the Enjoyment of the former.

Brave



Brave *Solyman*, when I contemplate thy Virtue, it inspires me with Courage against the vain Mists of Fear, which the *Magick* of Opinion has rais'd before the Eyes of Mortals. I embrace thee with an extended Soul, and wish thee the two Extremes of Happiness, Plenitude of Joys in this Life, and an Immortal Series of Felicities in *Paradise*. Live for ever thou Generous Son of *Cham*.

Paris 2<sup>d</sup> of the 9th Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

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## LETTER X.

To the most Illustrious Vizir Azem, at  
the Port.

**B**Y the Souls of all my Progenitors, I was glad to hear the News of thy Advance to this Glorious Height of Power: Yet when thou wert *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, and heldst Correspondence with the *Venetians*, I accus'd thee to the *Diwan*, doing thereby no small Service to the *Ottoman Empire*: For which thou hast now Reason, in Honour, to reward me; knowing, that I prevented a great deal of Confusion and Blood. It will not become the first Minister, to cherish private Revenges, or harbour ill Thoughts of a faithful Slave. In discovering thy Intrigues at that time, I did but perform my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, thy Lord and mine. Nay, for ought thou know'st, I was happily instrumental in saving thy Life, which might have been lost in the pursuit of those hazardous Projects thou wert then engaged in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, and install'd in the most illustrious Charge of the *Empire*. And, without Flattery I speak it, a braver Man cou'd not

not have ascended to that *Dignity*. May God long continue thee in it, to the Joy and Advantage of all the *Mussulmans*.

All the World extol thy Valour and Boldness; especially the *Nazaries*, among whom the *Bassa* of *Aleppo* is famous. They also highly commend thy Justice. And thou wilt find in the *Register*, that when I acquainted my *Superiors* of thy Revolt, I was not envious in concealing thy *Virtues*.

Therefore I beg of thee, not to be partial in thy Resentments; but consider *Mahmut* as a faithful Slave, who will never transgress the Commands of the *Mysterious Bench*, nor suffer any *Sinister Motives* to bias him, tho' 'twere in Favour of his own Brother. For, this is the severe Conduct that is expected of me by my *Superiors*, and which thou thyself wilt require at my Hands.

But, I believe, thou needst not these Addresses to move thee to Generosity. Thy own Native Justice will suggest to thee, that I rather merit a Reward than a Punishment for doing my Duty, tho' 'twere in accusing thy self.

Confiding therefore in thy Goodness, and my own Innocence, I shall not despair of that Protection, and Favour from thee, which all thy *Predecessors* have afforded me, since my arrival at this place. Nay, I think thy Friendship and Esteem is rather due to me than a Thousand *Sycophants* and *Flatterers*.

I will in this Confidence, write freely to thee, as I have been commanded; And vent my *Thoughts*, without a Timorous Reserve. For, thou art the *Just Judge* of the *Judges*, among the *faithful*.

There is no doubt, but thou hast heard of the Duke of *Lorrain*, a Famous Warriour in these *Western* Parts, but now a *Prisoner of State* in Spain. I sent Intelligence last Year to *Mustapha Berber Aga*, of the Grounds and Circumstances of this Prince's Con-

Confinement, whereof thou canst not be ignorant. For, all my *Dispatches* are made Publick to the *Ministers* of the *Blessed Port*.

The Brother of that *Duke* immediately succeeded him, by the *King* of *Spain's* Orders, in the command of the Army in *Flanders*; they call him *Duke Francis*. Every Body thought that he had consented to the Imprisonment of his Brother, as being disgusted at his Inconstancy, Avarice, and other Vices. It was supposed also, That his own Ambition, and Thirst of Honour, had corrupted the Fidelity and Love he owed to the Son of his Mother; as knowing that by his Fall, he himself should rise to the Dignity of *General*, which his Brother enjoy'd during his Liberty.

But now 'tis evident, that this *Duke Francis* did all along dissemble his Resentments of his Brother's Calamity. For, he is lately revolted from the *King* of *Spain*, and come over to the *French*, with Five thousand Horse and Foot. He has openly declar'd, That he will never give Rest to his Sword, till he has either procur'd his Brother's Release, or deeply reveng'd the Injuries have been done him. He was receiv'd by the *French King*, with all imaginable Endearments and Caresses. The whole *Court* are Emulous, in striving to excel one another in the Demonstrations of their Civility and Respect to this *Prince*: And they have cull'd out the best *Quarters* for his Soldiers. This *Nation* is always Hospitable to *Strangers*; more especially to such as court their Friendship after this extraordinary Way, who enter into their Interests, and engage in their Quarrels. Yet neither *France*, nor all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe* together can match the Bounty of the *Munificent Port*, which pardons and receives with open Embraces her most implacable Enemies, on their Submissions and Repentance.

*Commander of the Mussulman Grandees, thou art but a Man, and hast not exceeded that Character, in the worst of thy Errors. Now, thou art assum'd to a Charge which requires the Fidelity and Prudence of an Angel. If thou shalt reform the State and restore the Mussulman Affairs to their true Lustre, we shall have reason to contemplate thy Life in some Measure a Parallel to that of Crassus; who was pardon'd Three Treasons by Caesar, and afterwards became the most Loyal and Serviceable Man in the Roman Empire.*

Paris, 2<sup>d</sup> of the 9<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

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## LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, an Exil'd Eunuch, at Caire  
in Egypt.

**T**HOU tellest me Wonderful Things of Egypt, such as almost surpass Credit. And I perceive thou thy self dost not believe the Story of the Annual Resurrection of Bones, which is so much talk'd of by Travellers. My Cousin Isouf Ridicul'd it with smart Reason, and was almost in danger of his Life among the Bigotted Moors and Coptites.

But I cou'd hardly imagine there had still remain'd in that Region (which has undergone so many Revolutions of Government) any Footsteps of the Primitive Egyptians. Yet, it seems, the Priests of those Early Ages were particularly careful to transmit to Posterity, an exact History of their Kings, with Memoirs of their Actions; the Building of the Pyramids; the Place of the Statues; the Magical Mirror; the City of the Black-Eagle; the Castle of  
Demons



*Demons* seated on the *Brow* of the *Mountain* of the *Moon*, the *Palace* of *Adamant*, with innumerable other *Rarities*.

I tell thee, my Dear *Mehemet*, I know not how to believe all these *Romantick* Stories. It cramps my Reason to hear of a *Brazen Tree*, with *Iron Branches* and *Versatile Hooks*, to catch *Lyers* and *Cheats*, and there detain 'em till they shou'd do right to those whom they had Injur'd. Altogether as improbable is the Story of *Gabdasaronis*, the *Statue* set up by *King Gariac*.

Who can read of that *Monarch's* beinſt carried in the Air by *Eagles*, but may as well believe the *Romantick* Voyage of *Domingo Gonſales* to the *Moon*. If thou knowest not that Story, I'll tell thee in ſhort, That this was a certain *Spaniard*, who in a paſſage to the *Indies* being by Shipwreck caſt aſhore one the *Iſland* of *St Helena*, with a *Negro* his *Slave*, they were put to their Shifts ſo far as to divide that Unpeopled and Deſolate *Iſland* between 'em out of pure Neceſſity, that they might both find Proviſion enough to keep 'm from ſtarving (for, it ſeems, there was great ſcarcity of every thing that ſerv'd the Uſes of Life.)

In this Condition, *Neceſſity*, the *Mother* of *Cunning Devices*, taught them to hold Correſpondence with one another tho' living at Oppoſite *Angels* of the *Iſle*, by the help of certain *Wild Swans*, which they took out of their *Nests* very Young, and brought 'm up as they do *Pigeons* at *Babylon* and *Aleppo* to be *Letter-Carriers*.

Afterwards, as the Story goes, *Domingo* trying ſeveral Experiments on his *Birds*; and finding all Succeſſful, at laſt, having got Four and Twenty of them together; and having brought 'em up to his Lure, he ventur'd his Carcaſs with 'em in the Air, faſtening 'm together with *Ropes* and other *Materials*. But the Extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carry'd their *Maſter* to the *Moon*: Where he reſided

resided a considerable time; saw and convers'd with divers Inhabitants of that Neighbouring *Globe*, visit-ed the *Courts* of several *Lunar Princes*, and was kindly receiv'd by 'em all, even at the *Seraglio* of the *Chief Emperor*, or *Grand Signior* himself. And having been presented with *Three Stones* of Matchless Virtue, and other Rich Gifts, he had his Audience of *Conge*, and came down to the Earth again, where he publish'd a *Journal* of his *Travels*, out of which I have extracted this short *Epitome*; not thinking it worth the while, to trouble thee with the Entire Relation of his Ingenious Whimfies.

Doutless, there is nothing so easy, as to invent new and unheard-of *Fables*, to amuse the Credulous World, and captivate their understandings. And I have told thee this, as a Parallel to those Monstrous Figments of *Egypt*: Such as that of King *Gancam's* being carry'd in a Pavilion on the Shoulders of *Spirits*: His *Magical Tables*, and the rest of his glorious Whim Whams. And that of the Queen *Bor-sa*, who sat on a *Fiery Throne*, and liv'd in an *Enchanted Castle*, whose Walls were full of Pipes, which convey'd to her the *Addresses* of all sorts of *Plantiffs*, and her *Decree* and Decision of Controversies back again to them. Such another is that of *Bardezir's* *Silver Tower*, and his sitting before his People in the Clouds of *Heaven*: And *Bedoura's* sending an *Angel*, who made such a horrible Roaring, that it caus'd an *Earthquake*.

Who can without laughing, read the Story of the *Idol* of the *Test*, which distinguish'd between *Harlots* and *Virgins* by the Touch of their Hand? Or of the *Spirits* which guard the *Pyramids*, One like a Naked Woman, walking about in the open Air at Noon, and making Men run Mad for Love of her? Another in the Form of an Old Man with a Basket on his Head, and a Censer in his Hand; A Third of a Black Woman with a Monstrous Child in her Arms?

There

There is no End of such *Fables*. Neither can any Mean of Reason, stoop to so much easiness as to regard 'em. And it is a pleasure to me, when I consider thee as a Man actually *Satyrical* upon *Opinions* and *Traditions* repugnant to *Sense*.

*Mehemet*, whilst thou art in *Egypt*, remember that thou wert born in *Arabia*, where *Science* has flourish'd for these Thousand Years.

Paris, 28<sup>th</sup> of the 9<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

## LETTER XII.

To Zornetan Mustapha, Bassa of the Sea.

I Will not pretend to Divination, nor flatter thee with Presages of better Fortune against the *Venetians*, during thy command of the *Navy*, than thy *Predecessors* have had. Yet, I believe, thou hast more Honesty and Valour than some of them. And I congratulate thy Rise to this *Dignity*.

If my Intelligence be true, a more Glorious *Fleet* has not sail'd out of the *Ottoman Harbours*, than appears now at Sea, under thy Command. May thy Success answer the Expectation of the *Mussulmans*. But, I tell thee, thou hast need to look about thee; for thou will encounter a Valiant and Subtle Enemy.

These *Venetians* are not like the rest of the *Nazarenes*, Superstitiously devoted to the Sentiments of their *Priests*. That kind of Bigottry chains up Mens Spirits, and renders 'em Effeminate: It blinds 'em, and robs 'em of their Sense and Native Vigor. But these are bold, resolute People, fearing neither *Man* nor the *Devil*. They are also well vers'd in *Stratagems*, being as cunning as *Serpents*. In fine, *Venice* is a *Commonwealth* made up of Soldiers and Statesmen;

men : And thou can'st not expect, that the Sea makes 'em degenerate. Therefore look for Hot Entertainment whenever thou engagest those *Aboriginal Tarpawlines*. I speak not this to discourage thee, but to arm thee with due Caution. Thou knowest the same God who made them, made thee and all the Men in thy *Fleet*. Thou hast also the Happiness to serve the most Victorious *Empire* in the *World*. Fear nothing therefore : But when thou loosest from the *Hellepont*, with the *Invincible Fleet*, adorn'd with *Ensigns* of High Renown the Prosperous *Streamers* of *Mahomet* : When thou hearest the All-cheering *Clarions* and *Timbrels* breathing the Lofty Menaces, the Vital Airs of War ; then let thy Noble Heart flourish with brave Thoughts, and brisk Resolutions. Yet let not a false Assurance of Victory, make thee Rash and bereave thee of that Conduct, which is as necessary a Qualification in a *General* as Courage. Consider that the Fortune of Battels is uncertain : Therefore, do all Things with great Precaution. Trust not to the force of thy *Commission*, in that thou fightest for the *Law* and *Honour* of the *Prophet*. But remember the *Proverb* of the *Ancients*, which says, *The Devil often carries the Standard of the Living God*. There may be those in thy *Fleet*, who are Treacherous, and at the Devotion of the *Nazarenes*. For, I hear, that both *Spahi's* and *Janisaries* were very unwilling to embark themselves ; and God knows, how far the *Venetian Gold* may work on some of the *Officers*. Tho' their Resentments seem'd to be appeas'd by the Bounty of our Glorious *Sovereign* ; yet the smallest occasion may renew their Old Discontent again ; and put 'em on more dangerous Tumults at Sea, than those they were guilty of ashore. Or at least they will become more Remiss and Cold in the Service of the *Grand Signior*.

Be-



Be it how it will, if the *Navy* has not good Success, the Blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardon therefore the Freedom I take in advising thee, since 'tis an Argument of my Affection and Concern for thy Honour and Safety. And no Man can with Reason be offended at another, for warning him of Dangers. In a Word, I wish thee the good Fortune of the *English*; who have lately taken an *Island* in the *West-Indies* from the *Spaniards*: They call it *Jamaica*.

It seems, the *Kings* of *Spain* had possess'd this *Isle* from the time of the First Conquests in *America*, where his Subjects had committed horrid Cruelties on the Natives. For which, they are now punish'd by that New *Commonwealth*, who boast that they are establish'd by *God* to reform or overturn all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe*.

Thou hast heard, I suppose, of *Oliver*, the *Sovereign* of that Nation. He appears like another *Jingiz Cham*, setting up for a *Prophet* and Founder of a New *Empire*. He has refus'd the Title of *King*, which was offer'd him by the *English States*, with all the *Ensigns* of *Royalty*. But, he aims at a more Sublime Character, laying the Foundation of his Hopes in a pretended Modesty, assuming only the *Stile* of *Protector*. They say, he talks of leading an *Army* to the *Gates* of *Rome*, and when he has subdued the *Pope*, that he will march or sail to *Constantinople*, and drive the *Grand Signior* out of his *Seraglio*.

I tell thee, these are not Things to be contemn'd or laugh'd at. For this *Oliver* has the Fame of a Great and invincible *General*. And I can assure thee, all the Neighbouring *Kings* and *States* court his Friendship. In fine, he makes the most formidable Figure at present, of any *Prince* in these *Western* Parts.

If it will divert thee at Sea, to hear of the Transactions by Land, know, that *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, Son of the German Emperor, is elected King of the Romans in the Room of his deceas'd Brother. There's also a Diet Assembled at *Frankford*, where they have too many Discords and Quarrels of their own, to have Leisure to plot any Mischiefs against the Empire of True Believers. These Infidels, in their Publick Counsels, are like Women Scolding away the Time, that shou'd be employ'd in Action.

There arrives daily a great deal of News out of *Sueden*, *Moscow*, and *Poland*. One Post informs us of a Plague raging at *Mosco*, and other Cities of that Northern Tract: Another alarms us with Intelligences of Sieges and Plundering of Towns, dispeopling of Provinces, and a Deluge of Blood and Slaughter: For the *Suedes* espousing the Quarrel of the *Moscovites*, endeavour to make their own Game in *Poland*: Many Princes and Great Men, with their Towers, Villages, and Vassals, Revolting daily from the Unfortunate *Casimir*, and submitting to the *Suedish Monarch*.

And here in *France*, those that go not to the Wars, make Private Campaignes at Home. Here's nothing but Duelling and Murther among Men of the Sword; whilst the Ecclesiasticks are Combating one another with their Pens, and the Lawyers with their Tongues.

In *Suifferland*, they're mad about Religion. At *Dantzich*, two Eagles were seen Combating in the Air. And, as if all Nature were in a Ferment, the Winds have been at Variance in the Bowels of the Earth, which has occasion'd frequent Earthquakes in the Parts of *Germany*. The King of *Poland's* Brother is Dead, and the Queen-Mother of *Sueden*.

We must all die at the determin'd Hour; And there is no other Terror in Death, but what is created by our own Opinion, nor any greater Pain than attended our Birth. For, at our Dissolution, every Element

of which we were compounded, takes its proper Share ; and that which is Divine in Us, returns to that which is Divine in the Universe.

Paris, 28<sup>th</sup> of the 9<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1655.

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### LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the  
Grand Signior's Customs.

**O**UR Kinsman *Isonf* is now gone for *Moscow*, having visited the most remarkable Places in this Kingdom. I receiv'd a Letter from him dated at *Diep*, a Sea-Town over against the *English* Coasts. He was just going aboard, as he tells me, when he deliver'd his *Dispatch* to the *Post*. God grant him a Prosperous Voyage to that *Region*, and whithersoever his *Genius*, or *Fortune* carry him.

I am extremely pleas'd with his Conversation. Whilst he was in *Paris*, I was never sensible of *Melancholy*, unless 'twere in the Evenings, which forc'd us to part Company. He has an Excellent Memory, and recounts all the Adventures of his Life with a great deal of Ease, both to himself and his Hearers. He never was at a loss for Matter, or confounded one Circumstance with another ; but ranking every Thing in its due Time and Place, deliver'd all with a Clearness and Grace, which affected me with singular Delight.

Besides, he has a ready Wit, lively Fancy, and Judgment enough for one of his Years. I tell thee, the Relations he has made of his Travels, with his Regular Deportment here in *Paris*, of which I have been a Witness, have imprinted in me such an  
Opinion

Opinion of his Abilities, that I have trusted him with some Particular Instructions in order to a settl'd Correspondence between us, in whatsoever Court he resides. For, in a word, I find him Mature enough for Business of Moment: And 'tis pity his Parts shou'd be bury'd without ever appearing in Action.

If he succeeds in what I have put him upon, when he arrives at *Archangel* a Sea Port of *Russia*, and a Place of great Commerce and Traffick; I shall have good Reason to hope for more important Matters when he comes to *Mosco*, the Chief City of the Men who worship the Eyes of their *Emperor*. And then it will be time to give a due Character of him to the *Ministers* of the *Port*: Wherein thou wilt have many Opportunities, to perform the Office of a Kinsman and Friend. Those of the same Blood, ought thus to serve one another with Integrity and Affection: For, in so doing, we help our selves, strengthen the Interest of our Family, and shall find Returns in time of need. As thou hast receiv'd Favour from *Kerker Hassan Bassa*, on the Score of being his Countryman; so there is greater Reason, that thou should'st shew Kindness to *Isouf* who partakes of our Blood.

There arises a vast Complacency from doing Good Offices, tho' to a stranger, or even to an enemy. Man is naturally Generous; and he has debauch'd his Soul, who acts contrary to this Principle. Yet the greatest part of Men are degenerated. They pursue *Lions, Tigers, Bears*, and such like *Ravenous* Beasts with inexorable Hatred and Revenge; they bear secret Antipathies against *Spiders, Tonds, Serpents*, and other Venemous Creatures; and yet they are all these Things, or worse themselves. Ever since *Astræa* abandon'd the Earth, there has been a strange *Metamorphosis* in our Race: Men have for the most part forsaken their Humanity, and chang'd Nature with the *Salvages*. Nay, we transcend them in



whatsoever is Cruel and Vitious. As if our *Reason* were given us, only to teach us the most refin'd Methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquisite Spur to Vice.

*Isof* has presented me with solid Observations of this kind in his *Travels*, especially in *Africk*; he says, that *Region* is not more Prolifick of strange and horrible *Beasts*, than it is of *Monstrous Men*, *Brutes*, and *Devils*, in *Humane Shape*. And tho' he relates some fair Things of the *Indians*, and other People in *Asia*; yet they are intermix'd with *Tragical Reports*, and Mournful *Memoirs*: Such as strain the *History* of our *Race*, and make it evident, That it is hard to meet with one Good Man among ten thousand. The whole World is over-run with Oppression, Cruelty, Avarice, Perfidy, and Lust.

He relates strange things of the *Antiquities* of *Egypt*. He calls it the only *Scene* of Wonders and Miracles on Earth. Indeed this *Country* was very Famous among all *Nations* for the Wisdom and Learning of her *Priests*; who, in the *first Ages* of the *World*, understood all the Secrets of the *Elements*, the Virtues of *Plants* and *Minerals*, and were perfectly vers'd in the *Science* of the *Stars* and *Spirits*, and in all manner of *Mysterious Knowledge*. They were said to make *Statues* and *Images*, that cou'd Speak, Walk, Run, and counterfeit all Human Actions. They were also exquisite in making *Miraculous Talismans* and *Mirrors*, with any kind of *Magical Work*, whereby they kept the People, and even the Princes in a Profound Awe and Veneration of their *Prodigious Knowledge* and Power, and likewise defended their *Country* against all *Invaders*. For no sooner did an Enemy appear with his *Armies* on the *Frontiers* of *Egypt*, but these *Priests* had present Intimation of it by their Secret Art, even in their *Chambers*, perhaps at a hundred Leagues Distance. Then by their *Enchantments*, they either caus'd Fire

to consume them in their Camps, or turned their Swords against each other, or sent an Army of *Winged Serpents* to destroy 'em. So that for many *Ages*, no *King* ever prospered that fought against the *Egyptians*.

But let not thou and I, dear Brother, suffer our Reason to degenerate by giving Credit to Fictions and Romances, though vouch'd by some of our Countrymen, such as *Morat Alzeman*, *Eb'n Abdal-hokm*, and others.

He also tells many remarkable Passages of the *Pyramids of Cair*, the overflowing of the *Nile*, the *Mummies*, and other Things which I have not now Time to rehearse; but in another *Letter* I will gratify thee with a more Ample Account of his Observations.

In the mean time, live thou to enjoy the Fruits of thy own *Travels* in the *East*. Which if it matches not the *South* in *Prodigies* and *Stupendous Inventions*; yet it surpasses both it, and all the rest of the World, in *Justice* and *Morality*.

Paris, 17<sup>th</sup> of the 11<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the year 1655.

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## LETTER XIV.

To Ismael Kaidar, Cheik, a Man of the  
Law.

**T**HOU hast the Character and Fame of a Great *Historian*; a Man of Intelligence both in the *Records of Past Times*, and the *Transactions of the Present*. Therefore the Name of *Christina* late *Queen of Sweden*, cannot be strange to thee. I doubt not, but thou hast heard of this *Princess*, so celebrated

throughout the Earth for her Learning and other Noble Accomplishments ; and how she voluntarily resign'd the *Crown* to one of her Kinsmen. But, perhaps, thou knowest not the true Motives which induc'd her to this *Royal Caprice* : For, it deserves no better Name , as thou wilt understand by the Sequel.

Her Father, who for his successful Wars, and perpetual Victories was call'd the *Great Gustave*, dying left her in the entire Possession of his *Kingdom* and *New Conquests* in *Germany*. But during the time of her *Reign*, *Piementelli* the *Spanish Ambassador* at *Stockholm*, by daily conversing with this *Great Queen* us'd such plausible Insinuations, as prevail'd on her to have a more favourable Opinion of the *Pope* and his Religion, than she had before entertain'd : For, all the *Suedes* are Educated in an Aversion for those of the *Roman Faith*. I need not explain to thee, these Distinctions of Belief among the *Nazarenes* : Thou art vers'd in their *History*, as well as in our own. Suffice it to say, that this *Ambassador* possess'd *Christina* with so fair an *Idea* of the *Catholick Religion*, that she abandon'd her *Crown* , and has ever since been a *Queen Errant*, a *Royal Rambler* through *Europe*, being resolv'd to make Experiment of the Generosity of *Catholick Princes* , whose Virtues *Piementelli* had so highly extoll'd.

'Twou'd be a Work of seven *Moons* for the most industrious *Scribe*, to relate all the particular Magnificences, with which she has been entertain'd in her Travels through *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Alsace*, *Inspruck*, *Italy*, and *Rome*, where she now resides. Every Prince of the *Roman Church*, through whose Territories she pass'd , was Ambitious to appear Prodigious of his Favours and Civilities to their illustrious Stranger : Perhaps to evade the Lashes of her Wit, which , they say, is very *Satyrical*. Or, it may be, for other Reasons more forcible and poignant. Be it how  
it

it will, the *Roman Wits* have not spar'd her ; as thou wilt perceive by the following Verses, which on the first Day of the Moon of January were found in the Hand of *Pasquin*, and on the Portal of the Palace *Fernese*, where she resides.

*Pazza, Gobba, & Zoppa viene dal Norte,  
Del Monarcha Invitto l' indegna Figlia,  
Mentre Pologna Gente & si Scompiglia,  
A vane Pompe Roma apre le Porte :  
Contra questi Applausi l' ungrida forte,  
Et in basse Note l' altro bis Biglia,  
Corre la Scioca Gentì, alza le ciglia,  
Ride Pasquin del Papa, & della Corte.  
Su su venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,  
Et portate a Christina stravagante  
Di venere il Sctro ne i Pazzarelli :  
Vuol parar dotta, & e rozza Pedante,  
E in Braccio a mangiator di Ravanelli  
Vuol parer casta, & e Putana Errante.*

I send thee these Verses in the Original, knowing thou art a Critick in the *Italian Language* ; besides, they will not sound so well in *Arabick*. Thou that hast been in *Rome*, know'st what *Pasquin* is, and art no Stranger to the Humours of that City.

Let not *Lampoons* of *Morose Italians*, abate thy Charity for this Renowned Princess. But let her Extravagances be an Argument of the Greatness of her Soul ; and remember the old *Roman Proverb*, which says, *There's no surpassing Genius, without some Mixture of Madnejs.*

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1656.



## LETTER XV.

*To the same.*

**H**AVING the space of an hour before the *Post* goes, I cou'd not forbear to inform thee of a New Star which lately appear'd in these *Parts*, moving in a direct Line from *East* to *North*. The *Astronomers* have made Accurate Observations of it, and yet are at a loss what to conclude: Some say, 'tis below the *Moon*, others place it in the *Sphere* of the *Fixed Stars*. One will have it a *Meteor*, a Second affirms it to be a *Planet*; whilst the *Jews* report every where, that 'tis the Star of *Jacob*, and a sign that their *Messias* is at Hand.

*Nathan Ben Saddi*, one of that Nation at *Vienna*, sends me strange Stories concerning the *Prodigies* which shall go before, and accompany the Appearance of the *Deliverer* of *Israel* (as he calls him.)

He says, there shall speedily come a sort of People from the *Uttermost Parts* of the *Earth*, of a Black and Horrible Aspect, so that whoever shall but cast an Eye on any of them, shall immediately die, as by the Glance of a *Basilisk*. For, every one of them shall have two Heads, and seven Eyes, glowing and sending forth Sparks of Fire as Poisonous as the Flashes of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*. They shall also be swift as *Stags*. And about the same time, an extraordinary Heat shall flow from the *Sun*, which being dispers'd through the *Elements* shall corrupt the Air, Earth, and Waters, and infect all this Lower World with such *Pestilential* Qualities, that a Million of *Gentiles* (for so the *Jews* call all that are not of their own Nation) shall die every Day. And Men shall be in so great Consternation, that they shall run up and down the Streets crying, *Wo, Wo to us and our Children!* They shall dig their own Graves, and go down into them of their own

own Accord, expecting Death. But, that all this Time, the *Jews* shall be in safety and Health.

This *Hebrew* adds, that the Light of the *Sun* shall be totally extinguish'd for the Space of Thirty Days ; during which horrible Darknes, the *Christians* and *Mahometans*, shall acknowledge their Errors, and many of them shall embrace the *Law* of *Moses* ; for which *God* being mov'd to Mercy, will restore that *Planet* again to its former Brightness.

But what he says next, is an Unhappy *Presage* to the *Romans*, whole *Empire*, according to this *Tradition* shall be extended over all the *Regions* of the Earth for the Space of Nine *Moons*. After which Term, *God* shall send the first *Messias*, the Son of *Joseph*, who shall gather the dispers'd *Tribes* of *Israel*, and to Conduct them to *Jerusalem*. From whence he shall Issue forth, with a Victorious Army, and lay waste the *Roman Empire*, sack *Rome* it self, and carry away the Immenſe Riches of the *Christians* to *Jerusalem* ; And the very Fear of him shall reduce all *Nations* to his Obedience. He shall fight with *Armillai Haraſcha*, the *Antichrist* of the *Christians*, and shall destroy Two Hundred thousand of *Armillai's* Flowers ; but in the End shall be slain himself, and the Good *Angels* shall transport his Body to the *Apartment* of the *Fathers*.

The *Jews* hold, That this *Armillai* shall spring out of an *Image* of the *Virgin Mary* in *Rome*, made of *Marble*, with which the most Wicked and Profligate among Men shall be enamour'd, and commit the most execrable Uncleanneſs that can be nam'd. The Result of these *Adulterous* Congresses shall be, That the *Statue* by a *Supernatural Power*, shall prove *Impregnate* ; and cleaving aſunder shall be deliver'd of this Young *Antichrist*, who is to vex and persecute the *Jews*, and afflict them with greater Calamities than either they or their *Fathers* felt since the Beginning of the *World*. They shall be forc'd to flee

into the *Desarts*, and hide themselves in the Dens and Caves of the Earth, living only on the Grass, and Herbage, with the Leaves of Trees, till the great *Michael* the *Archangel* shall thrice wind his *Horn*. Then shall the Second *Messias* the Son of *David*, with *Elias* the Prophet appear, who shall rescue 'em out of all their Troubles, and lead them Triumphant to *Paradise*.

This is the Sum of what *Nathan*, and all the *Jews* believe concerning the *Last Times*, which they say are now approaching: As is evident by the Rising of this *New Star*, accompany'd with terrible Thunders and Lightnings. And the chief Patriarch or Prince of the *Jews*, is come from *Jerusalem* to *Vien-na*, to prepare those of his Nation in these *Western* Parts for the *Grand Revolutions* which they believe are ready to fall out in the World. All the *Jews* in that City went out a League to meet him, with great Pomp and Solemnity.

In the mean while I hear that the Son of the late *Vizir Azem*, makes a confusion amongst you at *Constantinople*, and the Parts adjacent, being at the Head of fifty thousand Men, on pretence to revenge the Death of his Father, but really to recover his Ravish'd *Mistress*, the Fair *Soltana Zamionvure*, who was forc'd from his *Seragl* by the *Grand Signior's* Command. *Women* and *Wine*, according to the *Proverb* of the *Franks*, make all the Disturbance in the World. And without calling to Remembrance the *Trojan Wars*, the Unhappy Effects of *Helena's* perfidy, we may conclude, That *Women* are the Occasions of many Quarrels among us.

There is a *Peace* lately concluded between the *French* and the *New English Commonwealth*: By which means, the Exil'd King of the *Scots* was forc'd to depart from this *Realm*, which has been his *Sanctuary* for many Years. He went away at the beginning of the *Treaty*, and has wander'd up and

and down *Germany* ever since ; sometimes keeping a Court like a King, at other times living *Incognito*, and very privately, with only two or three Attendants. That poor Prince is very Unfortunate ; yet, they say, he bears his Calamity with singular Moderation, and a certain Royal Stiffness of Mind, which will rather break than bend.

This Pope is a great Peace-maker, and has sent *Nuntio's* with Letters to all the Princes of *Christendom* within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*, earnestly persuading them to Unity and Friendship, that so their Arms may be turn'd against the *Mussulmans*. His *Predecessor* was of another Sentiment, and wou'd not intermeddle in the Quarrels of any. One Day as he was looking out of a Window of his *Palace* with some *Cardinals*, they spied two Men a fighting in the Street ; whereupon they desired the *Holy Father* to interpose his Authority, and command peace. But he refus'd, saying, *Let them fight it out, and then they'll be good Friends of Course* And turning to the *Spanish Ambassador*, he said, *So will it fare with your Master, and the King of France : When they have have sufficiently wearied out one another with Wars, they will gladly embrace the Proposals of Peace.*

Here is great Rejoicing for the Reconciliation newly made between the King and his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, who have been estrang'd a long time, the latter having espous'd the Prince of *Condé's* Cause. But now he has abandon'd it, and is come to the Court.

These Infidels are as inconstant as the Winds, which vary to all the Points of the Compass.

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1656.



## LETTER XVI.

To Solyman his Cousin, at Scutari.

**I** See, thou art given over to a Spirit of Discontent. Nothing can please thee. Thou murmur'st at *Providence*, and castest Obloquies on the Ways of God: As if the Order of all things, and the Establish'd *Oeconomy* of the *Universe*, must be chang'd to gratify thy Humour.

Formerly thou wert troubl'd with dull Melancholy Thoughts about *Religion*: Now thou art angry with thy *Trade*, and pine'st that thou wert not Educared in the *Academy*. A *Mechanick Life*, thou say'st, is tedious and irksome: Besides, that it is beneath one of thy *Blood*, to be always employ'd in making of *Turbants*. Thou wishest rather to have been a *Courzier*, *Soldier*, or any thing save what thou art.

Cousin, let not Pride and Ambition corrupt thy Manners. Dost thou not consider, that all True Believers are oblig'd to exercise some *Manual Occupation*, and that the *Sultan* himself is not exempted from this Duty? Did not the Prophet himself practise it, and enjoin it to all his Followers? Hast thou not heard of his Words, when he said; *No Man can eat any thing sweeter in this World, than what is acquir'd by his own Labour*? Doubtless all the *Prophets* and *holy Men*, have gain'd their Bread by their Lawful Employments. *Adam* was a *Gardiner*, *Abel* a *Shepherd*, *Seth* a *Weaver*, *Enoch* a *Taylor*, *Noah* a *Shipwright*: *Moses*, *Saguib*, and *Mahomet*, were *Shepherds*. *Jesus the Son of Mary* a *Carpenter*: *Abu-Becre*, *Omar*, *Othman*, *Gali*, and *Gabdorachamam* were *Merchants*.

Dost thou esteem thy self of better *Blood* than *Adam*, from whom thou receiv'dst thine? For Shame prefer not thy self to *Noah*, the *Restorer* of  
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of Mankind, to *Jesus the Messias*, to *Mahomet* our holy Lawgiver, and to the rest of those Excellent Persons who thought it no Contempt to work at their several Trades, and eat the Bread of their own Labours.

Besides, dost thou consider the dangerous Intrigues of a *Prince's Court*? Art thou sufficiently arm'd with Wit and Dexterity, to secure thy Station against the Wily Trains of designing Men? I do not reproach thy Abilities: Yet I think thou wilt do better in the *Post* allotted thee by Destiny; that is, in thy proper Calling, than in the perillous Condition of those who stand or fall at the Pleasure of others. Whereas, thou art now thy own Man, and needest fear no Tempests of State, or Frowns of thy Prince, so long as thou pursuest none but thy private Affairs. Many Sovereign Monarchs have envy'd such as thee, when they have seen, how chearfully, and quietly they pass'd away their Time, under the *Umbrella* of an obscure and private Life: Whereas, at the Court there is nothing but Intriguing, Plotting, and Treachery; one undermining another, to make way for their own Advance. The Court is a perfect Theatre, of Fraud, Dissimulation, Envy, Malice, and a thousand Vices, which there act their various parts under the Habit and Disguise of seeming Virtues. There a Man must flatter the Great, and speak against his own Sense, and the Truth, to procure the Favour of some dignify'd Fool: Than which nothing is more Ignoble and Base.

This puts me in Mind of a pleasant Repartee, which *Diogenes* the Philosopher gave to a Courtier. The Spark passing by *Diogenes*, as he sat in a Tub, eating of Turneps, put this Scoff upon him; *Diogenes*, said he, *If thou would'st but learn the Art of Flattery, thou need'st not sit here in a Tub, scratching of Roots.* To whom the Philosopher reply'd: *And thou vain-glorious Man, if thou would'st but learn to live contented*  
with

with my homely Fare, need'st not condescend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.

But *Cousin*, let not this Passage cause thee to emulate the *Philosopher's* Manner of Life ; For, he had his *Vices*, as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was Proud and Opinionative : He laid Trains for the Applause of Men in all his Actions, and so taught others to become Flatterers, tho' he was none himself. All his pretended Humility, Mortification, and Rigour, were but so many Decoys for Fame. Of this, *Plato* was sensible, who was a far more Excellent *Philosopher* than he. As this Sage was one Day walking with some of his Friends in the Fields, they shew'd him *Diogenes* standing up to the Chin in Water, whose *Superficies* was frozen over, save one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himself ; *Pub*, says *Plato*, Don't regard him, and he'll soon be out : For, had he not seen us coming this way, he wou'd not have put himself to this Pain. Another Time this *Philosopher* came to *Plato's* House : And as he walk'd on the Rich Carpets with which the Floor of the Hall was cover'd ; See, said *Diogenes*, how I trample on *Plato's* Pride. Yes, said *Plato*, but with greater Pride.

Certainly, the greatest *Philosophers*, *Doctors*, and even *Saints* themselves have their Errors and Failings. Do not therefore affect to change thy Calling, for the Life of a *Student* or a Contemplative Man. For the same Discontent will still haunt thee in that State, which makes thee so uneasy now. Thou art a perfect Stranger to the intolerable Anguish of Mind which afflicts *Thinking* Men, and such as apply themselves to the Study of the *Sciences*. They labour under a Perpetual Thirst of Knowledge ; and the more they learn, the greater and more ardent is their Desire of farther Discoveries. So that the most accomplish'd *Sages*, are no more satisfy'd with their own Acquisitions, than he who has never meddl'd with *Books*. Then

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Then as to their Bodies, they are always vexed with one Malady or other, proceeding from the violent Agitation of their Spirits, the Intenseness of their Thoughts, perpetual poring upon *Books*, and their Sedentary Life.

In all that I have said, I do not dissuade thee from seeking after Knowledge. I rather counsel thee to read *Books*, and I gave thee the same Advice in a former Letter. But, do it with Moderation. Let not thy Studies entrench on the Affairs of thy *Calling*. Read *Histories*, or other *Tracts* according to thy Fancy, when thou hast nothing else to do. But, do not follow it so close, as if thou aspired'st to the Character of a Compleat *Historian*, or *Philosopher*. Still remember, that thou art a *Turbant-Maker*, and that by the *Decree* of *Fate* thou art born for this Business. Follow it with Alacrity and Mirth. When thou art at thy Work, 'twill be pleasant meditating on what thou hast read at thy spare Hours. Thou wilt find thy self much more happy, in thus mixing Studies with the necessary Offices of thy *Trade*, than in abandoning thy self wholly to a Contemplative Life. And in the midst of thy Disgusts, thou may'st comfort thy self with this Reflection, That thou art of none of the most despicable *Callings*, which serve the Necessities of Man's Body. Had thy employment been only to make *Papouches*, or *Sandals*, which cover the Feet, it might have been an Argument of Discontent to thee, in regard the Foot is the most Contemptible Member in the Body. But now thou passest thy Time in making Ornaments for the Head, which is the Noblest Part, and Commander of all the Rest, thou hast no Reason to repine.

If, after all, thou resolvest to change thy Course of Life, I advise thee to turn *Soldier*; for, then thou must be contented and patient *per force*.

Paris, 13<sup>th</sup> of the 4<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

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## LETTER XVII.

To Melec Amet.

**T**HE *Nazarenes* boast much of the New Converts they have made from the *Mussulmans* Law to the Faith of Jesus the Son of Mary. On the 23<sup>d</sup> of the last *Month*, a *Moor* of *Tripoli* was baptiz'd in a Church of this City; and the next Day he was Anointed with their *Chrism* or Holy Oyl (as they call it) which they say has a Virtue to confirm and strengthen him in his New Religion. On the 25<sup>th</sup> he was Cloath'd all in *White Linnen*, and walk'd in Procession through the Streets with *Musick* playing before 'em, whilst the Ground was strew'd with *Flowers*. When he arriv'd at the great *Mosch* of this City, a *Priest* gave him that which they esteem the Body of the *Messias*: But in reality is only a *Wafers*, with the Figure of a Man *Crucifi'd* on it. These *Wafers* are made and sold to the *Priests* by the Common *Bakers* of the Town, and yet they make the Poor Ignorant People believe, with *Four words* they can change 'em into an *Immortal God*.

The *Renagado-Moor*, appears very zealous and devout, frequenting the *Temples*, and visiring all *Holy Places*. He walks along the Streets with *Beads* in his Hand, which the People Interpret as an Argument of his Piety to the *Virgin Mary*, the Mother of Jesus. For, when they pray to her, it is the Custom to number their *Oraisons* on *Beads*. But all this while they consider not, that he may be a *Hypocrite* as to their Religion, and instead of addressing his Prayers to her, may direct them to God alone; as all the True Faithful do, who use *Beads*, in rehearsing the *DivineE jaculations* as well as the *Christians* in repeating their *Ave Maria*, which they say, was the *Salvation* that *Gabriel* gave the *Virgin*, when he enter'd her Oratory.

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Be it how it will, he gets abundance of Money by his *Devotion*: For the *Franks* are really very Charitable, and give plentiful *Alms* to the *Poor*. But especially to one under his Circumstances, they are extremely Liberal, that so they may imprint in him a more fervent Affection, and profound Reverence for their Religion.

But he is not the only *Convert* they brag of. Many *Captives* they either wheedle, or force to turn *Christians*. Thus, he that was taken at Sea by the Ships of *Malta* Twelve Years ago, when it was reported through *Christendom* that he was the *Grand Signior's* Son, is of late turn'd *Christian* and *Friar*, having solemnly and in Publick abjur'd the *Mussulman Law*, curs'd our *Holy Prophet*, and all those of his Race, with the *Believers* of the *Alcoran*. He is like to come to great *Preferments* in the *Roman Church*: They call him the *Ottoman Father*; and boast That the *True Heir* of the *Turkish Empire* is a *Christian*, and in their Custody.

Yet after all, the *Proselyte* of greatest Fame is *Don Philippo*, the Son of the *Dey* of *Tunis*, of whom I made mention in one of my former Letters. This Prince is now at *Valentia*, under the *King* of *Spain's* Jurisdiction, who allows him a considerable *Pension*, and has given him leave to marry a *Princess* of that Country, very Beautiful and Ingenious, but of a Poor Fortune. He has one Son by her; and 'tis said, the *King* of *Spain* designs to set forth a Mighty Fleet of Ships: And having furnished this Prince with all Things necessary for a Warlike Expedition, will send him thus Equipp'd to claim the Government of *Tunis*; or in case of Denial, to make a *Descent* in that Kingdom, and fight for it. But I believe, this will only prove a *Spanish Rhadamontade*; that *Monarch* having Work enough cut out for him in *Europe* and *America*, by the *French* and *English*, to divert him from any such Wild Enterprize on *Africk*. However it be,

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this *Don Philip* is much talk'd of in *Christendom*, and the *Spaniards* flatter themselves with the Hopes of Conquering a great Part of *Barbary* by his Means, he having many Friends, and a considerable Interest in those *Parts*.

Thou may'st acquaint the *Divan*, that *Osman* the Dwarf is still living, and serves the *Port* with a secret and untainted Zeal. Two days ago he discovered a Cunning Practice of *Cardinal Mazarini*, whose Motions and Intrigues he watches very narrowly. He assures me, That this *Minister* has dispatched away two *Agents* to the *King* of *Sueden* and *Elect*or of *Brandenburg*, with a Letter to each of these *Princes* from the *King* of *France*; also with Blank Papers, and the *King's Seal*, giving them Instructions, to fill up those *Blanks*, and Seal them with the *King's Signet*, according as they found the *Treaty* go forward between those *Princes*. The main Design of this Trick being, to hinder them from entring into a *League* against the *King* of *Poland*, by all the Artifice these *Agents* could use, in exactly timing and suiting their Counterfeit Letters, to the Difficulties and Misunderstandings that always happen in such *Treaties*, that so they may exasperate each *Party* against the other, as occasion offer'd without, being obliged to send to *France* for fresh Letters, which would breed too much Delay, and spoil their Design.

By this thou may'st perceive, that *Cardinal Mazarini* comes not short of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, in managing the Affairs of *Foreign Courts*. He is the very *Soul* of all the Grand Business in *Christendom*.

A general Heart-burning has possess'd the *French*, especially the Inhabitants of *Paris*, ever since the Conclusion of the last Year, when the *King* issued out certain *Orders*, commanding that all the Gold and Silver-money in the *Kingdom*, should be brought into

into his *Mint* to be new Coin'd. The *Merchants* first complain'd of this *Edict*; and then it was murmur'd at by all the Trading People. At length the *Parliament* of *Paris* took it into their Consideration, and oppos'd the *King's* Pleasure: Upon which he banish'd eight of their *Members*, and has several Times prohibited them to Assemble; yet they persisted to meet, till he banish'd more of them: Which instead of awing them into the expected Compliances, has but incens'd 'em more: And the discontented *Clergy* blow up the Coals, as do likewise the Friends of the *Prince of Conde*. The *Parliament* are very bold and peremptory in their Proceedings, having expressly forbid the Citizens of *Paris* to obey the *King's* Order, and decreed that nothing shall be done in their *Assembly*, till the Banish'd *Senators* be recal'd.

Things being at this Pass, we expect nothing but Insurrections, Massacres, and other Effects of Popular Fury. The Rich are laying in vast Quantities of Corn and other Provisions, as if they expected a Siege. And the Poor fare the better for it, whilst great Largesses are given among them by the *Grande*s of the *Parliament*, to engage them in the *Faction*. Besides, thou know'st, the Multitude always delights in Novelty and State-Tempests, hoping for Plunder, and to enrich themselves by Ruin of others.

I know not what Conduct is fittest for me to use in this Case. Whether it will be best for me to abide in this City, or follow the *Court*, which is now at *La Fere* in *Picardy*. Or whether I should retire to some other Place, less liable to Civil Disturbances. I wish, the *Ministers* of the *Port* would send me full Instructions, what I ought to do in these Emergencies.

From *Rome* we hear, that the *Pope* and *Cardinals* are in great Consternation on some Intelligence they have



have received, That the *English* intend to make a *Descent* on the *Territories* of the *Church*. That *Nation* is now become the *Great Bug bear* of all *Europe*, since they have molded themselves into a *Commonwealth*.

Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has a time to rise, and another to fall. But, who can determine the *Period* wherein the *Ottoman* *Glory* will decline, which is not yet advanc'd to its *Zenith*.

Paris, 27<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Sedree Al' Giraw'n, Chief Treasurer  
to the Grand Signior.

**T**HY Virtues have at length raised thee to a Glorious *Trust*, the Charge of Immense Wealth. Thou hast in thy Custody, the Riches which cannot be match'd in the Universe. God inspire thee with Graces suitable to a *Dignity* so full of Temptations. I hope, thou wilt not be affronted at my Prayer, as was thy Predecessor *Kienan Bassa*, at some Counsels of like Nature, which I gave him in a *Letter*. Some Men are strangely *Cholerick*, and lookt on him as an Enemy, who gives them good Advice. I only warn'd him of the ordinary Cheats that are practis'd at certain Times in the *Treasury*, which thou know'st to be true, as well as I. And I tell thee farther, he himself was suspected by many in the *Seraglio*, not to have been altogether exempt from Guilt.

Whether he were or not, I performed but my Duty in giving him necessary Cautions. For, such is the Will of my Superiors that I should not be afraid

afraid to unravel the Secrets of those that are false to the *Grand Signior*. I did not charge him with such a Crime, and therefore he had no Reason to be angry: But some Men will pick a Quarrel with their own Shadows. In a Word, this *Grande* forgot himself.

In saying so, I do not reflect on his *Original*, or that he was found sleeping on a Dunghil in *Russia*, a poor ragged Infant, when the *Tartars* took him Captive, among many Thousands of others, in the Plunder of *Tfinarow*, and sold him to the *Capa Agasi*, for Thirteen *Piasters*, by Reason of his Beauty. I do not call to mind the Circumstances of his Youth; since 'tis common for the meanest Slaves, to arrive at an Extraordinary Grandeur by thir Merits, or at least through the Favour of the *Sultan*.

But what I aim at is, that in his being disgusted at the Remonstrances I made of some private and sinister Practices in the *Treasury* he forgot, that he himself is still a *Slave* to the *Grand Signior*, as well as I, and therefore not above Instruction.

Well, it seems he is now made *Captain Bassa*, and thou succeedest him in the Office of *Treasurer*. To him I with all imaginable Success and Victories at Sea, for the sake of our *Great Master*, and the *Mussulman Empire*; to thee, for thy one sake, and for my Brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever respect as a Friend. I wish Increase of Riches and Honours, even as thy Merits and Services augment, in the Esteem of the *Sultan*, and of all the World.

And, I tell thee, I have far livelier Hopes to see this Latter wish take Effect, than the Former: For, what Reason have we to expect better Luck from the Courage or Conduct of this *Ouroos Kienan*, that from the brave *Zornesan Mustapha*, who commanded the *Fleet* last Year?

This Unhappy Thought has put me into as Melancholy a Humour, as *Aeneas* was in when the *Queen*  
of

of *Carthage* required an Account of the *Trojan Wars*. For, I have heard that *Cara Mustapha Bassa*, succeeded *Zornesfan* in the Command of the *Fleet*, and in the Revolution of a *Moon* was made *Mansoul* again, for the sake of *Kienan Bassa*, or rather for the sake of the licentious Soldiers, who it seems command all Things. I have been informed also, of all the other *Tragedies* Acted at the *Seraglio*, since the Second *Moon* of this Year. Neither are the Causes and Origin of so much Slaughter and Bloodshed hid from me. 'Tis too apparent, that there is an Universal Disorder and Corruption in the Discipline of the *Janizaries*.

I formerly wrote to the *Kiaya Bey* on this Account. But it seems, Avarice the Root of all Evil, had render'd him Insensible and Obdurate.

Is it not a Shame that the Pay of those who serve the *Grand Signior* in the Wars, should be detain'd, not three or four *Moons*, but five or six *Years*, by their corrupt Officers? They sit at home enjoying their Ease, Revelling in Taverns, and committing a thousand Riots; whilst the others undergo numberless Fatigues abroad, and are reduced to the extremest Necessities, not having so much as the Vests allow'd 'em by the *Sultan*, to cover their Nakedness! And, if they complain of their Sufferings, instead of Redress they meet with nothing but Taunts and Reproaches, as if they were not worthy to eat the *Sultan's* Bread and Salt, tho' they freely hazard their Lives for him. It is no wonder, the *Janizaries* are so unbridled in their Rage, after so many Provocations.

Yet, I cannot but lament the Fate of those Unfortunate Men, who were sacrificed to the Fury of that insolent *Militia*: Especially I condole the Loss of the brave *Solyman Kyzlir Aga*. The *Janizaries* had an old Grudge against him, ever since his hot Dispute

Dispute with the *Bostangi Bassa*, and now they were resolved to execute their Revenge.

As for the *Kiaya Bey*, it seems to be a Stroke of *divine* Justice that he who had been the Cause of all this Mutiny, should in Remorse strangle himself, and so go to *Hell*, as an Expiation for the many Lives he had cast away.

And there's little left to be said, in Respect of the *Musti*, who was the Chief of those that betray'd their Master, *Sultan Ibrahim*. To tell thee my true Resentments, I am heartily sorry for all the Rest: But to those who were concerned in that Treason, there seems no Pity due. And the *Musti* may thank God and his good Stars, that his Life went not with the Others. They Report here, he is fled into *Egypt*.

But, what was that *Gelep Assan*, who headed this Rabble of Mutineers? I have heard nothing of him, before the Intelligence I receiv'd of his sudden Rise, and equally precipitate Fall, during this Tumult. He was, I suppose, some passionate Fool, of an ill-contriv'd Midriff, which us'd to make a Quarrel between his Heart and his Spleen: And from this Intestine Broil, he habitually learn'd the way to set People together by the Ears. A popular Man, an Incendiary, and one that knew how to wheedle the Vulgar to his own Ruin. Who can give an Account of these Things? Or who can unravel the Web of Destiny? Tho' there's nothing strange in his Particular Case, yet in the General 'tis prodigious, That such little Instruments should be able to give so terrible a Shock to the Frame of an Ancient and Mighty Government!

He was a Man of no Fame or Character, and yet for the space of two *Moons*, he may be said to command the greatest Sovereign in the World, Sole Proprietor of Fame and Honour. And, had he push'd on his Interest, 'tis not improbable, but that he might



might have exalted himself above his Master, and secured his Post against all After-claps. For, according to my Intelligence, he had during the Sedition, heap'd together prodigious Sums of Money, the Presents of *Bassa's*, and other *Ministers* of the Port, who all ador'd this new rising *Comet*, and sought his Protection and Favour against the Barbarous Rabble. But, it seems, he was infatuated with too much Glory, and consider'd not that every Body watch'd all Opportunities and Occasions to ruin him: And that his very Followers would be the first to betray him, as soon as the Hurry of their *Insurrection* was over. This generally happens to all *Ringleaders* of *Partiss*. When once the Spirits of a Faction are spent, the *Lees* (which consist of Regret and Confusion) are discharged on those who first fermented them, mix'd with the Revenge of the State.

There are abundance of Great and Brave Men gon: But, the old *Negidher* was of their Council, and he brought them to Ruin, as he did the *Coreis* of *Mecca*, when they conspir'd against the Life of the Prophet. This Devil enter'd the *Temple* (where they were assembled) in the Shape of an Ancient Man, decrepid and leaning on a Crutch. And when he was commanded to withdraw, he told them, *He was a Senior, who had seen all Ages, and remark'd the Occurrences of Times; that he was expert in unfolding Secrets, and rendring difficult Things easy.* In a Word, he used so many plausible Insinuations, that they admitted him into their Assembly. But, none of their Counsels prosper'd.

That malicious *Dæmon*, is often present in the Cabals of Seditious Men; and tho' they see him not, yet he secretly undermines their Plots, and brings 'em to Shame and Punishment. For, he is the Spirit of *Envy*: And tho' he be himself a Rebel, and the *Ringleader* of a *Faction* in the Kingdom of the  
Air,

*Air*; yet, such is his spightful Nature, that he seldom suffers any *Rebellion* to thrive on Earth: Not for any Love that he bears to *Government*, but because he delights to be active in Mischiefe, be it where it will; and the *Guardian Spirits*, will not suffer him to mix with the establish'd *Divans* of an *Empire*.

The All-good God preserve thee from the Malice of Wicked *Demons* that always hover about *Treasurers of Gold and Silver*.

Paris, 22<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

## LETTER XIX.

*To the same*

**T**HE Troubles of the *Sublime Port* touch'd me so nearly, and embark'd my Soul in such a Tempest of solicitous Thoughts and Anxieties, for the Honour and Safety of the *Osman Empire*, that I had no Leisure to think of my own particular Hazards, whilst I was writing the other Letter. Yet I have been engulph'd in abundance of Vexatious Circumstances and perilous Accidents.

It generally happens, that when one Misfortune befalls a Man, it brings a Train along with it. So that at some Seasons we seem to be besieged with Evils, or at least so closely block'd up by an Army of Calamities, that there is no Passage left open either for Relief or Intelligence.

So has it far'd with me of late, and with Thousands of others, I doubt not, in this populous City. The *Rebellion* of the *Prince of Conde*, is the Occasion of all this. For, the *King* having some Reasons to apprehend a secret Conspiracy of the *Prince's* Friends and Well-wishers in *Paris* and other

G

Places,

Places, has caused a very severe Scrutiny to be made of all Strangers and Sojourners. The *Soubashi's* or *Officers* go to every House within their *Precinct*, taking down the Names of all the Inhabitants in Writing, and seizing the Persons of those whom they suspect. The Prisons are fill'd with People of all Ranks, and the *Nobles* are sent to the *Castle* of the *Wood of Vincennes*. 'Tis said, the *King* has a List of many Thousand of *Conde's* Party in *Parts*, who design'd on a prefix'd Day to take up Arms for that *Prince*, and that their Example wou'd have been follow'd all over the *Kingdom*.

God knows what is in the Hearts of these *Infidels*: I am sure, *Mahmut* is wholly a Stranger to their *Plots*. Tho' last Year I receiv'd certain Instructions from the *Vizir Azem*, commanding me to act secretly in the *Prince of Conde's* behalf, to abet the *Faction*, and use all the Endeavours and Art I could, to raise a new *Party* for him among the *Courtiers*. But I wou'd so dangerous an Employment, by proposing to him the vast Expences it wou'd require, and the Necessity of sending some Extraordinary *Embassy* to this *Court*, to countenance the Business. To tell thee the Truth, I esteem'd it a thing impracticable, and a mere *Caprice* of that active *Bassa*, who had a natural Kindness for *Rebels*, and delighted to have a Hand in difficult Undertakings, whether there was any likelihood of Success or not.

But he is dead, and let that atone for all his *Rebellions*, when he had the command of *Aleppo*. I love not to load the departed *Souls* with Accusations. What I have to say, is in my own Vindication, who cou'd not approve his *Politick Chimera*: In regard, had it succeeded, no Profit or Advantage wou'd from thence arise to the *Ottoman Empire*: And had it been discover'd, not only I and all the *Secrets* of my *Commission* wou'd have lain open to the *Infidels*, but also it wou'd have been an eternal Dishonour and Blemish

Blemish to the high resplendent *Port*, to be found guilty of violating in so notorious a manner, the Faith it had given to the most *Ancient* and *puissant* *Monarchy* among the *Nazarenes*.

Besides, I know not but this *Minister* had a private Grudge against me, for accusing him formerly to the *Divan*, when he held Correspondence with the *Venetians*: and that he study'd this way to be reveng'd by employing me in an *Affair*, which must needs be my Ruin. However, I think I had Reason to be Cautious and Apprehensive of the Worst. This made me dispatch to him a Letter, full of specious Umbrages, seeming to approve his Design, but entangling it with such Difficulties, as wou'd divert him from farther Thoughts of it.

Yet after all, I have been really brought into Danger, on the bare Suspicion of being concern'd on the *Prince of Conde's* Side: By which thou may'st guess at the Consequence had I hearken'd to the *Vizir's* Advice.

One Morning early, the *Officers* appointed for this Purpose, enter'd my Chamber: And having demanded my Name, Business and Quality, I answer'd My Name was Titus Durlach Nieski; but that for shortness, and to denote my Country, I was commonly call'd, Titus the Moldavian; and that by this Name I was well known to Cardinal Mazarini, as I had been to his Predecessor Richlieu, and other Courtiers of great Quality I told them likewise, That I was a Clerk who understood some Foreign Languages, and therefore had been often employ'd by those Cardinals, in translating Books out of Greek and Arabick into Latin and French: For which Reason, being recommended by Cardinal Richlieu, I had been introduc'd into the Acquaintance of several Nobles, whose Children I taught those Languages. And that some of them had promis'd to make me Curate of St. Stephen's Church, as soon as it was vacant.



They seem'd to be very well satisfy'd with what I said; but told me moreover, *They had a Commission to search my Lodgings for Arms and Treasonable Papers.*

It is impossible to express the Horror I was in when I saw them go roundly to work, prying into every Corner, and searching my Trunks, Coffers, and even my Bed it self. Not that I had any Guilt upon me, of concealing either Arms or Papers relating to this *Conspiracy*, but my Concern was for my *Box of Letters* to the *Ministers* of the *Port*. As for Arms, they found no other but an old Sword, which I told them I Travell'd with out of own Country, and a Brace of Pistols for the same use, to defend me from Robbers, Assassins, and other Injuries.

These Fellows seem'd mightily pleas'd with the Curious Workmanship of my Weapons, survey'd them all over, and having drawn my Sword out of the Scabbard, and made a Pass or two with it against the Wall, after the *French Mode* of Fencing, they put it up again; telling me, *They had no Authority to take these Arms from me, since they were necessary for my Defence.* But when they came to my *Box of Letters*, and saw them written in strange Characters which none of them could read; they began to look on one another, and change their Countenance, as if there were some dangerous Matter contain'd in these Papers, and therefore writ in Cyphers.

They went aside to one End of the Chamber, whispering together, and nodding their Heads with all the Symptoms of Jealousie. At length, I interrupting them, said, "You need not, Gentlemen, be concern'd about those Papers. They were left with me by a Merchant-Jew of my Acquaintance, and they are Letters of Correspondence between him and some of his Brethren at Rome, Venice, Amsterdam, and other Places in Europe." 'Tis therefore they are written in a Character which to you appears

" appears strange, it being *Hebrew* the *National*  
" Language of the *Jews*. They contain only Mat-  
" ters of Traffick, being Letters of Mart and Ex-  
" change: For you know, the *Jews* are the greatest  
" Merchants, Brokers and Banquiers in the World.

These Words, with some Gold which I gave them, dispers'd all their Suspicions, clear'd up their cloudy Brows, and turn'd their Frowns into Smiles and complimentary Addresses. They told me, *I was a very honest Man, and they wou'd do me what Service they cou'd.* So bid me Adieu.

By this thou may'st see the mighty Power of that Charming Metal, which commands all Things. For, whatever I cou'd have said without that, had been insignificant. But these *Idolaters* melted into an Indifference at the First Sight of glittering *Pistoles*, and when I had once render'd them thus ductile, 'twas easier to frame them to the most devout Appearance of Respect and Friendship. They promis'd and swore, no Hurt shou'd be done me.

But I knew the Fickleness of Human Fidelity better, than to repose any great Confidence in these Mens Words. As soon as they were gon, I convey'd my Letters to *Eliachim*, who cou'd easily conceal'em in any private corner of his House, desiring him to furnish me with some Letters of indifferent Concerns written in *Hebrew*, that if these *Searchers* shou'd come again, and demand a second View of my Box, perhaps with Design to carry it to some *Minister of State*, I might have those *Hebrew Dispatches* ready to shew; which being put in the same Box, wou'd not be known from the other by such ignorant Fellows, to whom *Hebrew*, *Arabick* and *Chinese* were all alike, and so I should be acquitted from all future Trouble of this Nature.

And the Event answer'd my Expectation. For, within three Days, the same Men came again with others in their Company, pretending they had fresh

*Warrants*, and were sworn to be Impartial. Wherefore I was fore'd to attend them, whilst they carry'd both me and my *Box* before a *Cadi* or *Judge*, who having examin'd me very strictly concerning my Name, Country, Religion, and other Matters, and seeming well satisfy'd with all my Answers, at last sent for a *Priest* well vers'd in the *Hebrew* Tongue, ordering him to peruse the *Letters*: Which when he had done, he assur'd the *Cadi*, that there was not a word in any of them relating to the *State*, being purely Matters of private Contracts and Bargains between Merchant-correspondents with Bills of Lading, &c. So I had my *Box* of Sham-Letters restor'd to me again, and was Honourably dismiss'd.

Yet, tho' this Storm was soon blown over, I was very near running on Rocks and Sands through the Persecution of thy Predecessor *Kienan Bassa*, and *Kisur Dramelec*, with many others in the *Seraglio*: The First keeping from me the *Pension* allow'd by the *Grand Signior*; the Second, either sending me no Intelligence, or else baffling me with trifling News, nothing to the Purpose; the Rest aspersing me to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*.

I desire thee to send me the *Arrears* that are behind for the Space of Nineteen *Moons*, as thou wilt find in the *Register* of the *Hafna*. Had it not been for *Eliachim*, that honest Jew, I shou'd have been ruin'd in this Place for want of Money,

I need not say more to thee, who know'st that *Gold* is the *Grand Talisman*, which works all the *Miracles* in the *World*.

Paris, 22<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

*The End of the Second Book.*

LETTERS

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# LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

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VOL. V.

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BOOK III.

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LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

**W**HO can penetrate into the *Mysterious* Conduct of *Destiny*; Whether God governs this *World* by the *Influence* of the *Stars*, or by the *Ministry* of *Spirits*, or by his own *Immediate Power*? Or whether *All Things* did not proceed from *Chance*, and are still Ru'd by the same? Be it how it will, there remains something Adorable. Even that *Chance* it self, supposing *Epicurus's* Opinion true, is worthy of *Supreme Honours* and *Sacrifices*, which has with such *Exquisite Luck*, perform'd all the Part of Infinite



Wisdom and Forecast, in Forming and Preserving the *Universe*. Were I a *Disciple* of that *Philosopher*, every Morning when I beheld the Rising *Sun*, and at Mid-day when I saw him Climb the *Meridian*, and in the Evening when he takes his *Conge* of this Upper World to visit our *Antipodes*, would I with Profoundest Veneration cry out, O eternal Chance! O omnipotent Casualty! O incomprehensible Blindness! I adore thee, I burn Incense to thee, and do all Things which the duller sort of Mortals think are only due to an All Wise, All Good, and an All-Mighty God. Thus would I address to that infinite Peil Mell of *Atomes*, could I believe with *Epicurus*, that from such an Unconceivable Hurly-Burly, proceeded all this Admirable Beauty and Order which we behold.

Thou wilt perceive by this, that I am Religiously disposed; and rather than not Adore some Supreme Being, I would make a *Deity* of that which to others is the Fountain of *Atheism*. And I think there is Reason on my side. For let this *World* be produc'd how it will, whether by the Casual Concourse of *Atomes*, or by the deliberate Act of an Eternal Mind; Whether it be Eternally Self-Existent, according to the *Stoicks*, or be the Genuine Result of the Divine Idea's, as the *Platonists* say; It is but Just, that we should pay the most devout and grateful Acknowledgments to the Source of so many Immenſe Prodigies and Wonders.

But then, what shall we say for all the *EVIL* that appears in the World? That there is such a Thing as *EVIL*, scatter'd up and down through all the Ranks of Beings, and as it were blended and rivetted in their very Essences, is manifest at first View; and every Man has his Share of this Epidemical Contagion. But whence it proceeds, who can inform me? I am not the First that ask the Question. Many Ages ago the Inquisitive World was busie in searching out the Root of *EVIL*. And there

there were almost as many Opinions about it, as there were *Nations* on Earth.

Some asserted, That all *EVIL* came out of the North: Others derive it from the South; as if the two Poles were the Centers and Native Seats of this *Malady* of the World. But these seem to be Men of short Discourse, and shallow Reason, supinely Credulous, and willing to take up with any thing rather than be at the Pains of Attentive Contemplation.

Yet this Opinion has so far prevail'd in these *Western* Parts, that the *Nazarene* Priests when they Celebrate their *Mass*, stand on the North side of the Altar at the Reading the Gospel, turning their Backs to that Quarter of the World. And the Reason they give for this Ceremony is, because in the *Written Law* it is said, *Out of the North comes all EVIL*. I have heard 'em seriously maintain this Argument. But, God knows whether there be any such Place in the *Written Law*, or no: Or, if there be, whether it must be taken in this Sense. Yet I must confess, the *Romans* have some Reason to believe it, having Experimentally felt a great deal of *EVIL* from the *Northern Goths* and *Vandals*, who in former Ages rush'd out of their Frozen Regions, and came down like a Torrent upon *Italy* and other Parts of *Europe*, making Havock of all things *Civil* and *Sacred*. And if this be the Ground of their Ceremony, they have greater Reason now to change their Station, and turn their Backs to the South East, having been much more Fatally handled by the Victorious *Mussulmans*.

The Ancient *Persians* held, That there were two Principles or Sources of All Things, viz. GOOD and *EVIL*; and that there has been an Eternal Quarrel between them: But in the End, they say, the GOOD shall get the Victory, and Exterminate the *EVIL*. This Opinion was embraced by a

*Sett* of *Christians* whom they call'd *Manichees*. The Founder of that *Sett*, was a *Persian* by Birth: His Name was *Manes*, a very Learned Man, as the *Records* of the *East* testify: Yet the *Christians* rank him among the most pernicious *Hereticks*. He tau, ht, That *Wine* was the *Blood* of *Devils*; And therefore forbad it to his *Followers*. He also prohibited the *Flesh* of *Animals*. This he learn'd from the *Priests* of *Egypt*, where he resided a considerable *Time*.

But to return to the *Sentiments* of Men concerning the *Origin* of *EVIL*. There are some who affirm *God* is the *Author* of it; Which is not far from *Blasphemy*. Others say, That when the *Devils* were *Exterminated* from the *Earth*, they in *Revenge* sow'd the *Seeds* of *EVIL* in the *Universe*. But that of the *Stoicks* seems the most plausible to me: For they asserted, That Nothing is *EVIL* of it self, but that the *Contrariety* which we behold in the *World*, is very *Good*, and conduces to *Establiish* the *Order* and *Oeconomy* of *All Things*.

My dear *Gnet*, do not esteem me an *Atheist*, because of the *Liberty* I take in discoursing of these *Mysterious Things*. There are a sort of People here in the *West*, whom they call *Deists*, that is, Men professing the *Belief* of a *God*, *Creator* of the *World*, but *Scepticks* in all Things else. They have no *Implicit Faith* in *Historical Religion*, but think it the *Part* of Men as they are endu'd with *Reason*, to call in *Question* the *Writings* of *Mortals* like themselves, though they had the *Character* of the *Greatest Prophets*. Thus they think it no *Sin* to canvas the *Books* of *Moses*, and the *Hebrew Prophets*, the *Gospel* of *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, and the *Alcoran* of *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*: Chusing what is *Agreeable* to *Reason*, and rejecting the Rest as *Fabulous*, inserted either by the *Craft* of Men, or the *Interloping* of the *Devil*.

I pro-

I protest, there appears to me no Reason to call these Men *Atheists* or *Infidels*. They rather seem to deserve the Title of *Philosophers*, or Lovers of Wisdom and Truth. And 'tis from them I have learn'd this Unwillingness to be impos'd on in Matters of *Religion*. I find them in all Things Men of great Morality and Goodness, far exceeding the *Zealots* of the Age in true Virtue and Pious Actions. But they make no Noise of what they do: And whilst only their Human Frailties are Conspicuous to all, their Perfections lie conceal'd under the Veil of an Unparallel'd Modesty.

Such of Old were the *Associates* of Zeid Eb'n Raphaa, my Country-man. This was a Person of an Ardent Spirit and Prodigious Understanding Educated in the *Mussulman Law*: But when he came to those Years, wherein Men usually examine the *Grounds* of their *Religion*, he sought out the most *Learned Men*, and such as were vers'd in all *Sciences*. After he had conversed some Time with 'em and found 'em to be Persons of Integrity, as well as Men of Sense, he propos'd to them the Convenience of frequent *Clubs* among themselves, where they might with an Unrestrained Freedom, discourse of all Things, and Being United in an Inviolable Friendship, might improve one another Knowledge and Virtue, without regarding the *Legends* and *Harangues* of the *Mollahs*. This Society compos'd Fifty Books of so many several Kinds of *Science*, that they call'd 'em *Echwanossapha*, or the *Writings* of the *Sincere Fraternity*, concealing their Names. They treat'd of *Human* and *Divine* Matters without Reserves or Caution: Asserting That the *Mussulman Religion* was Corrupted and Alienated from its *First Institution*, having imbib'd many *Errors*; and that there was no Way to restore it to its *Primitive Purity*, but by joining to it the *Philosophy* of the *Ancients*. In a Word, they endeavour'd



vour'd to reform whatever was amiss in the *Doctrines* and *Manners* of the Faithful, by reducing both to the *Standard of Reason*.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or dislike their Enterprize. But I am sure, thou art sensible as well as I, that there are *Bigots* among the *Followers* of the Prophet, and that those deserve Correction. The Devil will set his Foot in the Temple of God. But do not thou follow his Steps. If thou do, He that made the Devil fetch thee back again.

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

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## LETTER II.

To the Nazin Eschref, or, Prince of the  
Emirs, at the Port.

THE Christians say, 'tis an Argument of God's Love when he chastises them. Therefore they have no Reason to be peevish, or call it an Effect of his Anger, that a dismal Plague is broke out in the Territories of the Pope, the Kingdom of *Naples*, and other Parts of *Italy*. This Contagion rages so vehemently in *Rome*, the Capital City of the *Western Nazarenes*, that above a hundred thousand Persons of several Ranks have forsaken that Place. The Pope's Palace is shut up, and no Access granted to any, not even to foreign *Embassadors*, without great Precaution; and then none of their Retinue are admitted with them.

'Tis said, seventeen hundred die daily in that City, and six thousand a Day in *Naples*. Nay, in some Places, the Living are scarce sufficient to bury

bury the Dead. The *Grand Duke of Tuscany*, to prevent the spreading the Infection in his *Territories*, has forbid all Intercourse between his *Subjects* and those of the *Pope*, neither will he permit so much as a *Nuncio* to pass through his *Dominions*.

This Mortality has frighted *Queen Christina* from *Rome*. She has sent to desire *Passes* of the Duke of *Savoy* and other Princes, designing for *France*. She is already on her Voyage, having been presented by the *Pope* with ten thousand Crowns, to defray the Expences of her Travels. Here are great Preparations making for her Reception: The King having sent Orders to all Governors of Towns and Provinces through which she must pass, to receive and entertain her with a Magnificence due to her Sovereign Dignity, and worthy of the French Grandeur and Hospitality.

In the mean time, this Court is in a sullen Humour, by reason of a late great Loss they have suffer'd at *Valenciennes* in *Flanders*. This Place was besieg'd by the *French*, at the beginning of the Campaign, but was reliev'd by the *Spaniards* this Moon, who kill'd above a thousand Men on the Spot, took five thousand Prisoners, with all their Cannon and Baggage. Amongst the Captives of Note, is the *Mareschal de Ferte Seneterre*, General of the *French Army*. The Names of the others are wanting. *Mareschal de Turenne* himself very narrowly escaped, by timely withdrawing his *Brigade* from the Fight: For which some stigmatize him with Cowardise and Treachery: Whilst others affirm, he acted the Part of a Prudent Captain, in thus Retreating, since it was impossible to restore the Battel with any success.

From *Sueden* we hear, that the Elector of *Brandenburgh* has enter'd into a League with the King of *Sueden*, by which both their Armies are united against the King of *Poland*: and 'tis said, their first

first Design will be upon *Dantzick*. That Country is in a horrid Confusion, the Nobles, Gentry, and Boors, being all in Arms, some deserting their Sovereign, others adhering to his Interest. King *Casimir* has invested *Warsaw* with an Army of Forty thousand Men. In the mean time, the *Hollanders* have sent a great Fleet of Ships of War into the *Baltick-Sea*; but to what end is not known, nor what Part they will take, whether the *Suedes* or *Poles*. Yet, the latter hope for great Assistance from them, there having been lately some Misunderstanding between the *Dutch* and the *Suedes*. The *Moscovites* also have entred *Poland* with a Numerous Army, and the *Tartars* are coming with another to the Aid of King *Casimir*.

Thus is *Poland* become the Stage of a most Terrible War; and which side soever gets the Victory, that unhappy Country will be near ruin'd.

*Nathan Ben Saddi* a Jew at *Vienna*, and a private Agent for the *Grand Signior*, sends me word, that the Emperor of *Germany* hath an Army of Thirty Thousand Foot, and Twelve Thousand Horse in *Silesia*, who are to joyn with the *Moscovites*, and do some considerable Action against the *Suedes*, whose continual Victories, and growing Greatness, gives Jealousie to these Puissant Monarchs. He informs me farther, that the Emperor has dispatch'd a Courier to the Prince of *Transylvania*, with Instructions and Letters, to engage him to a Neutrality.

But the young *Ragotski* is as wild as his Father, and hates to be led by the Nose.

Thou mayst inform the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, that *Adonai* the Jew is dead of the Plague in *Rome*, having first taken Care to transmit to me all the Papers which concern the *Mysterious Port*.

This Court at present is at a Place call'd *La Fere* in *Picardy*, a Province bordering on *Flanders*. From  
whence

whence there may be a more frequent Intercourse between the King and his Camp.

Prince of the Holy Line, I have sent thee all the News that is stirring at this Juncture, saving some trivial Matters which are not worth a *Musfulman's* Knowledge; much less thine, who art distinguish'd from the Crowd of *True Believers*, by wearing the *Sacred Colour* of the Prophet.

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

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### LETTER III.

To Melec Amet.

**H**ERE has been a strange Accident lately, not many leagues from *Paris*, which has occasion'd various Discourses, and put the Philosophers upon a New Scrutiny. One Morning a certain Peasant or Farmer, walking over his Lands, as his Custom is, to number his Sheep and other Cattle, miss'd a Barn, or Store-house which stood in a Field at some Distance from his Habitation. Surpriz'd at this, he hastned towards the Place where he saw it but the Night before: When, to his no small Astonishment, he perceived, that not only the Barn, but a great part of the Field wherein it was built, was sunk into the Earth. He immediately ran and call'd some of his next Neighbours to behold this strange Spectacle: And the Fame of it spread all over the Country. Divers Learned and Ingenious Persons have been there, to make Observations of this Accident. But none dares venture near enough to the *Chasme*, to look down into it; because the Earth continues breaking and falling in, which



which makes a Noise like the *Salvo's* of the *Janizaries*, when the *Grand Signior* visits the *Arsenal*.

One would conclude by these Uncommon *Symptoms*, that the Earth grows Ancient and Weak, that her inward Strength and Vigor decays, and that we are every where in Danger of being swallow'd up. I have not time to write more, it being Midnight, and the Post ready to go.

The *Almighty* and *All-Good God*, have thee in his *Holy Protection*.

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

## LETTER IV.

To Zornezan Mustapha, Beglerbeg of  
Erz ram.

I Will still congratulate thy Happiness, even in this last Change of thy Fortune; which though it be a kind of *Descent* from the more lofty *Stations* thou hast possessed in the *Osman Empire*, yet 'tis attended with Honourable Circumstances and an Inviolable Security. Thou art not out of the *Sultan's* Favour, banish'd to *Egypt*, and confin'd to a narrow Pension during thy Life, as has been the Fate of several *Grandees*: But thou art withdrawn from the Intrigues of State, the Toils of War, and the Plots of a Courtier's Life, to the sweet Retirements of the Country, the Peaceable Possession of a Rich and Fertile Province, where thou may'st pass thy Days in Uncontrollable Ease and Felicity.

I am not surpriz'd at the Fall of so many Great Men at the *Port*, nor do I much regret the Death of those who were known Enemies to the *Government*:

Yet

Yet it troubles me to think, how the Brave and the Loyal had their innocent Blood mingled with that of Traitors and Villains. But, these things are unavoidable in Popular Insurrections, when the *Sovereign* is compell'd to sacrifice to the *Multitude*, whomsoever they require. Thus fell the Illustrious *Solyman*, among the Criminal *Eunuchs*, though he himself was free from Stain. But he was a *Negro*, and that was his Ruin. For, the *Malecontents* could not discern the Fair Qualities of his Soul.

Curse on that Fool *Chaban Kalfa*, and double Curses on his Rampant Wife *Mulkly Kadin*, who gave the first Occasions to all this Disorder and Spoil of Noble Blood. I remember, the honest *Solyman* gave me once a Hint of the Feminine Debaucheries practis'd in the *Queen-Mother's* Apartments: But he spoke of it with so much Modesty and Reserve, that it hardly made any Impression on me at that time. Otherwise I should have imparted it to the *Vizir Azem*, or some other *Minister* of the *Divan*; for, so am I commanded in Cases that touch the Honour and Safety of the *Grand Signior*. And, I tell thee, this was none of the least Importance. For, as it appears, the Women were undermining the most Sacred and firmly Establish'd Government in the World. They were not contented to wallow in their own Impious and Unnatural Delights, but would have set themselves as a Pattern to others, and by Degrees have infected the whole *Mussulman* Empire with a new Species of Debauchery: Which as it began and was carried on by Embezelling the Royal Treasures, selling of Places to Men of no Merit, Buffoons, Pimps, and Asses; so would it have ended in enervating our *Militia*, corrupting all the Faithful, and laying the Empire naked to Infidels.

How many *Vizirs*, *Chaimachams*, *Captain Bassa's*, and other *Officers* have we had this Fatal Year? among the rest, I cannot but reflect on the Poisoning  
of

of the *Chiaux Bassa*, after he was made *Vizir Azem*, as a Stroke of divine Justice, for having embrau'd his Hands in so much Noble Blood, when he enjoy'd that Dignity once before. God pursues the Cruel with invisible Scourges.

But what was that *Achmet Bassa*, who took Advantage of the *Sultan's* Domestick Troubles, and Foreign Wars, to disturb his Government in *Asia*, and raise a Rebellion, which threaten'd even the Imperial City it self? By the Course of his Fortune, it looks as if he were not contented with his *Command* in *Asia*, and therefore took this new celebrated Method to obtain a higher Dignity, viz. by Rebelling against his *Master*: Else why was he made *Bassa* of the Sea, in the room of *Ouroos Kienan*? The *Bassa* of *Aleppo* first brought into Fashion this daring Way of growing Great. And if it be thus countenanc'd by the *Grand Signior*, in all Probability, he will have Reason to make Peace with the Christians, that he may have Respite, and Forces to employ against his own Subjects.

Amidst all these Things, nothing afflicts me so much, as the horrible Loss our *Fleet* has sustain'd at *Sea*. We have various Reports of this Combat, but in general they agree, That the *Mussulmans* have lost seventy two Ships and Gallies, with an infinite Number of Men; That the *Venetians* have taken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, and that they are advancing to besiege *Constantinople*. This News is a great while coming to us: So that if it be true, and the *Venetians* pursu'd their Victory; for ought I know, by this Time, the Imperial City, the Refuge of the World, may be laid in Ashes.

I have often propos'd the Necessity of Platforms along the *Hellepont*, to guard that Important Avenue of the Sacred Port. Had they put in practice *Mah-mut's* Advice, perhaps the *Nazarenes* would have had no Occasion for their present Triumphs. But,  
now

now they Banquet in the open Streets ; *All Christendom* rings with the News of our Disgrace. The Drunkards of *Europe* insult o'er the Professors of Sobriety : Amidst their Bowls of Wine, they blaspheme our Prophet, and sing in the Praise of *Bacchus* their God . They menace the Conquest of *Asia* ; and threaten to exterminate the *Mussulmans* from the Earth.

Enrag'd at these prophane Boasts, I stop my Ears, and turning round in a divine Phrensie, I pray that God would baffle the *Infidels*.

Paris 6<sup>th</sup> of the 9<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

## LETTER V.

To the most Renowned and most Illustrious  
Mahomet, Vizir Azem, at the Port.

**T**HAT incomprehensible Majesty, which has no Resemblance, at whose Pleasure all things are dispos'd and order'd in *Heaven* and *Earth*, by whose particular Providence, for the good of the *Osman* Empire, thou art exalted to this Glorious Trust, to be *Vicar* of the *Vicar* of God ; augment thy Graces and Virtues, and bless thee with superlative Wisdom, and perfect Tranquility.

I revere thy accomplish'd Soul, consummate in all Moral and Political Science. Thou art the most Experienc'd Man in the Empire. And I ceas'd to condole the late Tumults and Riots at *Constantinople*, though their Effects were fatal to some brave Men ; since thou art chosen to this Dignity, from whom the whole Empire may expect, not only a serener State of Affairs, during thy Administration, but also  
a root-



a rooting up of the Causes of these publick Distempers, and of all other Evils which infest the Monarchy design'd for the Conquest and Reformation of the whole World.

According to the Custom of the *East*, I approach thee not without some Present : But pardon the Slave *Mahmut*, who can send thee none worthy of thy Grandeur. I have enclos'd in a Box the true Effigies of the present King of *France*, with that of his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, his Brother the Duke of *Anjou*, and his Cousin the Prince of *Conde* ; as also that of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and Queen *Christina* of *Sueden*, who is now at the *French* Court. Accept also from an Exile, a little Cabinet containing Twelve Watches, of so many different Contrivances, according to the Circular Variation of the *Moons* in the space of thirty four Years. They are the Work of my own Hands ; therefore I shall not commend 'em. Each is wrapt up in a Piece of Silk, wherein is wrought in *Arabick* Letters, the Method of using it. Perhaps thou wilt find some Diversion in trying the Experiments mention'd in those *Tables*. However, despise not this mean Testimony of *Mahmut's* Respect ; but consider that if I come short of the Curious Artists in *Europe*, yet my Labour is passable enough for a *Mussulman*, among whom there is scarce another *Watch-maker* to be found in the World.

If thou wouldst know the Occasion of Queen *Christina's* being at the *French* Court : She came thither from *Rome*, when the last Moon was in its *Wane*. Her Passage was by Sea to *Marseilles*, having touch'd at *Genoua*, and receiv'd magnificent Gifts from the Republick ; but they would not permit her to land, for fear of the *Plague*, which then rag'd in *Rome*, and was the Cause of her leaving that City.

However,

However, the *French* shew'd no such timorous squeamishness, but receiv'd Her and her Train with open Arms. She landed at *Marseilles* on the 29th of the 7th Moon; and when she made her Publick Entry, the *Consuls* of that City, with all the Nobles, met her in Coaches, the Great Guns were discharg'd to welcome her, and she was caress'd with all the Demonstrations of Honour that are shew'd to the *Queen of France* her self in her Progresses.

The same Entertainment she receiv'd at *Aix*, *Avignon*, *Lyons*, and in fine, all along the Road to *Paris*, the Keys of Towns being surrendered to her (for such was the King's pleasure) and a Canopy of State born over her Head, when she enter'd any Town, and receiv'd the Addresses and Compliments of Governours, Prelates, and other Great Men in Authority. She was likewise magnificently treated by Princes and the Chief Dukes of the Realm: And on the 8th of the last Moon, made her Entry into this City on Horse-back, apparel'd like a Man: Where having staid some Time, she departed for *Compiègne* to visit the Court, which resides there now.

It is not suppos'd she will tarry long in *France*, but as soon as she hears the Plague is abated in *Rome*, and the adjacent Parts, she will return thither, to pass away the Residue of her Life, in that Nest of Princes and Prelates of the *Nazarene* Belief.

A little before she left *Rome*, the *Spaniards* there had conspir'd to seize on her Person, as also on the Pope; to have murder'd the *Portugal Ambassador*, and set the City on Fire. But the Plot was discover'd, and the Conspirators put in Prison: For the Sentence of Death is never pass'd in Criminal Cases among the *Nazarenes*, without a Formal Tryal.

Here

Here is a Rumour, as if a great Fire had some *Moons* ago broke out in *Constantinople*, and consum'd much of that City. I wonder, none of my Friends nor any other residing there, have sent me an Account of any such Thing. Which fills me with Hopes, that this Report is false.

From all Hands we are assur'd that the *Suedes* and *Brandenbourgers* have obtain'd a great Victory, over the *Poles* and *Tartars* at *Warsaw*; the Vanquish'd having lost above six thousand Men on the Spot, with all their Ammunition and Baggage: And unfortunate King *Casimir*, was forc'd to fly with a small Retinue towards *Hungary*.

'Twas the general Expectation of *Europe*, that the *Moscovites* and *Germans*, would have done something extraordinary for the *Poles*, and by some surprising Action, put a check to the *Suedish* Successes and Triumphs. For, when the *Moscovite Ambassador* was at *Koningsberg*, endeavouring to withdraw the Duke of *Brandenbourg* from the *Suedish* Interest, he vomited forth terrible Menaces, in Case they comply'd not with his Master's Proposals. And one Day in a furious Zeal, he took a large Goblet of Wine, in the *Electors* Presence, and having drank it off to the *Czar's* Health, the *Barbarian* said aloud, *Thus shall the Great Emperor of the Moscovites devour all that oppose him*. But now it seems, these were only Empty Bravadoes, and the *Moscovites* were resolv'd to stand by, and see who get the better on't. The same may be said of the *Emperor*, and *Prince of Transylvania*, so of the *Danes* and *Hollanders*, who now all declare for the strongest Party.

Magnanimous *Vizir*, if the present Engagements and Wars in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, besides the Domestick Troubles of the *Ottoman Empire*, did not wholly employ the Arms of the *Mussulmans*; doubtless 'twould be an Undertaking no less Profitable

table than Glorious, to succour the distress'd *Casimir*, turn the Tide of the *Gothish* Conquests, and oblige the *Poles* to an eternal Fidelity and Gratitude to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 18<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

## LETTER VI.

To Abrahann Eli Zeid, Hogia, Preacher  
to the Seraglio.

I Have frequent Access to the *King's Library*: Which Favour was first granted me by *Cardinal Richlieu*, who often employ'd me in Translating some curious *Treatises* out of *Arabick* into *French* or *Latin*. The *French* seem very fond of *Eastern Manuscripts*, where ever they can meet with them: And they have no less regard for Men who are skill'd in those *Languages*. That *Minister* especially, was very Inquisitive into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of *Asia*. He Monopoliz'd *Persian*, *Syrian*, and *Arabick* Books, and was a profess'd *Patron* of *Linguists*. He cover'd the Acquaintance of *Strangers* and *Travellers*, that he might by their means inform himself of the different *Laws*, *Customs* and *Religions* of *Foreign Countreys*; and of whatsoever was Rare and worthy of *Observation*, in any *Part* of the *World*.

Hence it was, that I receiv'd evident Marks of his Esteem, as soon as he knew that I understood the *Greek*, *Arabick*, *Hebrew*, *Turkish*, and *Sclavonian* Languages. He often made use of me, as I have said, and gave me free Access to his own and the *King's Library*. And tho' his Successor *Cardinal*



dinal Mazarini, is not so much addic'ted to Studies of this Nature, as to the Affairs of *State*; yet he has continu'd to me, the Privilege of visiting this *Treasury of Learned Books*, where I pass many Hours.

One Day I cast my Eyes on a *Manuscript* written in *Arabick*, and endors'd with this *Title*.

[*The Original Covenant of Mahomet, the Prophet of the Arabians, with the Professors of the Faith of Jesus.*]

and underneath was a *Latin Inscription*, signifying, That this *Manuscript* was found in the *Convent of Christian Friars* on *Mount Carmel*. I have Transcrib'd the *Contents* of this *Parchment*, and sent it enclos'd to thee, that thou may'st judge whether it be *Real* or only *Counterfeit*. For the *Nazarenes* assert it to be the *True Agreement of the Messenger of God*; and therefore reproach all the *Mussulmans* with *Disobedience* to our *Law giver*, and breaking the *League*, Sign'd and Seal'd by Him whom we call the *Seal of the Prophets*, and Witnes's'd by the *Four Principal Doctors*, *Abu Becre*, *Osman*, *Omar*, and *Hali*.

If thou wilt peruse the Inclos'd Paper, it will be easy to discern, Whether *We* are guilty of this *Violation of Faith*, or *They*. For, though (supposing this to be the *Real Testament* of the *Prophet*, as is pretended) that *Favorite of Heaven* grants many *Articles* of *Peace*, *Assistance* and *Friendship*, to the *Followers* of *Jesus*, with *Immunity* from *Taxes* and *Imposition*, *Liberty* of *Conscience*, *Freedom* of *Marriages*, &c. Yet 'tis evident that he promis'd nor these Things, but on certain *Conditions* to be observ'd on the Part of the *Christians*; as that none of them shou'd harbour

or

or hold Correspondence with the Enemies of the *True Believers*, or privately accommodate 'em with Arms, Horses, Money, or any other Necessaries of War: But, on the contrary, should Hospitably receive the *Mussulmans* into their Houses for Three days, and protect 'em from their Enemies. If therefore the Christians should fail in any of these *Points*, the *Prophet* declares his Covenant to be void, and that they shall not enjoy the Indulgences granted therein. All this, thou wilt see, is recommended solemnly to both Parties, to be religiously perform'd till the *Final Consummation*.

Now all the Dispute is, Whether we have first transgress'd these *Articles*; or the *Nazarenes*? For, if it can be prov'd, That they are the first Aggressors, then they have no Reason to complain of their Misfortunes, or accuse the *True Faithful* of Oppression and Tyranny, as they commonly do; Since it is manifest, that they have drawn these Evils on themselves by their breach of Faith, and Infidelity, disannulling the Covenant of God and his Prophet, and forfeiting the Benefits they might have claim'd by Virtue of it. Be it how it will, the Prophet is free from Blame: Let the Guilt rest on the Persons that were Criminal.

I know not how it comes to pass, that the Christians of this Age, think and speak more Reproachfully of our holy *Law giver*, than did their Fathers, who liv'd in his Time, or immediately after it, and who by Consequence cou'd better inform themselves of the Circumstances of his Birth, Life, and Renowned Actions. Some Ancient Writers among the *Nazarenes*, make Honourable Mention of Him and his Family. They conceal not the early Signs of his Heroick Virtue, and the Grandeur to which he was destin'd. I have read in a certain Christian Author, That when the Prophet was but Nine Years Old, under the

H

Tuition

Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who carried his *Glorious Charge* along with him to *Damascus*, and that whilst they were at *Box'r*, a Learned Monk whose name was *Bobira*, came out of the Convent to meet them; and taking *Mahomet* by the Hand in the Presence of many *Christians*, he said aloud, *This Youth is born to accomplish great Things: His Fame shall be spread from East to West: For, as he drew near to this Place, I saw a bright Cloud descend and cover him.* Sultan *David* also prophesy'd of him, in that which the *Christians* reckon'd the 50th. Psalm, and the 2d Verse: Where that divine Poet thus sings, *From Sion God hath proclaim'd the Empire of Mahomet.* But the *Christians* have interpreted this in another Sense, though the Original remains a standing Witness against 'em. So *Moses* in the *Pentateuch* uttered a Mystery, when he said, *God came from Sinai, he rose up from Seir, and was manifested from Mount Paran.* Intimating hereby, the Descent of the Written Law to *Moses*, of the Gospel to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and of the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*. The *Messias* also said to his Disciples, *If I go not away, the Called of God will not come to You.* But the *Christian* Interpreters wilfully hide these Things from the *Vulgar*, lest their Eyes should be opened. There appears an *Obstinate Malice* and *Ignorance* in all their Actions.

Who will not laugh at the foolish spight of the *Spaniards*; who, in a certain Town, had a Custom, as oft as they enter'd into the Church, or came out, to spit on a Black Image of a Man sitting on an Ass, near the Gate. But a *Mussulman* Embassador coming thither from the Emperor of *Morocco*, and observing this Vain Ceremony of the People, ask'd the King, *What Person that Statue represented?* He made Answer, *That it was the Image of Mahomet, the Arabian Prophet.* That cannot be, reply'd the Embassador, *since our Prophet never rode but on Camels:*

*mels : It is rather the Figure of the Messias ; who indeed is recorded to have rode on an Ass. The King troubl'd at this Answer, consulted the Priests and Learned Men, who all concluded, that the Embassador had spoke the Truth. And therefore, instead of offering any more Indignities to this Image, they fell into another extreme, and built a Chappel for it, burning Incense to the Senseless Stock, and paying it Divine Honours. Thus they pray'd to that, which but a little before , they had Curs'd ; and turn'd into a God , that which they had esteem'd almost as bad as the Devil. God's Curse be on the Devil, and all his Adorers : But on the Holy Prophet , and his Followers , may Blessings shower down, and rest till the Knot of the Spears be dissolv'd.*

*Paris, 14<sup>th</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.*

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## LETTER VII.

*To Murat Bassa.*

**K** Now for certain, that *Dom Juan de Braganza*, late King of *Portugal*, is dead. He left this World on the 6th of the last Moon , after he had been tormented Ten Days with the Stone : His Queen has the Supreme Power in her Hands during her Son's Miniority, whose Name is *Dom Alphonso*. This young Prince was Crown'd within a few Days after his Father's Decease, to prevent the Plots of the *Spaniards*, who support a powerful Faction in that Kingdom of *Portugal*, and are not without Hopes, to reduce it again, to the King of *Spain's* Obedience.



Obedience. The World is always busie , either in recovering old lost Interest, or seeking of new.

The *Mareschal de la Ferte*, who was taken Prisoner by the Prince of Conde in the Battel of *Valenciennes*, and having a Price set for his Ransom, had Liberty to go whither he would on his *Parole*, either to bring the said Sum , or surrender his Person, by a certain Day ; finding himself flighted at the *French Court* , is resolv'd to perform his Promise at the prefix'd Time, and go over to the Prince of Conde's Interest, who will not fail to bestow a very Honourable Command on a General of such Merits.

In the mean time, the Count of *Harcourt* plays Tricks with his Master , and holds private Correspondence with the *German Emperor*. He is a Serviceable or a Dangerous Man, according as he is pleased or disgusted, and therefore they court him on both sides. He is now at *Brisac* in *Alsace*. I cannot admire a Man, that is thus industriously troublesome to his Prince, without any thing of Merit or Bravery to boast of, save his former Services in *Catalonia* , which have been sufficiently repaid with Royal Condescensions and Favours. And those who make a Parallel between his Case, and that of the *Mareschal de la Ferte Seneterre*, consider not, that the last fell into his Enemies Hands , only by the Chance of War : Whereas , the other is a wilful Apostate, if he embraces the Emperor's Proposals when no Necessity constrains him, and Honour flies in his Face.

From the North we are informed , That Count *Cöningsmark*, Generalissimo of the *Suedish Forces* in *Prussia*, as he was sailing from *Wisnar* was taken Captive by the *Poles*, and imprison'd in the Castle of *Weyßel munden*, near *Dantzick*. And the Inhabitants of that City, mis'd very narrowly of taking the Queen of *Sueden* her self. 'Tis certain, they have

have got a vast Booty from the *Suedes*, consisting of eighteen Chests full of Gold, with Coffers of the King's Jewels, and other rich Things.

These, *King Casimir* demands for himself, with a Million of *Rix Dollars* to be paid him by the *Dantzickers*; requiring also, that they should furnish his Army with all sorts of Ammunition and Provisions: Which tho' it be a heavy burthen, yet these loyal Citizens think nothing too much for their King.

The *Moscovites* in the 9th Moon, besieg'd *Riga*, a City belonging to the Crown of *Sueden*, but have newly rais'd the Siege, after they had lost above ten thousand Men before the Place.

This is all the News I can send thee, save that the *French* have taken *Valentia*, a City in *Italy*.

I wish I may hear as prosperous Intelligence as this last from *Candia*, after such Immense Charges and Slaughter. But, Victory is in the Disposal of the Angel of Time.

Paris, 2<sup>d</sup> of the 12<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

## LETTER VIII.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior of  
the Covent of Dervises, at Cogni in  
Natolia.

IT is difficult to define the particular Temper of my Soul, when I first receiv'd the News of thy Predecessor's Death, that Renown'd and Venerable *Bedredin*, who, as thy Dispatch informs me, is gon to Paradise. I was neither in Passion nor yet insensible, but wholly resign'd to the Will of

*Heaven.* I consider'd his immense Vertues, and the Course of Nature. His wonderful Age, and more admirable Actions, a Life equally measur'd by Hours, and Prodigies of Piety. For, he was not in the Number of those who let whole Days pass away, without the least Good Work, or without leaving any Impress on the *Track of Time*. I express my self according to the vulgar Saying, [*Time passes away*.] Whereas, in my Opinion, *Time* stands still, and only *We* pass away, with all Things subject to Motion and Change. 'Tis like the Mistake of those who sailing on the Water, think the Trees and Mountains move, whilst only they themselves are driven before the Wind: Or like the Philosophy of those, who trusting to their grosser Sense, maintain, the Sun whirls daily round our World, tho' according to Reason and better Philosophy, that Globe of Light stands still, whilst ours turns round its *Axle-Tree*, and so deceives our Eyes. Thus, whilst we Mortals, glide o'er the Uncertain Waves of human Life, and pass by the visible and fix'd Land-Marks of Time, Day, and Night, we imagine those Land-Marks move, and not we ourselves. Whereas, Day and Night remain for ever, steadfast and invariable in their successive Intervals, and only the Elements and Bodies compounded of 'em are subject to Change.

Minutes, Hours, Days and Years, are not properly the Measures of *Time*, but of the Motion and Duration of all corruptible Beings: For *Time* is infinite and beyond all Dimensions. In a Word, 'Tis no otherwise distinguish'd from Eternity, than barely by a Name.

All that I have said on this Subject, is comprehended in the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *To Morrow is never*. Doubtless there's no *Paradox* or *Heresy*, in saying, 'Tis *always to day*; or that this Hour, this Minute is Eternal. And from this Truth sprung the Contemplation of those, who place *Eternity* in a Point or *Instant*. But

But to return to *Bedredin*, that *Faithful* of the *Faithful*, may his Soul repose in the Mercies of God, and his Memory be blest'd. May *Gabriel*, the Friend of the Prophet, pray for him ; then *Michael*, *Israphiel*, and the Messenger of Death, with all the Angels who made *Oraisons* for the Divine Favourite, after his Translation from this Earthly State. And, when thou, and the Religious Fraternity under thy Care, have perform'd the accustom'd Prayers and Expiations for the Illustrious Prelate deceas'd ; there is no Question but that he shall be in a Condition to intercede for you and for the whole *Mussulman Empire* : for he was a perfect Saint, and the Beloved of God.

O Sage and Reverend *Successor* of that *Holy Man*, suffer me to tell thee , Thy Name *Hebatolla* [*the Gift of God,*] fills me with Glorious Presages of thy Life and Administration in that Renowned College, where the incomparable *Bedredin* shin'd so many Years. Now he is gon to God, and to the Gardens of Eternal Retirement, having left his Seat on Earth to thee, replenish'd with the Sacred Odour of Vertue.

He was a Religious Imitator of the Prophets, and of all Holy Men in General ; a devout Admirer of the *Messias*, and a faithful Disciple of the *Sent* of God. Now he is gone to sit down with them in the *Chioses* of *Eden*, on the Banks of Immortal Streams, and Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, which glide along the Allies of *Paradise*. This is the Recompence of Heroick Vertue, the Crown of Good Works, the Bliss prepar'd for chaste and purify'd Souls, who in their Transmigration from this Earth, carry no Stains of Vice along with 'em. For, nothing impure can find Admittance into that World of Glittering Essence.

O *Hebatolla*, what is there on this obscure Globe, that deserves to be compar'd with those Serener



Joys above ; those unfullied Pleasures ; That untarnish'd Bliss ? and yet sometimes we taste strange Felicities here on Earth. But 'tis only when the Gates and Casements of *Paradise* are open , when a Celestial Wind transports hither the Leaves of the Trees of *Eden*, and perfumes the Air and Skies with the Transcendent Odours of that happy *Region*, wafting also imperfect Sounds, Musick in lost Fragments and *Eccho's*, from the *Quires* of the *Bless'd*. Then 'tis the Hearts of Mortals feel a secret and inexpressible Joy springing up from the Root ; This lower World (if I may so express myself) is all entrench'd with Pleasure. This happens not every Day , but only at the *Seasons* of *Divine* Indulgence, on the *Festivals* of some particular Saints, and in the Time of the immortal *Jubilee*, when God exhilarates the Universe with Uncommon Favours, and an infinite Largess.

As for the rest of our Enjoyments, they are Mitigations indeed of the Pains and inseparable Miseries of this Mortal Life ; They prevail on us to wait the appointed Hour of *Fate*, and not hurry our selves out of the World before our Time : But they deserve not to be plac'd in the Rank of true Felicities.

However, our Patience under this Fatigue of Life, our Indifference to Pleasure and Pain, Poverty or Riches, Sicknes or Health, Honour or Disgrace, with all the other Objects of Humane Passion, will prove a singular Argument of Merit, a prevailing Recommendation to the Life to come, and an effectual Passport for *Paradise*. For he that is thus insensibly, yet willingly wean'd from the Fulsom Joys of Earth, by the very Course of Nature and Decree of Destiny, must unavoidably ascend to a Purer *Region*, to a Place capable of satisfying his Aspiring Soul. For, Nature created no Appetite, to baulk it.

This

This is the Life so recommended by Jesus the Son of *Mary*, whose Character thou hast in the Library of thy *Convent*. Here I send thee in a Box, that which by all the *Nazarenes* is esteem'd his true Effigies. I remember, I once saw another of the same Lineaments, in the Treasury of the *Grand Signior*. These Pieces are very Rare, because not copy'd by the Hands of Common Painters, but by the most celebrated Masters in *Europe*. And the Original Draught, they say, was made by the *Messias* himself on a Handkerchief, which he clapt to his Face, and so left his lively Portraiture.

I cannot ascertain the Truth of this Tradition : but in regard this is one of those Copies which is Closeted by the greatest Monarchs in *Christendom*, I send it to thee, as a worthy Ornament of thy Cell, without either the Peril or Scandal of Idolatry.

The pious *Bedredin*, was covetous of any Memoirs of the *Messias*, whether written in *Hieroglyphicks*, or in the more usual Characters of Speech. He wou'd have made no more Exception at a Picture, than at a Poem, in Praise of that Holy Prophet ; and I question not, but thou equallest him in the same Indifference.

I cou'd not so easily procure the true Picture of *John Surnam'd the Washer* ; but here I will give thee a short History of his Life. This was a Famous Prophet, who liv'd in the Days of the *Messias*, and was of the Race of the Priests. His Habitation was altogether in the Desert ; for, he was an *Eremit*, and liv'd in a Cave on one of the Mountains of *Judea* ; Some of the Jews took him for *Elias*, others for the *Messias*, and a third Sort said he was *Mahomet*, whose coming was foretold in the Book of their Law, and in the Writings of their *Prophets*.

But *John* deny'd that he was any of these, calling himself in Modesty, *A Voice* or *Eccho*. His Life was very Abstemious. For he fed only on the Tops of Plants, and Wild Honey, drinking nothing but Water of the Fountain, which ran by the side of his Cave. And his Body was only cover'd with a Vest of *Camel's Hair*, using a *Leathern Thong* for a Girdle.

To that Solitary Residence of his, there was great Resort of People from *Jerusalem*, and the Cities round about. For the Fame of his Sanctity had spread through all *Palestine* and *Syria*.

He wash'd his Disciples with his own Hands in the Waters of *Jordan*, from whence he was call'd the *Baptist* or *Washer*. He daily preach'd *Repentance* and *Good Works* to the Incredulous *Jews*; and openly declar'd, That *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, was the *Messias*. That *Holy Prophet*, it seems, was one of *John's* Disciples, and had been wash'd by him in the River *Jordan*.

In fine, after many Years of Heroick Virtue and Piety, *John* had his Head cut off by the Order of *Herod* the Governour of *Judea*, because he had reprov'd the Tyrant, for marrying his Brother's Wife.

Behold these Memoirs are the best Presents the Poor exil'd *Mahmut* can send thee, when he Congratulates thy Accession to that Holy Chair. Yet such as these were more welcome to thy Predecessor, than Gifts of Silver, Gold, or precious Stones? For, he was a diligent Collector of choice Antiquities, and select Fragments of History. He was also a Liberal Patron and encourager of Philosophy and all sorts of Learning. Follow thou his Example, and the True Faithful will be Eternally oblig'd to thee. Thou hast a fair Opportunity, there being, as I'm inform'd, the best Library in thy *Convent*, of any throughout the *Mus-*  
*sulman*

*fulman* Empire. And the *Dervises* under thy Government, are Men addicted to the Study of the Sciences. 'Tis pity such Inclinations shou'd want encouragement, whilst the *Infidels* are every where busie in Founding New *Academies*, and Augmenting the Old. There is one lately erected in the Dukedom of *Cleve* by the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, where the *Oriental Languages* and *Sciences* are profess'd. If the *Nazarenes* are thus Curious to pry into our Learning, why should we be remiss in attaining the Knowledge of their Languages and Histories, since thereby we shall be in a Condition to know their Greatest Secrets?

Sage *Hebatolla*, let not the *Infidels* have any longer Occasion to term us Barbarous and Ignorant. But remember, that in promoting *Literature*, thou wilt perform a meritorious Service to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

## LETTER IX.

To Selim Al' Mosel, Venerable Imaum of  
the Mosch of Sancta Sophia.

Praise be to God, sole Lord of the *Zenith* and the *Nadir*, Possessor of *Infinite Regions*, who hides the *First Meridian* in the Palm of his Hand! The Names of *Peru*, and *Mexico*, are not now Foreign in the *Ottoman Empire*, especially to *Travellers*, and Men of *Science*.

When our Fathers first heard of *America*, they had no other way to express so Unknown a Part of the World, than by calling it the Land of the



*Golden Mines*, because of the Abundance of that Metal, which was brought from thence by the *Spaniards*, since their *Conquests* in those *Parts*. But now we are no Strangers to the *Geography* of that Remote *Continent*. Commerce and Traffick, have Render'd all the Known Nations of the Earth familiar one with another. And I remember, when I at was *Constantinople*, the Names of *Peru*, *Mexico*, *Florida*, &c. were as Common in the *Copha Hans*, as the Names of *Indostan*, *Turquistan*, *Gurgistan*, or any other Province of *Asia*. So that a Man would have been laugh'd at, who in speaking of *America* shou'd have us'd any Circumlocutions, as to call it the *Empire* of the *Golden Mines*, the *World* beyond the *Great Sea*, or the like.

Yet we must confess, our Knowledge in this Kind is owing to the *Franks*, who sail into those far distant *Regions*, and at their Return communicate their Intelligence and Observations to us; for else we had been yet altogether Strangers to the History of that *New World*.

It was first discover'd by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genouese*, in the Year 1492, of the *Christians* *Hegira*. This Man had a happy *Genius* in Contemplating the Motion of the *Sun*, and the *Frame* of the *Universe*. He was no Stranger to the extent of our *Continent*, and the Situation of all its *Parts*: He had been often at Sea, and seen divers *Regions*; And particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the most *Westerly* Part of *Europe*, he took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the Evenings, and observe the setting of the *Sun*. This Custom of his produc'd various Thoughts in his Breast. But, what was of most Import, his Reason suggested to him, That it cou'd not consist with the Order of *Nature*, that the *Sun*, after he left our *World*, serv'd only to give Light to the Fishs, or gild the Waves of the *Westeru Ocean*: There-

Therefore on good Grounds he concluded, there must be some *Unknown Land*, beyond those mighty Tracts at Sea, which wash'd the *Western Shores* of *Europe* and *Africk*.

This thought made him uneasy, and put him upon a Resolution of attempting a Discovery. He made Proposals to the *Republic* of *Genoa*, but was rejected. Then he address'd himself to *Henry VII.* at the *English Court*; Where not finding Encouragement, he went to the *King of Spain*; who approving his Design, furnish'd him with two Ships. He sail'd on the Ocean for the Space of Two *Moons*, without seeing any *Land*, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Provisions falling short. They threatn'd to throw him overboard, if he would not return. But he with mild words and strong Reasons, appeas'd their Fury; promising to sail back again, if they saw not *Land* within Three Days. On the Third Day, the Boy on the Main Top-Mast saw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards they came within View of *Land*.

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he return'd to give the *King of Spain* an Account of his Expedition.

After his Death, *Americus Vesputius* was sent to Conquer these *Unknown Regions*; from whom, that whole Continent is call'd *America*; But methinks not without some Ingratitude to the First Discoverer.

It wou'd be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in these *Parts*, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Suffice it to say, to the Eternal Infamy of that *Nation*, that according to their own *Writers*, they Butcher'd in Cold Blood above Twenty Millions of the Natives, in the Space of Twenty Years: and all this for their Lucre of this Gold; tho' under the pretence, of propagating the *Christian Religion*.

I will

I will not list my self in the Number of those who pretend to be God's *Privy Counsellors*, neither will I presume to descant on things out of my Reach. But the *Spaniards* have lately felt a terrible Blow in *Peru*; Which, if it be not a Mark of the Wrath of *Heaven*, is at least a Sign, that the Earth is weary of them, especially in those Parts, where they have stain'd it with too much innocent Blood.

The City *Lima*, not many *Moons* ago, was all swallow'd up by an *Earthquake*; and *Calao*, another City not far from it, was consum'd by a Shower of Fire out of the Clouds. Eleven thousand *Spaniards* lost their Lives in this Calamity; and the Earth devour'd a hundred Millions of Refin'd Silver, which the Lucre of the *Spaniards* had forc'd out of its *Bowels*. All the Mountains of *Potosi*, from whence they dug their choicest Metal, were level'd with the Plain, and no more hopes of Gold was left to their insatiable Avarice.

I leave the Judgment of these Events to thee, who art of the Holy Line, full of Resplendent Thoughts, Prophetick *Ischarif*, Consecrated *Emir*, Glory of the House of *Makomet*. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that this *Calamity* of the *Spaniards* in part resembles the Fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*, and the rest of the *Nine Cities of the Lake*. The *Infidels* say there were but *Five*. Let them alone in their Errors; 'tis certain the *Mussulmans* have the only true History of Former Times. Doubtless, God is severe in his Chastisements, when he is incens'd against a *Nation*. Witness the People of *Ad* and *Themod*, with the Men of the Vally of *Smoke*, and the City whose Inhabitants were in one Hour all turn'd into Statues of Stone, and are to be seen at this Day, as a standing Monument of Heaven's Displeasure. Yet no Nation is ruin'd till it ruin it self, as God speaks in the *Alcoran*.

O *Emir*,

O *Emir*, in whose Veins runs the most purify'd Blood in the World, pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never turn *Apostate* from God and his Prophet, nor do any Thing which may hurry him to an untimely Fate.

Paris, 17<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the year 1657.

## LETTER X.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

THIS following Summer, if all Reports be true, is like to afford some Campaignes of Blood. The General Discourse here is, that the *Grand Signior* will speedily have an Army of three hundred thousand Men in the Field: Part to act in *Dalmatia* and *Candy* against the *Venetians*; the rest to be employ'd against the *Persians*, the more inveterate Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*.

That sawcy Embassador *Ishmael Bir Coulti Can*, deserv'd the Punishment was Inflicted on him for his Impertinent Huff, and drawing his *Sabre* in the Presence of the Greatest Monarch of the World. And let it be an Eternal Precedent to the Envoys of Foreign Princes, that they may learn a Lesson of Modesty, when they address to the Lord of their Lords, and not by Presumption Incense the King of the Earth.

But 'tis apparent, this Embassador took Advantage of our Troubles: He swell'd with a vain and false Idea of the *Persian* Puissance. Besides, they say, his Master has enter'd into a Solemn League with the *Czar of Moscow*, against the *Shining Empire*. And 'tis certainly known here, that  
Tow



Two *Embassadors* are arrived at *Venice* from that Potent *Emperor* of the North; and others are expected from *Persia*, to Negotiate a *Tripartite League* between those *Crowns* and that *Republick* against the *Victorious Osmans*. Hence I suppose it was, that the Rude *Heretick* took the Boldness to commit an Action, which all the *East* punishes with Death. Neither is it any Thing to the Purpose, what the *Christians* of these *Parts* say, That the *Persons of Embassadors* are Sacred: For, much more so are the *Persons of Sovereigns*. And so long as an Envoy obeys the *Law of Nations*, in only delivering his Message with Respect and Civility, that *Law* will protect him from all Injuries. But, if he must needs leap over his own Fence, and instead of appearing like an *Embassador*, he will act the part of an *Assassin*, a *Furioso*, a *Contemner* of Majesty, he can expect no better Treatment, than what is due to his Audacious Insolence: He throws off with Scorn, the Protection that his Character claims, and in a mad *Bravado* courts the Revenge of the State

This *Ishmael* has all along been counted a bold Fool in the Court of *Persia*. He has committed a thousand wild Pranks at *Ispahan*, more becoming a *Jester*, than a Wise Minister of State. Yet his Master still wink'd at his Extravagances, for his Father's sake, who did many notable Services to that Crown; Among which, his recovering *Candahar* from the *Mogul*, was none of the least: it being the only Town, which commands the Frontiers of *Persia* and the *Indies*.

For this and other Merits, *Sha Sophi* prefer'd both him and his Son to the most considerable Governments and Offices in the *Empire*: Wherein the old Man acquitted himself fairly to the last. But this young *Buffoon* grew unwieldy with too much Honour, affronted the *Grandees*, and play'd upon the

the *King* himself for which he had once like to have been cast to the *Dogs*. But at the Intercession of some of his few Friends, that Punishment was remitted and chang'd into *Exile*; whilst his Enemies made use of his Absence to ruine him.

They were some of the Greatest *Lords* of the Court, who bore him a Grudge, and they had hourly the *King's* Ear. Which Advantage they made Use of to insinuate such an Ill Character of *Ishmael*, that he knew no better Way to be handsomly rid of him, than by sending him on this desperate *Embassy* to the *Mysterious Port*: Chusing rather that he should fall by the *Grand Signior's* Command, than by his own, who had reap'd so much Benefit from the Services of his Father.

By this thou may'st discern, that the *King* of *Persia*, is earnestly resolv'd upon *War*, without regarding how his *Herald* that proclaim'd it, is receiv'd: For that *Embassador* deserves no other Title, who comes not with the accusom'd *Presents* and *Supplications*; but with an Address of a Harsher Style, denouncing Enmity at his very first Approach to the Feet of the Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*.

After all it rejoyces me to hear, that thou, and the other *Bassa's* of the *Empire*, are so ready to assist our *Great Masters*. For I am assur'd, that from your Personal and Voluntary *Contributions*, he has received a Supply of Thirty Millions of *Aspers*, besides the Constant *Revenues*, *Customs*, *Tributes*, and *Subsidies* of the *Empire*. This is nois'd all over *Christendom*: Yet the *Venetians* seem not much to dread the Consequences of these Vast Preparations; Judging that they will be employ'd elsewhere, than against any *Province* of their *Dominions* except in *Dalmatia*, where these *Infidels* trust to the Strength of their Forts, and the Inaccessible Height of Rocks.

But

But *He* that laid the Foundations of the Earth, and causes it to tremble when he pleases ; the same *God* form'd the Loftry Mountains, and can level them with Plains to serve the *Followers* of his *Prophet* : Even as the *Stones* came Voluntarily to Salute the *Divine Messenger* himself : The *Trees* rowz'd themselves, as out of a deep Sleep ; and, the *Earth* yielding on all Sides to the Forcible Motion of the *Inspired* Roots, they walk'd out of their Places and compos'd an *Umbrella* over the Head of *Mahomet*, when he was ready to faint with the Violent Heat of the *Sun*.

Thus shall the *Elements* conspire to aid the *True Believers* : And when they fight for the *Alcoran* aginst *Infidels*, *God* shall endue the *Inanimate Beings* with *Faith* and *Devotion*.

Paris, 7<sup>th</sup> of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

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## LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, an Exi'd Enuch in Egypt.

**P**Repare thy self with a Constancy of Spirit becoming a *Mussulman*, when thou shalt understand, that the best Friend thou hadst in the World is gon to *Paradice*. May *God* grant him the repose of a *True Believer*, an Apartment of Singular Delight. For 'tis the Brave *Solyman* I speak of, who not only deserves thy most Grateful Vows for saving thy Life, but has done a Thousand Meritorious Actions besides, which now Crown him with *Chaplets* of *Immortality*.

I wish

I wish I cou'd have been the Relater of better News to my banish'd Friend. But perhaps thou hast heard of his Death already, by some Vessels of *Constantinople*, and so 'twill be Needless to say any thing as to his Untimely Fate, or the *Tragedies* of the *Seraglio* and *Imperial City*.

I seems very strange to me and a Thing Unaccountable, that there can be no Means found out to prevent these dangerous *Insurrections* of the Soldiers, and that the most Formidable *Empire* on Earth, should be thus frequently shock'd by her own *Subjects*! *Mehemet*, the Things of this Present World are a perfect *Riddle*, and our *Life* it self is but the *Shadow* of a *Dream*. Thou hast Experienc'd the Inconstancy of *Fortune*, and that there is Nothing on Earth deserves a Wise Man's Confidence. Therefore if I may advise thee, it shall be, to wean thy self from the Trivial Affairs of Mortals. Let not the Natural Fondness which thou may'st possibly have for thy former *Courtly Life* in the *Seraglio*, return to disquiet thy *Soul*. A Man may be happy any where, that knows how to be Contented. Nature is serv'd with a *Little*: And we ought to esteem our Irregular Appetites as Foreigners. If our *Fortune* be not extended to the larger Measure of our *Wishes*, 'tis easy to contract and adequate our Minds to our *Fortune*.

Thou may'st carve to thy self various Sorts of Felicities in *Egypt*, and render *Caire* as Pleasant to thee now, as *Constantinople* was formerly. Virtue makes all Places Delightful. If thou art for an Active Live there Business enough in that Populous City; and Opportunities are never wanting to a Man that is ready to lay hold of them. Besides 'tis the Popular Character of *Egypt*, that whosoever dwells in it, finds an Employment suitable to his Inclination. But if thou art Melancholy and Contemplative, in my Opinion thou cou'd'st not have  
chosen



chosen a *Country* more agreeable to such a Temper.

Were I in thy Station, I shou'd make frequent Visits to the *Pyramids*, and never be weary of searching out the *Antiquity* of those *Admirable Structures*. There is hardly any Thing made by Humane Art, which has put me upon more Important Studies and Disquisitions, than the *Original* of these *Stupendious Fabricks*. They far surpass in Grandeur and Magnificence the most Renown'd *Buildings* of the *Greek* and *Roman Empires*, even in the *Zienth* of their most Flourishing State. And I wou'd fain learn, *When* they were first Erected, by *Whom*, and for *What* Ends? For I cannot believe what *Josephus* the *Jewish Historian* reports of them, That they were built in the Time of *Moses* their *Law-giver*, and that all those of the *Hebrews Nation*, amounting to some Hundreds of Thousands, were employ'd as Slaves in the Work, by the King then Reigning in *Egypt*.

I have perus'd *Herodotus* the *Grecian*, *Diodorus* the *Sicillian*, with *Strabo*, *Pliny* and other *Writers*, who have all taken great Pains to search into the *Antiquity* of the *Pyramids*: Yet after all their Travel in *Egypt*, and their Converse with the *Priests* of that *Country*, they seem to have receiv'd but small Light in this affair; leaving Things in Uncertainty, and not agreeing in their Accounts. One will have 'em to be only design'd for *Sepulchers* of the *Kings*: Another says, they were built by *Joseph* the *Hebrew*, the *Vizir* of *Egypt*, and that they were the *Granaries* where he laid up Seven Years Provision of Corn, against the *Famine* which in his Days afflicted the Earth. Thus they differ in their Sentiments. And our Countryman *Ibn Abd' Albokm* declares, That when he was in *Egypt*, he could not draw from any of the *Priests*, the least Certainty as to the *Age* of these *Pyramids*, or their

their *Founders*. Which makes him conclude, That since there was no Memory or Footsteps of their *Original* left among Men, it is Probable they were built before the *Flood*.

This agrees exactly with what others of our *Arabian Writers* have deliver'd concerning King *Saurid*, who Reign'd in *Egypt* Three Hundred Years before the *Deluge*. They relate strange Things of this Prince; and among the Rest, That he dreamt, The fixed Stars came down from Heaven to the Earth, overturning all Things with the Violence of their Precipitate Fall. Being much troubled at this Vision, he sent for the Priests and Sages; who when they were assembl'd together in the Kings Palace, *Aclimon* their Cater, or Prince of the *Astrologers* told the King, That a Year before, he had seen a Vision which made a deep Impression on his Mind. For, the Celestial Orbs appeared to descend so low as to touch the Earth, so that the Stars were mingl'd among Men. Then he lift up his Hands above his Head in his Dream, to keep the Heaven from quite oppressing Mortals with its Weight. Whilst I was in this posture, said he, methought I address'd my Self to the Sun, beseeching the Resplendent God, to retire with all his Glittering Train of Lights to their Ancient Stations on High. Whereupon the Sun made Answer, When I shall have accomplish'd Three Hundred Circuits, the Heavens will return to their proper Places.

When *Aclimon* had related this Vision, the King, commanded the *Astrologers* to erect a Scheme of the the present Configurations Above, and tell him what they Presag'd. They did so, and all agreed, That a *Deluge*, shou'd First overflow the whole Earth, and that Afterwards it should be totally destroy'd by Fire.

Upon the hearing of this, they say King *Saudrid* comman'd the *Pyramids* to be built, carrying all his Riches into them, with the Tables of the *Myste-*

*sterious Sciences, and Laws, and whatsoever was esteem'd Precious and Worthy to be preserv'd from the General Destruction. And the Annals of Egypt say, that he commanded these Words to be Engraven on them :*

*ISaudrid, laid the Foundation of the Pyramids, and finish'd them in Six Years : Yet I Challenge any Future King, to demolish them in Six Hundred Years; Tho' it be much easier to Ruine, than to Build. I cover'd 'em with Silks ; let any Man after me, cover 'em with Mats, if he can.*

In thus asserting *Saudrid* to be the *Founder* of the *Pyramids*, it ought to be understood only of some of the *Greatest* ; and that other *Succeeding Princes* (perhaps after the *Flood*) spur'd on with *Emulation* and *Desire of Glory*, built the *Rest* ; which is the only *Way* to reconcile our *Arabian Writers* to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus* and other *Historians of the West*, who assign *Cheops* or *Chemnis*, with *Chaphren*, *Chabryis*, and *Mycerinus* the Son of *Chemnis*, as *Founders* of some *Particular Pyramids*. Whilst *Strabo* and *Pliny*, ascribe the Building of one to *Rhodope*, a *Famous Strumpet*, or at leag to some of her *Paramours*.

Doubtless, there is great *Obscurity* and *Confusion* in the *Records* of the *Ancients* about the exact *Time* when these *Illustrious Monuments* were built, which yet is an *impregnable Argument* of their *Antiquity* ; since, when one *Author* asserts this or that *King* to have built a *Pyramid*, another demonstrates the *Contrary*, by proving that that *Pyramid* was in being, long before the *Days* of the

the suppos'd *Founder* Neither can I find any Concurrence of *Authorities*, so Rational and exactly agreeing, as that of the *Arabians*; who all Unanimously deliver as a certain Truth, that these Unparallel'd *Structures*, were built long before the *Flood*. All which is confirm'd by the *Egyptian Annals* themselves, pen'd by those of the *Coptite Race*, who descended from *Coptim*, the Son of *Masar*, the Son of *Banser*, the Son of *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*; With whom and his *Family Philemon* the Good *Priest* made an *Alliance* by Marriage, and in their Custody were the *Records* and *Traditions* of the *Old World*.

But if it be granted, Dear *Eunuch*, that those *Histories* are true which relate the Transactions of the *Kings* of *Egypt* before the *Flood*; what Reason have we to call in Question the *Fragments* of *Manethos*, a *Priest* of *Egypt*; or the *Genealogy* and *Succession* of *Egyptian Monarchs* delivered by *Herodotus*; or the *Chronological Registers* of *Egypt* unfolded by *Diodorus*, which carry up the *Reign* of their *Kings* to above a Thousand Years beyond any other the most Early *Epocha* of the *Creation*, except that of the *Assyrians*, or the Interminable Ascent of past Ages in the *Records* of the *Chinese* and *Indians*.

I know not what to call it, whether the *Cowardise* of the *Intellect*, which dare not venture to launch into so vast a Speculation; or its *Sloth*, which will not take the Pains to unfold and stretch its drowzy *Faculties* on the most Natural *Idea* in the World. 'Tis true indeed, we cannot without some Fatigue, contemplate stedfastly the *Eternal Existence* and duration of Things. 'Tis an Immortal Thought, that can transport the *Soul* back through such an *Infinity* of *Ages*. Yet the Pleasure is agreeable to the Undertaking: because Truth, serene as the Mornings in *Egypt*, enlightens the  
Prospect,



Prospect, and tempts the *Mind*, if 'twere possible, to look even beyond *Eternity* it self: Whereas, he that only Confines his View to the narrow *Horizon* of Particular *Histories*, is like a Man in a *Wilderness*, or a low and shady *Vale*, where his Eye is curb'd with the Interposition of Thickets, Uneven Ground, and Envious Enclosures. For, such are the Dark Controversies, Inextricable Difficulties, and Affected Umbrages of most *Writers*, who never durst peep o'er the Mountains of receiv'd Opinion; or, if they did, they fearfully or maliciously hid their Discoveries from the Rest of Mortals. I tell thee: As God is *Eternal*, there cannot be assign'd an *Instant* of *Time*, wherein the *World* did not Exist, For, the *First Matter* flows as Naturally from his *Essence*, as *Light* from the *Sun*.

If thou Adorest any other God but this, thou wilt be found in the Number of *Idolaters* and *Infidels*, who pay *Divine Honours* to certain Mighty *Angels*, *Architects*, as they believe, of the *Universe*.

They behold Houses, Castles, and great Cities built by Mortals, and at a certain Period ruin'd by Fire, Water, Earthquakes, or other Accidents; Or destroyed by the Effects of War: from hence they form a Notion, of the Worlds *Original* and *Catastrophe*. They consider the Animals, Plants and Minerals, That every *Individual* perishes in *Time*, and that even in the *Heavens* there are strong *Symptoms* of *Corruption* and *Alteration*. Hence they collect Arguments to prove the weakness and decay of *Universal Nature*, which they vainly compare to the Life of a Man, a Beast, or a Tree. And as these have their appointed *Seasons* of Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay and Death; so is it with the *Universe*.

But all this is *Sophistry*; or to speak more favourably, we ought to charge it to the Account of short

*short Meditation.* For, tho' the *Individuals* of all kinds are chang'd, cease and disappear at their appointed Periods ; Yet the *Species* or *Kinds* themselves remain for ever before our Eyes. As fast as one Man dies, another is born ; and so 'tis with the *Brutes* : And the *Seasons* of the Year in their proper Course renew all the *Vegetables*. We find the Elements, the Sun, Moon, Stars and Earth remain unchangeable. And why then should we think, they were not always so, and will not continue so for ever ? Or, if this be too bold a *Stretch*, let us conceive them at least, much more Ancient and Durable, than they are generally thought to be. And if these *Greater Beings* shall undergo a *Change* in their *Outward Forms* ; we may yet believe their *Substances* will remain for ever.

But, whether *Corporeal Bodies* are thus lasting or no, we have something in us that can never perish. Our Souls are *Immortal*, and need not the *Embalming* of *Egypt* to preserve 'em from *Corruption*.

Therefore, dear *Mehemet*, since we are destin'd to live for ever in one State or other, let us not fear *Death* which is but a Minutes Slumber, a short Trance out of which we shall immediately awake, to increase our Knowledge and Experience of those *Mysteries* and *Secrets* in *Nature*, which at present are hid from us. In a word, let us live like *Philosophers*, and then we may hope to die with the same *Equanimity* of Spirit as he did, who in his last *Agonies* being ask'd by his Friend, *Where was all his Philosophy now ?* Answer'd, *I am just entring on a new Discovery concerning the Nature of Salt.* And with that word he expir'd.

Paris 7<sup>th</sup> of the 2d Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

## LETTER XII.

To the most Venerable Mufti.

**I**F the publick Seditions shou'd always continue, or be as frequently renew'd as they have lately been at *Constantinople* : and if their Effects shall be equally fatal to the *Grandeers* as has been this last horrid Mutiny of the Soldiers ; To Congratulate any Man's Rise to an Eminent Dignity, will be but to flatter him, and Addresses of this Nature must be esteem'd no better than Mock-Compliments, Civil Insults, and fashionable *Sarcasms* : Since at this Rate, Great Honours ought to be look'd on no otherwise, but as direct Advances and nearer Approaches to Infamy, and Death ; when a Man is exalted from an obscure Fastness and Humble Security, to the Glorious Hazard of a Precipitate Fall.

'Tis therefore, when I come to kiss the Dust of thy Feet, among the Crow'd of true Believers, and to welcome thee to the most Sacred and Sublime *Vicarship* on Earth ; I draw near with an Indifference, suitable to a *Mussulman*, wishing thee not more Joy than Safety, in that *Mysterious Station*, but such a Temperament of both, as is due to thy Sanctity and Incorrupt Actions. In a Word, I wish thee a perpetual Immunity from thy *Predecessor's* Temptations, and from his Crimes ; and then thou need'st not fear his Misfortune and Disgrace.

Let not what I have said, pass for an Argument of Disrespect and Undutifulness to the Heir of *Prophetick* and *Apostolick Revelations*, the *Great Patriarch* of the *Faithful*. I reverence both thy *Office* and *Person* : Yet am commanded to avoid Flattery and Partial Addresses, when I write to the greatest  
Sages

*Sages* in the Empire. And had not this Injunction been laid on me, my own Natural Temper wou'd prompt me to shun that Vice, which renders a Man so much less than himself, by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often propos'd to thy Predecessor, the mighty Benefit that wou'd redound to the whole *Ottoman Empire*, if *Learning* were more encourag'd, and the *Histories of Foreign Nations* were Translated into the Familiar Language of the *Mussulmans*.

It is that those who are destin'd to subdue all Things, and have already spread their Glorious Conquest through the greatest part of the Earth, shou'd be acquainted with the *Transactions of Former Times*, the *Wars* of illustrious and brave *Hero's*, the *Rise and Fall of Ancient Kingdoms*, and in General, the most noted *Revolutions in the World*. From such *Records*, our *Generals and Military Men*, may draw Examples of Fortitude and Patience, Conduct and Prudence, in all the Fatigues and Difficulties of War. Our *Statesmen* may improve their Knowledge in all the *Maxims of Policy and Wisdom* requisite in Time of Peace. In fine, Men of all Conditions may learn the *Precepts of Morality and Virtue*.

Methinks 'tis pity, that we who possess the *Territories of the Ancient Grecians*, the *Kingdoms of Corinth*, and the *Argives*; the *Common-wealth of Athens*, and *Lacedaemon*; the *Empire of Macedon*, and the State of the *Jews*; shou'd be ignorant of the Laws, by which these divers Countries were of old Govern'd, and the Characters, Lives and Actions of their First Law-givers, and Succeeding Governors.

But if thou shalt determine, that the Knowledge of these Remote Affairs is Superfluous and Unnecessary for True Believers; let 'em at least not be ignorant in their own History, and the Original of their *Progenitors*.



'Tis true, we *Arabians* have all along taken Care of our *Genealogies*, every Family and Tribe being diligent to preserve the Memory of their *Ancestors*; and all concur with an unanimous Zeal to Register the *holy Lineage* of *Mahomet*, the *Messenger of God*. So that we can from his *Father Abdalla*, run up in a direct Paternal Line to *Caydar*, the second Son of *Ismael* (on whom be the *Benedictions of God*.) We are not ignorant how this *Caydar* (from whom the noble *Corei's* derive their *Pedigree*) first settled at *Mecca*, in pure Devotion to the *Square Temple*, which was built by *Angels*: When he might as well have chosen the more fertile Plains of *Media*, *Persia*, and *Assyria*, as did his Brethren *Daama*, *Naphis* and *Redma*. But he foresaw by his skill in *Astrology*, that the Inhabitants of those Regions would be *Idolaters*. And so it came to pass: For they were in the number of those who ador'd the *Fire*. For the same Reason he chose not for his Seat, *Armenia*, though that Country be Renowned for the resting of *Noah's Ark* on *Mount Gendis*, and the famous City *Themanine*, or the Work of Eighty, being the first City built after the *Deluge*, by the *Eighty*, who escaped in the *Ark*. But *Caydar* knew that the People of that Province shou'd worship the Sun: And it was verifi'd in the Posterity of his Brethren, *Nabsam*, and *Mafna*. Therefore he chose *Mecca*, though a Barren Country, because he knew it was the Seat predestin'd to the Elect *Lineage*, the Generation of Just Men and Prophets, from whom was to spring the Light of the World, *Mahomet*, who in *Paradise* is called *Al Batrafim*, and in Heaven, *Achmet*.

*Caydar* was the only Son of *Ismael*, who took part with his Father, and follow'd his Example. Worshipping one God, Creator of the *Worlds*, as he had learn'd by Tradition from *Abraham* the Beloved of the *Eternal*: Whereas *Nabayeth*, *Abdael*, *Thema*, and

and the rest of the Twelve, either ador'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, or the Elements; except *Jackour*; who paid divine Honours to the Tree *Betlemer*; and *Hadal* and *Massa*, who sacrific'd Beasts to the Idols *Bobinun* and *Alleze*.

And as our *Historians* have been thus particularly exact in Recording the Affairs of the Twelve Sons of *Ismael*? so have they shew'd themselves no less precise, in relating the Transactions of the Twelve Tribes which descended from them, even down to the present Age.

I do not insist on this, to teach thee something whereof thou art ignorant; but to put thee in Mind of the Benefit and Advantage, besides the vast Delight which accrues to a Nation by thus preserving the Memoirs of their Ancestors. In which, my *Countrymen* have exceeded the Fidelity and Care of all other People.

Had it not been for the Industry of *Arabian Writers*, the History of the whole *Saracen Empire*, the Succession of the *Caliphs*, with their Wars and Conquests, would have been either quite lost to this Age, or at least much depriv'd and falsify'd by the Malice of *Christian* and *Persian Authors*, both equally Enemies to the Truth. By which it is Evident, that every Nation ought to Register their own *Transactions*.

What therefore I chiefly aim at, is, That the Glorious *Osmans*, who have by their Valour enter'd into the Possessions and Territories of many ancient Nations, might also be acquainted with the Histories of those People whose Lands they enjoy: But above all, I wish, that after they have found a way to so much Wealth and Honour, they would not lose themselves, and their own Original.

I speak of the Turks properly so call'd; the *Descendants* of the *Scythians*, who by some were esteem'd the most *Ancient Nation* on Earth; a People

ple form'd by *Nature* for the *Empire* of the *World*; were never conquer'd themselves, yet spread their *Victories* over all *Asia*. They routed *Zopyrio*, a *General* of *Alexander* the Great; and drove back a huffing King of *Egypt*, with *Shame* and *Loss* to his own *Country*. In fine, they were a *People* naturally *Just*, *Temperate*, *Hardy* and *Endu'd* with all the *Excellent Qualities*, which the *Philosophy* of the *Greeks* and *Romans* cou'd never inspire into their *Subjects*, though they aim'd at it.

These were the *People*; O *Oracle* of *Believers*, from whom the present *Turks* descend. And is it not a *Shame*, that they can give no other *Account* of their *Ancestors*, but what they borrow from the *Christians*, who in the mean time reproach the *Mussulmans* with *Ignorance* and *Barbarism*?

'Tis for this Reason, I renew the same Request to thee, which I often made to thy *Predecessor*, that *Learning* may be encourag'd. Let all the *Ancient Records* and *Histories* of the *Greeks* and *Romans* be sought out and *Translated*, by *Men* skilful in *Languages*, into the *Familiar Speech* of the *Ottomans*. Some, I know, are already common among the *Grandeess*, as *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and others; but let not any *Credible Writer* be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a check to the *Scoffs* of *Infidels*, augment the *Honour* and *Interest* of the *Mussulmans*, and leave an *immortal Name* behind thee on *Earth*: Which will make thy *Joys* in *Paradise* more sweet to an *Infinity* of *Ages*.

Paris, 19<sup>th</sup> of the 3<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

## LETTER XIII.

To the Caimacham.

ALL Europe, except the *French*, and *Suedes* hang down the Head for the Death of the *German Emperor*. He went to the Immortals, on the 2d day of this *Moon*, after a long Fit of Sickness, and forty nine Years Life on Earth.

*Nathan Ben Saddi*, the Agent of the Port at *Vien-na*, informs me, that on the same Day whereon the *Emperor* died, the *Imperial Palace* took Fire on a sudden, and with such Impetuosity, that a great part of it was presently consum'd; and the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, the *Emperor's* Son, narrowly escap'd with his Life. This is esteem'd a bad Omen to the *Empire*. And without being Superstitious, I can assure thee, That *Germany* is in a very bad condition at this Juncture. The *Electors* are so divided on the Score of Religion, and their Secular Interests and Alliances, That in all Probability, they will not with ease decide the Succession.

The Duke of *Brandenburgh* having united himself to the *Suedes*, will not consent to the installing *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, the *Emperor's* Son, because that Prince supports the Cause of the *Poles* and *Danes*. The *Palatine* of *Heydelberg* and *Duke* of *Bavaria*, are at odds about their private Pretensions. The *Duke* of *Saxony* wou'd fain be *Emperor* himself, or have one at least of the *Lutheran Religion*: And the rest are so incens'd against the *House* of *Austria*, that it is thought, none but the Ecclesiastick Princes will vote for the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. So that there being no King of the *Romans* to claim the Succession by the Laws of the *Empire*, the Throne is like to be Vacant yet a while.



*Cardinal Mazarini*, who watches all Opportunities to Aggrandize his Master, has dispatch'd away several *Couriers* into *Germany*, to negotiate privately with the *Electors*, and concert those Measures, which will be most for the Interest of *France*. And I tell thee, this Minister has no small Influence on the *Electors* of *Colen*, and Prince *Palatine* of the *Rhine*. Besides, thou wilt say, he goes the right way to Work, when thou shalt know that he makes use of the *French* Gold to compass his Designs.

No sooner did the News of the *Emperor's* Death arrive at this Court, but it was observ'd the *Cardinal* took up a hundred thousand *Pistoles*, of the publick *Banquiers* in this City. And every body guess'd how 'twon'd be dispos'd.

The *Portuguese* Ambassador at this Court, has caus'd Extraordinary *Fire works* to be play'd on the River *Syne* before the Palace of the King, in Honour of his Master's Coronation, the young King of *Portugal*. But the Spaniards are preparing more destructive *Fire works* on the Frontiers of that Kingdom, being ready to enter it with an Army of sixteen thousand Men to recover the *Portuguese* Crown.

In sending thee these Intelligences, Sage Minister, I am not concern'd for the *Infidels*. Who dies or who lives, who rises or who falls, is all one to *Mahmut*, provided the *Grand Signior's* Health, Life and Happiness be augmented. And this I speak as an *Arabian* and true Believer.

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 4<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

## LETTER XIV.

To Raba Mahomet, General of the Ottoman Forces, at his Camp near Adrianople.

THE Sacred Empire of true Believers, is beset at this Time with Infidels, Rebels, and Hereticks. Here are many Rumours spread abroad concerning the *Persians*, and the Interest they have in the *Bassa* and Citizens of *Babylon*. They talk also, that some Malecontents design Things which ought not to be nam'd.

God has given me two Ears, and I hear these Discourses with both, but I entertain them with one Unchangeable Judgment, That they are only the Whispers of Fame, which has a thousand double Tongues. If it be true, that the four *Chiausés* who were dispatch'd to *Babylon* from the *Grand Signior* to confirm the Inhabitants of that City in their Allegiance, and assure them of speedy Succours, were murder'd by the disloyal Citizens; I doubt not but 'tis as true, that the *Plague* has consumed the greatest part of the *Red heads* in their Camp at *Aranfacat*. What tho' these *Babylonian* Mungrels cry, *Long live the King of Persia!* The rest of the Empire with true Zeal and Devotion, pray for the Health and Prosperity of the *Grand Signior*. What tho' the *Sultan* has sworn by God and his Throne, by the Heavens and the Earth, That he will go against the *Venetians* in Person! The *Musti* can easily absolve him in Case of Supreme Necessity, whence his Presence is requisite against the more accursed *Kysilbaschi*.

'Tis probable the *Osman Monarchy* may be much embarrass'd by Domestick Troubles, and Foreign

Wars : Yet he that founded it , and is the *Conserver* of *Ages*, will out of these very Distempers and Evils, produce a good Constitution of Health in the *State*, and a firmer Establishment against all Enemies.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* are very busie in their Levies at Home, and in making Interests abroad. *Couriers* are perpetually posting up and down *Christendom*, to and from that City. They would willingly have all the business of *Europe* superseded for their sakes. Every where 'tis whisper'd there's some Grand design on foot against the *Turks*, but no body knows what. And I tell thee, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sueden*, and the rest of the *Nazarene Kingdoms*, are too much entangled among themselves to have any Thoughts of meddling with Remote Affairs.

The *Poles* would have had the *German Emperor* taken that Crown in Vassalage , on Condition of Protecting it from the *Suedes*. But whilst the *Emperor* was alive, he weigh'd the Difficulties , and refus'd so Chargeable an Offer. Now, he is lately dead , and the Empire is hardly capable to defend it self.

Differences are newly risen between the Duke of *Barvaria*, and the *Electör Palatine* of *Heydelburgh* ; each claiming the Right to be *Vicar* of the Empire during the *Vacancy*. And they are preparing on both sides, to dispute the Matter with the Sword : Whilst the King of *Sueden* smiles secretly at their intestine Quarrels, resolving to be reveng'd on *Germany*, for the Assistance they have given to *Casimir* King of *Poland*.

At the same time, the *Danes* are Arming and Equipping by Sea and Land, to Demand Justice of the *Suedes*. Whilst the cunning *Moscorvite* stands aloft, amusing all Parties with specious Pretexts, but designing only to play his own Game, and espouse  
that

that Quarrel, which will bring him most Booty : *Prince Ragotski*, promises fair to the *Sædes*, but 'tis thought, will prove false in the End. The Counsels of these *Uncircumcised*, are full of Treachery ; They are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The Case is as bad in *Spain*, where the King is making vast Preparations to enter *Portugal*, and claim that Crown, hoping to make Advantage of their *Domestick* Factions since the Death of *Dom Juan de Braganza*, the late *Portuguese* King : Not considering that the *French* are like to find him Work enough in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia* ; besides the continual Damages he receives by Sea from the *English*, and the Losses he sustains in *America*. I tell thee in a Word , all *Europe* is at this time in such a Hurly-burly, that they have no Leisure to attend our Motions in the *East* ; every *Kingdom* and *State* being wholly busy'd in their own Affairs, and *Venice* can rely on nothing but her own Strength. Go on then, brave *General* of the Army, destin'd to Chastise these *Infidels* ; and let nothing Discourage thee, from pursuing the Aims of *Honour* and *Religion*. Let the proud *Franks* know , That there is a Sword drawn in the *East*, which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the Exterieur Members, but even ript up the Bowels of the *Western Empire*.

The Inhabitants of *Sicily* are in great Consternation, by Reason of a fresh Eruption of Fire from *Mount Aetna*, or *Mount Gibel*, whereby the City *Catana*, and adjacent Parts, are much in Danger, and the Ashes are scatter'd all over the Island. This Mountain has at Times flam'd forth in an Extraordinary manner from Immemorable Ages ; and in all Probability, will continue to do so till the Day of Judgment.

There is like to be a new Quarrel between *France*



and *Holland*; the latter complaining, that they have had above three hundred Merchant-Ships taken from them by the *French* within these seven Years. Upon which they have stop't two Vessels belonging to this Kingdom, and Misunderstandings encrease apace between them.

In the mean time, the *German Court* is preparing to chuse a new *Emperor*. His Son is the Person design'd for this *Dignity*, if the *Elect* does not oppose it. His Name is *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. He lies sick of a dangerous Disease, not less loathsome than the *Plague*.

And now I have mention'd this Scourge of God, it will not be amiss to inform thee, that in *Rome* and *Naples*, where it has rag'd these eleven *Moons*, and has destroy'd a hundred and eighty Thousand People; 'tis not now to be heard of: Commerce is restor'd: *Publick Courts* sit; *Ambassadors* have Audience; and all Things run in their wonted Channel. Yet in *Genoua*, they feel it still.

The Souls of these *Infidels* are infected with an *Infernal Pestilence*, and therefore God rains *Curses* on them; whilst the *Elect* in all *Nations*, are preserv'd from all *Evil*, being mark'd in the Forehead by the Angel of *Health*.

Paris, 15<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1656.

## LETTER XV.

To Cari Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

I Have encounter'd a Passage in the History of the First *Caliphs*, which a little entangles me. My Faith is disjoyned. Thou know'st we *Musfulmans* believe, that *Abu Becr* was the true Successor of

of the Prophet. Yet when I consider, that he attain'd the *Sovereignty* by Surprise, without the Consent of the *Mussulmans*, I know not what to think of it.

After the Death of the Messenger of God, the Inhabitants of *Mecca* and *Medina* rais'd a Sedition, and took up Arms, each Challenging the Right of Election to themselves. When, to prevent the ill Consequences of this Tumult, *Abu Becre* and *Omar* immediately came to them; and to end the Controversie, *Omar* stretching forth his Hand to *Abu Becre*, saluted him *Caliph*, and lifting up his Hand to Heaven, swore Allegiance to him. Which Example suddenly prevail'd on others, and so the Tumult was appeas'd. Yet *Omar* himself seem'd to repent of what he had done: For a while after he was heard to say, *Assuredly, the Inauguration of Abu Becre was a Rash, Unadvis'd Thing; God avert the Evil which may result from it. But, let it be a Law, That if any one hereafter shall presume to do as I have done, and swear Fealty to another without the Assent of the Mussulmans, he shall be put to Death.*

But, that which is of greatest Moment with me, is, that *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* the Son in-Law of the Prophet, was not present at this Election, who had as much Right to the *Caliphate*, as any of them, if not more: At least he had a Right to Vote. And when he first heard the News, he protested against what they had done as Null and Invalid, in Regard they had not consulted him. Certainly, *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* was a matchless Hero, performing Miracles of Valour in defence of the Prophet. When he besieg'd *Chaibar*, a City of the Jews, he took the Gates of the City from off their Hinges, and us'd them as his Shield. When he brandish'd his Glittering Sword; he made his Enemies tremble. I will not say more in his Praise, lest thou should'st conclude, I have list'd my self in the Number of  
the

the *Kyzil Bashi*. What I write, is only by way of Scrutiny, being dissatisfy'd about these Things.

So when *Abu Becre* lay on his Death-bed, he call'd for *Othman Eb'n Aphan* the Scribe, and bid him write as follows: "In the Name of God, "Gracious and Merciful; This is the *Testament* "of *Abdollah Eb'n Abu Kobopha*, when he was arrived to the last Hour of this World, and the "first of the World to come. Then he fell into a *Trance*, while *Othman* proceeded, and wrote the Name of *Omar Eb'no'l Chattab*. Then *Abu Becre* awak'd, and asking *Othman*, *Whom he had named for his Successor*; He reply'd, *Omar: Thou hast done well*, said he, *and according to my Mind. Yet, If thou hadst named thy self, assuredly thou art worthy of the Honour*. Thus *Omar* succeeded in the *Caliphate*, by the private Order of *Abu Becre*, without asking the Consent of the *Mussulmans*. It looks like a Contrivance or Bargain between these two at first. When *Omar* swore Fealty to *Abu Becre*, one would suspect he made him promise to bequeath the *Caliphate* to him. Be it how it will, thou seest *Omar* accepted the Government, on Conditions which he himself had made Unlawful, when he prohibited any Succession that should be made without the Consent of the *Mussulmans*. He was the first that was call'd *Amiro'l Imumenin*, or Commander of the Faithful.

It is reported, that when *Omar* was near his Death, those that stood about him desir'd him to name his Successor; they themselves recommended *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, because of his Relation to the Prophet. But he rejected him and committed the Election of his Successor to *Othman*, *Ali*, *Talha*, *Azobair*, *Abu Obeid*, and *Saad Eb'n Abi Wakka*. *Abu Obeid* therefore coming to *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, said thus to him, *Art thou he to whom I may swear Fidelity, that thou wilt act according to the Book of God.*  
and

and the Laws of his Prophet, and the Constitutions of the Two Seniors ? *Ali* answered, I will ever act according to the Book of God and the Law of his Prophet ; but as to the Constitutions of the Two Seniors, I will follow my own Counsel. Then *Abu Obeid* going to *Othman*, said the same Words : And *Othman* promised to perform all that they requir'd. So they chose *Othman* to succeed *Omar* in the Caliphate. He was accus'd of too great Partiality to those of his Blood ; for he recall'd *Hacem Ebno'l As Eb'n Omaib*, whom the Prophet had banish'd, He gave him also a Hundred Thousand *Aspers*, and to *Abdella Eb'n Chaled*, he gave Forty Thousand. They tax'd him also with Pride, in that he sat in the Highest Seat of the Prophetick Throne, where none but the Holy Prophet himself had ever sat : For, *Abu Becra*, in Reverence to the Messenger of God, sat one Step below it, and *Omar*, Two. So that the *Arabians* being Incens'd at *Othman's* Arrogance and other Vices, took up Arms, and kill'd him. Then succeeded *Ali*.

I rehearse this *History* to thee, that thou may'st know the particular Grounds of my Dissatisfaction, and give me thy Opinion in this Matter. For, if *Abu Becra*, *Omar*, and *Othman*, were Unlawfully lifted to the Caliphate, it follows, that they were Usurpers, and *Hali* the only True Successor of the Prophet. And, if this be granted, then we have no Reason to Curse the *Persians*, who are the Followers of *Hali*. God knows which is in the Right, We or they. We all are Disciples of the Prophet, and believe in the Unity of the Divine Essence. God bless *Mahomet* our Law giver, with all those of his House. God bless *Mahomet* our Glorious Sultan ; In fine, God bless thee and me.

Paris, 15 of the 5 Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

LETTER



## L E T T E R XVI.

To Cara Mustapha, Bassa.

**B**Y the Notices which I receive from *Constantinople*, it appears that the Ground of all the publick Discontents in that City, is the *Venetians* Conquests and Possession of *Tenedos*: As if the People thought that *Island* would prove as Fatal now to the *Mussulmans*, as it was formerly to Old *Troy*, when the *Grecians* under the Conduct of *Agamemnon*, pitch'd their first Camp there, to recover *Helena* the Fairest Woman of *Greece*, whom *Paris* the Prince of *Troy* had Ravish'd from her Husband's Embraces.

That Rape was Fatal to the *Trojans*: For, after a ten Years War, their City was taken by Stratagem, and burnt to Ashes: Their Princes and Nobles either all slain, or carry'd away Captives by the Victorious *Greeks*. Only *Aeneas* sav'd his Father alive, carrying him on his Back out of the Flames, and with some other Commanders escap'd to Sea in such Vessels as they found ready. The History of all his Adventures, is too tedious for a Letter. Suffice it to say, that after many Voyages from one Region to another, at last he landed in *Italy*, where he and his Company settled. And from them the *Venetians*, with other People of *Europe*, derive their Original.

'Tis this makes their present Possession of *Tenedos*, appear as an ill Omen, in the Eyes of the Superstitious. As if those Reliques of Ancient *Troy*, were now come to recover the Habitations of their Fathers, and drive both *Greeks* and *Mussulmans* out of the Empire.

But, these are only *Chimera's* and Dreams; For, when a Nation is once displanted from their Native  
 Seas,

Seat, they seldom or never take Root there again. Besides, who knows whether the *Venetians* descend from *Troy*, or no? 'Tis true indeed, if *Historians* speak Truth, that *Aeneas* sail'd into *Italy*, two Years after the Burning of *Troy*: 'Tis probable also, that he built *Lavinium*; as *Padua* is ascrib'd to *Antenor* one of his *Captains*. But, where's the Consequence, that the *Venetians* should therefore be the Off-spring of these *Heroick Fugitives*? They may as well say, the *French* are the *Posterity* of the *Moors*, because those *Africans* once seated themselves in *Spain*. For, just so Independent are the *States* of *Italy*, one of another, and their Inhabitants of as different *Genealogies*, as are these two Potent *Kingdoms*, with the People that dwell in them.

And now the *Trojan War* is in my Mind, I cannot but smile at the Egregious Folly of *Ajax*, the Son of *Telammon*. This was a great Commander in the *Grecian Army*, a huge brawny, Giant-like Fellow, that had perform'd Prodigies of Strength and Valour in combating the *Trojans*, and yet at last, fell upon his own Sword and kill'd himself, because he could not have his Will of *Ulysses*; and all about an old Rusty *Buckler*, taken from the Enemy which *Ajax* claim'd as his Right, in Reward of his Meritorious Services, and the many Scars he had receiv'd. But *Ulysses* over-rul'd the Council of War, was call'd on purpose to decide this Quarrel, and got the Shield himself. For, being a cunning plausible Fellow, he pleaded, That tho' the Courage and brave Actions of *Ajax* deserv'd all due Honour and Acknowledgment; yet the Surprise of *Troy*, and ending the War, was only owing to his Wit and Contrivance, who deluded the *Trojans* with a Wooden Horse, in the Belly of which lay a Detachment of Armed Men; and these after the Horse was admitted into that City, came out of their Nest in the Dead of the Night, and set

set Fire to the Houses, opening the Gates also to the *Grecian Army*.

If the *Venetians* could invent some such Stratagem, perhaps there would be Danger of their taking *Constantinople*; But till then, *Illustrious Bassa*, there's no Reason to fear these *Infidels*. Besides, it will be very easie to dispossess 'em of that Ominous *Island*, and so dissipate the Charm which has bewitch'd the Seditious Rabble. But I would counsel, that it be attempted in Time, before the *Venetians* are got into the *Hellspont* with their *Navy*: For, there's no Success against these *Infidels* by Sea. That *Element*, it seems, is the *Wife* of the *Duke of Venice*; being Espous'd with a *Ring* and other Solemn Ceremonies, on a certain *Festival* of the *Nazarenes*.

One would think also, that the *English* had made successful Love to the Sea; For, their *Navies* are always prosperous. We have fresh News come in, of an Encounter between them and the *Spanish West-India Fleet*, near the *Island of Teneriff*, wherein there were Seventeen of the *Spanish Ships* sunk and burnt, and among them were five great *Galleons*. They took from them an Immense Treasure of Gold and Silver, with other costly Merchandise.

The *French Court* rejoyces mightily at this Exploit; not in any Real Love to the *English*, but in Hatred of the *Spaniards*. For, between these Two Nations, there seems to be an Irreconcilable Antipathy. Besides the *French* have Reason of State for their Joy, being in League with the *English Commonwealth*.

That which renders this Victory the more Remarkable is, that it was obtain'd in a *Spanish Harbour*, the Port of *Santa Cruz* in *Teneriff*. Every one extols the *English Commander* for a very brave Person. His Name is *Blake*. I am the more Particular in this Relation, because thou art expert in  
Marine

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*Marine Affairs*, having had the Command of the *Invincible Ottoman Armado*.

There is a *Post* newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the *King of Sweden* and *Prince Ragotski*, have taken the strong Fort of *Brzeski Litewski* from the *King of Poland*.

The *Portuguese Ambassador* at this *Court* presses the *King* with much Earnestness, to send Aids to his *Master*; in Regard the *Spaniards* are actually enter'd into *Portugal*, and have taken *Olivenza*, a City of that *Kingdom*.

I formerly acquainted the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, that the *King of Spain* had caus'd all the *People* of his *Kingdom* to be Number'd: Now I tell thee farther That in Order to carry on the War effectually against *Portugal*; this *Monarch* has commanded the 5th Man in every *Family* to take up Arms, and follow the *Campaigne*. At which Rate, they say he will an have Hundred Thousand Men in the Field.

In the mean time, all the Discourse here at present is, concerning the *Siege* of *Montmels*, a very strong Place in *Flanders*. It was Invested by the *French Army* on the 11th of this Moon, under the Command of *Mareschal de la Ferte Seneterre*.

*France* has sent a great many Brave *Generals* into the Field this *Summer*; and I perceive, the *Bassa's* of the *Ottoman Empire* are not like to rarry at home. God inspire thee, and thy Equals, with a Resolution which knows no *Medium* between *Victory* and a Glorious *Death*.

Paris, 26<sup>th</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

LETTER



## LETTER IV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THE Begining of thy Letter surpriz'd me with wonder, when I read that a *Chiaus* from the *Grand Signior*, the *Sovereign of Sovereigns*, *Lord of Three Empires*, and *Five and Twenty Kingdoms*, should have the Dishonour, not to find Admittance within the Walls, of *Vienna*; and that in a Time when the *Germans* have no Reason to provoke a *Foreign War*, being sufficiently embarras'd with *Domestick Troubles*. But when I read farther, and perceiv'd That no *Embassador*, not even of the *Christians Princes*. has any more Privilege at this Juncture; and that it is an Establish'd *Law* of the *Empire*, thus to reverence the *Majesty* of their deceas'd *Sovereign*, and consult the Safety of the next *Election*; I ceas'd to resent this any longer as an Indignity to our *Great Master*, and only concluded it to be some *Mystery* of the *Austrian State*.

It is an Argument of profound Respect to the *Imperial Ghost*, that the *Churches* are all hung with *Mourning*, throughout the *Hereditary Dominions*, and that no *Musick* is permitted either in the *Temples* or elsewhere; no *Joility* or *Mirth*, till the *Funeral Obsequies* are perform'd, and the Body of *Cesar* is consign'd to the Place of its Everlasting Repose.

As to the Quarrel between the *Duke of Bavaria*, and *Prince Palatine*, about the *Vicariate*; there's much to be said on both sides: And it ought to be a Thing Indifferent to thee and me, which of those two gets the Victory. Yet, for the sake of Truth I will tell thee in short what I have collected out of the *Journal of Carcoz*, thy *Predecessor*, and out of other *Memoirs*, as they came to my Hands.

It

It appears then, that by the *Golden Bull* of Charles IV. this Dignity was declar'd inherent in the *Palatinate Family*, in Right of their Possession of that *Principality*; and that it had been so for many Ages, even before there were any Electors Establish'd in the Empire. 'Tis upon this Ground the present *Electoꝛ Palatine* claims it. But on the other side, it is as manifest, that when *Maximilian* the Father of the present Duke of *Bavaria* was invested with the Electoral Dignity, it was inserted in the *Imperial Bull*, that the *Viceregency* of the Empire during an *Interregnum*, should henceforth belong to that Family. Yet, this Grant was again disannull'd by the late Pacification at *Munster*. And so the Business is left in Dispute between these two Families. He of *Bavaria* trusts to his Strength and Riches, being also back'd by the Ecclesiastick Princes; whilst the other only confides in the Justice of his Cause, the Right of Unquestionable Inheritance.

Leaving therefore these *Grandeẽs* to prosecute their several *Claims*, I'll tell thee what makes the freshest Noise in this City, is an Attempt which the Prince of *Conde* made lately on the Town of *Calais*, a *Sea-Port* of this Kingdom. He had receiv'd certain Intelligence, that the Governor had sent out the best part of the Garrison to fortify *Ardes*, a Place not far from *Calais*, and supposed to be in greater Danger; Upon this News, the Prince march'd with great Expedition, designing to surprise *Calais* by Night. But he was discover'd before he came near them; and the Inhabitants raking up Arms, appeared on the Walls and Ramparts to welcome him, so that he was forc'd to retire again with the loss of near a thousand Men.

Here are two Men come out of *England*, that pretend to be Prophets, foretelling the Downfal of the *Pope*, whom they call *Antichrist*, a *Beast*, a *Dragon*,

gon, and I know not how many other Titles. One of them is gon to *Rome*, to tell the *Holy Father* to his Face what is like to befall him. The *French Court* looks upon them as Mad Men; and no Body can esteem them better if they go to *Rome*, where they will Infallibly fall into the Hands of the *Iniquition*; which thou know'st is a *Hell upon Earth*. Thy Brother *Adonia* felt the Smart of it, only for two or three Words utter'd in Contempt of their *Religion*; And tho' he was not Condemn'd to Death, yet he suffer'd a tedious Imprisonment; till at Length, the *Plague* released him both from that, and the *Chains* of this Mortal Life.

*Nathan*, if he had dy'd by the Stroke of the Executioner, or by *Fire*, the Common Death of those who rail at the *Roman Faith*, I could not pronounce him a *Martyr*, unless it were to his own Folly and Rashness; since he was not plac'd there to make *Preselytes*, either to the *Law of Moses* or *Mahomet*, but to penetrate into the Secret Transactions of the Followers of *Jesus*.

Thy Business is the same at *Vienna*; pursue that with Alacrity, and God shall protect thee from all Adversity.

Paris, 9<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Welcome thy Return to the Earth again. For it appears by thy *Letter*, that thou hast been in the *Other World*. 'Twere to be wished thou would'st favour the *Living* with a *Journal* of thy *Travels* and *Observations* among the *Dead*. Those *Regions of Silence*,

lence, would afford Matter of Noise enough to Mortals, that are always greedy of Foreign News. Perhaps if thou would'st communicate the Remarks thou hast made during that Ramble of thy *Soul*, we might find out some Method of Correspondence between *Our World*, and that *Invisible State*. We might contrive a Way to send *Dispatches* to our Friends, and to Receive their Answers again. Or, at least we might make some Useful Discoveries, in that *Empire of Shadows*.

But tell me seriously, dost thou think that it was any more than a *Trance* or *Dream* that has happen'd to thee? Such as frequently fall out in *Melancholy Constitutions*? I once inform'd *Cara Haly* the *Physician*, of such an Accident as this not far from *Paris*. It was of a Man that had lain Five and Thirty Hours as Dead, in all Human Appearance, and so given over by the *Physicians*: Yet after that Period, he recover'd his *Senses* again, and told strange Things to those that were about him: Surely these are but the *Slumbers* of the *Soul*; and *Death* it self is but a *deeper Sleep*, when it causes the *Dissolution* of the *Body*. Doubtless, Men awake again in some other *Active State*. For, as a Flame of Fire is Equally disposed to embody it self in the Fat of Flesh or Fish, in Oyl, Wax, Sulphur, or any Proper Vehicle; and as soon as it is extinguish'd in One, will readily translate it self successively to all the Rest, if they be within the *Sphere* of its *Activity* (as the *Western Philosopher* speaks:) So is the *Spirit* or *Flame* of *Life*, always in a Posture of *Transmigration*. For ought we know, he that is a *King* This Hour, may be a *Peacock* the Next, and within a *Few Days* be serv'd up at his *Successor's* Table, as a *Royal Dish*.

But not to insist too much on these Secrets, I will relate to thee a Passage, not unlike that thou hast Experienced.



It is Recorded in the *Writings* of an Authentick Pen, the *Manuscript* of an Ancient *Arabian*, That *Al' Rashid*, Emperor of the Faithful, had many Famous *Physicians* about him. Amongst the rest, he highly esteemed *Saleh Eb'n Nahali*, an *Indian*, for recovering one of his near Kinsmen, out of such a Condition as I suppose thou hast been in. That Kinsman was very dear to the Emperor, who was sitting at a *Feast*, when News was brought him that he was Dead. The Emperor extremely troubled to hear this, burst forth into Tears, and caused the Table to be taken away. Then *Jaafer Ep'n Yahya*, one of his Confidants, immediately desired that *Saleh* the *Indian Physician*, might visit the Corps of his dead Relation. Who went accordingly, and having felt his Pulse, and consider'd him well, he returned to the Emperor, and said, *Cease to mourn, my Lord, Commander of the Faithful: For if this Man be dead, and I do not restore him to Life again, may I be divorc'd from all my Wives for ever.*

He had scarce made an end of saying this when a second Dispatch came to the Emperor from those who were about his Kinsman, assuring him, That he was really departed this Life.

Then *Al' Rashid* began to curse the *Indians*, and their Ignorance. But *Saleh* persisted in his Assertion, crying out with some Vehemency, *Be not incredulous, O Emperor of the Faithful, nor suffer thy Kinsman to be buried, till I have been with him again. For assuredly he is not dead. I will shew you something that is Admirable.* *Al' Rashid* pacify'd with these Words, took *Saleh* along with him to visit the suppos'd dead Person.

As soon as they came into his Chamber, the *Indian* took a Needle, and thrust it between the Nail and the Flesh of his Left Thumb. Then the Entranc'd snatch'd up his Hand toward his Mouth. At which *Saleh* cry'd out, *Now, my Lord, comfort your self;*

self; for dead Men use not to be sensible of Pain. After this, he blew up a Powder into his Nose Upon which, in a few Minutes the Patient sneez'd; and sitting upright in his Bed, spoke to *Al' Rashid*, kissing also his Hand. The Emperor asking him, How he found himself; He reply'd. Benefactor of Mankind, I have been in the sweetest Sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my Life. Only I dream'd that a Dog came and bit me by my Left Thumb, the Pain of which wak'd me. With that, he shew'd him the Mark of the Needle and the Blood. Adding, Surely it was no Dream, but a Truth; for I feel it yet. The Emperor was extremely pleas'd with his *Indian Physician*, and did him great Honour. His Kinsman also, whose Name was *Ibrahim*, lived many Years after this, and was made Governor of Egypt, were he dy'd and was bury'd.

The *Eastern Physicians* have been Famous in all Ages, and are now much in Esteem among the *Franks*, who addict themselves to study the *Sciences*. Here are some very Learned *Physicians* in these Parts, and not a few Ignorant ones, who serve as Foils, to set off the Lustre and Fame of the others. Every Province and City in France swarms with 'em: And they all find Employment either to Kill or Cure. The *Nazarenes* live very Intemperately, and fall into abundance of Diseases, whereof the East is wholly Ignorant: Therefore it is Necessary for 'em to be well stock'd with *Physicians*. Yet 'twas Satyrically observed by a certain French Lord, That in a Town not far from his Palace, the Inhabitants were all healthy long-liv'd Men, till a certain *Empirick* came and took up his Residence there: For then they began to sicken and die apace. But this may be an Invidious Remark. The *Arabian Proverb* says, No Man is a good Physician, but he that is born such: Meaning, that some are Naturally disposed and fitted to this Science. Indeed, I have known Ad-

mirable Cures perform'd by Men, who never studi-  
ed in the *Academies*, or could answer three Questi-  
ons in *Anatomy*. Nay, some Women have a Gift of  
this Nature, and are very Fortunate in their Practices.  
But, when all's done, the *Beasts* are most happy,  
who are all their own Physicians by Instinct.

*Melec*, I wish thee such a State of Health as needs  
no Medicines. But if it be thy Misfortune to fall  
into *Parmenides* his Indisposition, I counsel thee to  
make use of the Advice given him by a *Philosopher*;  
who, when *Parmenides* complain'd of a Pain in his  
Stomach, and ask'd his Advice, he bid him use such  
and such *Confections* and *Electuaries*. The other re-  
ply'd, He had made Tryal of them all, and many more,  
yet found no Ease. Then said the *Philosopher*, Turn Po-  
et, for they generally have good Stomachs.

Paris, 9<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the year 1657.

## LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

**C**ouriers upon Couriers, are come to this City  
with the Joyful News that *Montmeli* is sur-  
render'd to the *French*. For which the whole Body  
of the *Parliament*, and the City of *Paris*, the *Chancellor*  
of the Kingdom, with *Cardinal Antonio Barberini*,  
and all the *Ecclesiasticks*, went to the *Grand Mosch*  
or *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was sung this Afternoon,  
with a pompous Solemnity. And now whilst I am  
writing, there is such a confused Noise of Great  
Guns, Ringing of Bells, and Shouts of People, that  
one would think it were enough to wake the very  
Dead, and make them start from their Graves, to  
enquire what's the Matter.

The Truth of it is, this Place is counted one of the

the strongest in *Europe* ; and the Inhabitants were not insensible of it, when they made their *Conditions* of Honour with the King. And therefore we need not wonder at the excessive Joy of the *French*.

When the Keys were deliver'd to the King by the Deputies of the Town, one of them in the Name of the rest, made this following Address.

"Sire, We should have had just Reason to complain of Fortune, and accuse our selves of Cowardise, if we had surrender'd this impregnable Fortrefs, to the Arms of a *Prince* less Glorious and Puissant than your Majesty: Since our very Walls are of sufficient Strength to defend us, without taking up Arms against a Power inferior to yours. But, in regard it is the Will of *Heaven*, that we must change our Master, we rejoice to fall into the Hands of so invincible and generous a Monarch. And we hope, Sire, that your Majesty will shew us the more Favour, for having us'd our utmost Efforts to conserve an inviolate Fidelity to the *Catholick King*, who but Yesterday was our Master.

This was spoken with so graceful an Action, and such a becoming Frankness, that the King being mightily pleased with them, made them this Answer.

"Yes, I shall always remember, that your Constancy deserves my Esteem. And now considering you as my *Subjects*, I will bestow such Privileges on this City, as shall oblige you to manifest no less Courage and Zeal for my Service, than you have done for the *Catholick King*.

And to evidence, that he has equal Sentiments of Gratitude and Esteem for his *Officers*, by whose Courage and Conduct this important *Place* is come under his Obedience; the King has bestow'd the Government of it on the *Lieutenant-General* of his Armies, who was present at the Siege, and was



shot in Seven Places of his Body. They call him the *Marquis of Vandi*. He has signaliz'd his Valour in Sixteen Sieges and Battels, being mark'd all over with Scars, the Glorious *Characteristicks* of an Indefatigable and Fortunate Hero.

It is fit the *Divan* should be inform'd of all such Passages: Not to instruct them what to do in the like Cases (for they are Perfectly Wise) but that these Examples may be Register'd as spurs to Virtue and Magnanimity of Spirit. For, it cannot be supposed, that the *Emperor of True Believers* will come short of these *Infidel Kings*, in Rewarding his Faithful and Undaunted Slaves.

*Mareschal de Ferte Seneterre* has also had his Share in the Caresses and Acknowledgments of the King and the whole Court.

This Success has given a great Damp to the *Spaniards*, who begin to retire as fast as they can from the Neighbourhood of the *French Armies*. On the other side, these are full of Vigour and brisk Resolutions, resolving not to end the Campaign, without some farther Attempts in *Flanders*.

They creep by Degrees into the very Heart of that Province, which is ever like to be the Stage of War, so long as the *King of Spain* has one Town left in it. 'Tis a very Rich Country, abounding in all the desirable *Productions* of Nature. And the People are very Industrious, to learn and improve whatsoever is Profitable in *Art*. All their Unhappiness lies in this, That they are not able to protect themselves and subsist Independent of one or other of the Neighbouring *Crowns*. So that whenever those *Sovereigns* fall out, these Poor People are miserably oppress'd with Armies; and in this Case, their Friends many Times give 'em as much Trouble as their Enemies. Nay, 'tis difficult to determine, which are their Enemies, and which their Friends. For, to whatsoever *Master* they are

are subject, he dreins their Coſſers of Money by Taxes and Contributions; beſides the Intolerable Vexation of Quartering unruly Soldiers, who commit a Thouſand Inſolences unpuniſh'd.

*Poland* is at this Time in as bad a Condition, between the Armies of *Sueden*, *Austria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Moscovy*, *Transylvania*, and the Forces of *K. Caſimir*.

The Son of the deceas'd *Emperor* has ſent a great Army to the Aid of that Unfortunate Monarch; and 'tis conſum'd on all Hands, that they have laid Siege to *Cracow*. Whiſt his *Embaffador* is Negotiating with the *Electer* of *Brandenburgh*, to draw him off from the *Sue diſh* Intereſt. This is like to prove a War of long Continuance, if the *Plague* do not make *Perce*, which rages in thoſe *Parts*, and deſtroys many Thouſands more than the Sword or Gun. The *Moscovites* have Combated with this Diſtemper above theſe two years, the *Grand Duke* being forc'd to fly with his Army, like Vagabonds, before this Inexorable *Conquerour*, which gives no Quarter.

In the mean time, I hear Ill News from *Candia*, where they ſay, the *Muſſulmans* have in a late Attempt on that City, loſt above four Thouſand Men, with Thirty Four Enſigns, and a Conſiderable Treafure. Theſe *Infidels* have alſo taken and deſtroys'd this Summer above Thirty Ships of *Barbary*, and as many more of *Conſtantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, *Scanderoon*, &c. On Board of one of which, they ſeiz'd the yearly Revenue which comes to the *Grand Signior* from *Scanderoon*: And out of another they have taken the Revenue of *Rhodes*, kill'd a Thouſand *True Believers*, took Half that Number Captives, and releas'd Abundance of *Chriſtian Slaves*: In a Word, they have taken out of the ſeveral Veffels which fell into their Hands, an Immenſe Treafure of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones.

Theſe continual Succeſſes of the *Noxarenes*, would tempt one to think, That this War was

Unjustly commenc'd by *Sultan Ibrahim*, and therefore unhappily carry'd on by his Glorious *Successor*, *Sultan Mahomet*. Pardon the Effect of Melancholy, Benign *Minister*, if it be a Crime to think, that the Creator of *All Things* is Angry with those who Violate their solemn Word and Oath. Thou know'st the whole Story of this War, and the first Occasions of it. I say no more.

They have a *Proverb* here in the *West*, *That the Voice of the People, is the Voice of God*. And though I approve not the Practice of those, who make Use of this Popular *Aphorism* to foment *Seditions* in a *State*; yet I cannot but own, there's a great deal of Reason in it, and it may be verifi'd in the present Circumstances of *Constantinople*.

Thou observest, that the Soldiers are Mutinous and unwilling to serve any longer in this unfortunate War. Thou findest the *Merchants*, and in General, all sorts of People discontented and Factionous. The Avenues to that *Sanctuary* of the World, are block'd up by the *Venetians*; so that neither Corn nor other necessary Provisions can be brought in, to supply the Wants of so many hundred thousands of People. In a word, thou seest the publick Calamities have made them almost desperate; they care not what they do. Peace with the Christians is the Word every where; or else each Impertinent Mechanick, will presage Ruine to the *Ottoman Empire*.

May God inspire thee and the other Ministers of the *Divan*, in this Calenture of the State, to apply such Remedies, as may prevent the Inconveniences of a *Domestick War*, which is always more fatal to a Government, than a foreign Invasion.

Paris, 17<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

## LETTER XX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

NOW thou givest me some solid Hopes of a *Convert*. Thy Letter has rais'd my Expectation, since 'tis not pen'd in a Style full of Scruples and Insignificant Doubts, which would be Endless: Nor yet does it savour of Hypocrisie and Dissimulation, as if thou intendest only to mock me and my *Faith*, and still continue thy self an *Infidel*. But it abounds with very fair Concessions, Articles of Reason and Honour on thy side; only expecting from me, a true and authentick Account of our holy Prophet's Life, and of the Miracles which can be produced in Confirmation of his *Prophetick Office*. Thou would'st fain see, if any Thing happen'd of this kind, to the Messenger of God, parallel to the stupendous Wonders which recommended *Moses your Lawgiver* to the World, as the undoubted Oracle of Heaven.

I protest, there is no Fault to be found in this Demand: For it is but Reason, that he who assumes the Character of a Prophet, should be distinguish'd from *Impostors* by some evident Signs and Wonders. Yet, 'tis needless to make an exact Parallel, because the Occasions of *Moses's Miracles* were different from those of *Mohammed*, the Seal of the Prophets. Your *Lawgiver* had a Commission and Power given him to work Miracles when he pleased: Whereas *Ours* declar'd, That he was not sent to work Miracles, but to preach the Unity of the divine Essence, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Joys of *Paradise*, and the Torments of the *Damn'd*.

Yet, lest the unbelieving World should doubt



the Truth of his *Mission*; From his very Birth, his Life was graced with many *Supernatural Favours*. His Mother bore him without the least Pain of Body or Mind: And as soon as he breath'd the *Vital Air*, he spoke with an *Audible Voice*, saluting his Mother, and adding, *I profess, That there is only One God, and that I am his Apostle*. He was also *Circumciz'd by Nature*, coming into the World without his *Prepuce*. At the same Hour, the *Devils* were forbid to ascend above the *Orb of the Moon*: And *Four Voices* were heard from the *Four Corners of the Square Temple*: The *First* saying, *Proclaim, The Truth is risen, and all Lies shall return into Hell*. The *Second* uttering, *Now is born an Apostle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him*. The Words of the *Third* were, *A Book full of Illustrious Light is sent to you from God*. And the *Fourth Voice* was heard to say, *O Mahomet, we have sent thee to be a Prophet, Apostle, and Guide to the World*.

When he was about four Years Old, accompanying the Sons of his Nurse into the Field, the blessed Child retir'd into a *Cave* at the Foot of the *Mountain Uriel* to pray: When the *Archangel Gabriel* appeared to him, and said, *Bismillahi rrahmani rrahimi. &c. In the Name of God, Compassionate and Merciful, O Child greatly beloved, I am sent to displant from thy Heart, the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradise fly open*. The *Young Resigned one* said, *The Will of thy Lord and Mine be done*. Then the *Angel* open'd his *Breast* with a *Razor of Adamant*, and taking out his Heart, squeez'd from it the *Black Contagion*, which was derived from *Adam*: And having put the *Child's Heart* in his Place again, he bless'd him, and retired to the *Invisibles*.

From that Time the *Young Favourite of Heaven* grew up and prosper'd in all Things, having the  
Smiles

Smiles of God and Man. He was under the Tutition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who discerning the Mark of an Immense Soul in his Young Nephew, was more Solicitous for his Welfare than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being Low in the world, he had no other Way to provide for his *Illustrious Charge*, than by placing him as a *Factor* to *Chadijah*, a Widow of the same Tribe with *Mahomet*, vvhich vvas the Noblest among the *Arabians*. Besides, she vvas very Beautiful and Rich: And there vvanted not Hopes, that in Time she might become *Mahomet's* Wife.

That vvvhich chiefly encourag'd 'em to this, vvvas a *Vision* of *Chadijah*, every where talk'd of in those *Parts*. For, she had divulg'd it her self, long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus disposing of him. "The *Sun* " seem'd to leave his *Heaven* and come down to " her House, from whence he dispers'd his Beams " through *Arabia*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and in fine, " through the whole Earth. This *Vision* had made a deep Impression on the Mind of *Chadijah*; and she could not rest, till she had told it to a certain Famous Sage in those *Parts*, who had great Skill in *Astrology* and other *Mysterious Sciences*, and was Celebrated for the Integrity of his Manners. As soon as he heard the Contents of her *Vision*, he said, " In the Name of God, O Widow, enter into thy " Bath, and prepare thy self with the Necessary " Purifications: For, thou shalt shortly be married " to the Greatest Prophet in the World. And when she ask'd the *Astrologer*, *What was the Country, Tribe, and Name of her next Husband*; He told her, He was an Arabian of Mecca, of the Tribe of the *Corei's*, and that his Name was *Mahomet*.

As yet, the *Prophetick* Widow knew Nothing of the Nephew of *Abu Taleb*. But, thou may'st imagine we felt strange Passions, when his Uncle after-

wards recommended him to her Service; and she knew, that he was the Man in whom the *Astrologer's* Character was verify'd, as to his *Country*, *Tribe*, and *Name*. For, *Mahomet* was the Son of *Abdalla*, who descended from the *Bani Aschim*, who were the *Noblest Family* in the *Tribe* of the *Corei's*. Who can express her Sentiments, when she saw the Beautiful Youth making his first Addresses to her as an humble Slave, whom she believ'd Heaven had ordain'd for the Partner of her Bed! With what a Grace and becoming Modesty did he receive the last Instructions and Farewel of his parting Uncle! However, she concealed her Transports, and sent her beloved Slave with a *Caravan* into *Syria*, allowing him a Noble Pension.

In that Journey, there happen'd something very Remarkable in Honour of the Admirable Young Man. For at a certain Place on the Road, as he waited on the Captain of the *Caravan* to a *Synagogue* of the *Jews*, no sooner had *Mahomet* set his Foot o'er the Threshold of the *Synagogue*, but all the Lamps therein were loosen'd from their Chains, and fell down on the Floor. All those of thy Nation that were present, being astonish'd at the Portentous Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*, desiring their Advice in this amazing Circumstance. They having performed the accustomed Ceremonies and Expiations, answer'd, *It is revealed in the Traditions of the Seniors, That at what Time soever an Arabian, call'd Mahomet, shall be present at our Solemnities, God shall remove the Candlesticks out of their Place. It is therefore most certain, that such a one is now among us; let him not escape our Hands, lest Reproach and Contempt come on Israel.* But behold, whilst they were busy in searching for the Cause of this Prodigy, two Angels conveyed *Mahomet* to *Mecca*, where he soon after married *Cadijah*.

It were easie to recount many more Miracles in the Life of the Prophet; such as that of the Cloud overshadowing him, the Eagle perching on his Head when he was asleep, the Trees and Stones proclaiming him the Apostle of God. And, if we were to make Parallels, I think, the stupendous Descent which the *Moon* made, at the Prayer of the Divine Messenger; comes not far short of the celebrated Disorder on *Mont Sinai*, when your Law was delivered by *Moses*.

If thou requirest undoubted *Testimonies* for Truth of this Miracle on our side, offer something that is unquestionable on thy own. We both equally confide in the different Records of our Nations, which were penn'd by Men as liable to Temptations and Errors of all sorts, as thou and I, and all that believe what they write. Therefore, unless thou canst start some more infallible Authority, to prove the Eternal and Universal Obligation of your Law, than I can to the contrary, thou liest under a manifest Disadvantage: Since I profess with our holy Prophet and all the *Mussulmans*, that the *Alcoran* contains nothing repugnant to the Law of *Moses*; but is only a more perfect and compleat *Idea* of the divine Will: And that as *Moses* was the Lawgiver of the *Sons of Isaac*; so *Mahomet* was the Apostle of the *Sons of Ismael*, and the Seal of all the Prophets.

Use thy own Reason; and rather be of no Religion, than in the Number of those to whom it shall be said at the *Last Day*, *Drink ye Worshippers of Ozair, and be damn'd for ever.*

Paris, 10<sup>th</sup> of the 9<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.



## LETTER XXI.

To Dicheu Hufsein, Bassa.

**T**Here has been a mighty Quarrel of late between the *French* and *Spanish* *Embassadors* at the *Hague*, about *Precedency*. The Occasion was this, One Evening the *French* *Embassador* was riding in a Coach, in a Place where the *Spanish* *Embassador* met him in another Coach, and both striving for the upper Hand, they met with their *Horses* Heads one against another, and so stood still. There was presently a Tumult of People gathered about them: And the *French* being most respected, many Gentlemen came in to his side with Swords and Pistols; and all Things seemed to portend a Combat. But, the *Magistrates* having Notice of this Disturbance, sent some of the *Guards* to keep the *Peace*, and to defend the *Embassadors* from any Attempts of the Rabble. In the mean while, several *Great Lords* walked to and fro between the *Ambassadors*, proposing Expedients of Accommodation: But it being at the very Juncture when the *French* *Embassador* had receiv'd the News of the Surrender of *Montmeli*, he would not in the least yield to any Terms. So that at last the *Spaniard* was forced to drive out of the way, thinking it a Matter of sufficient Triumph, That he had stop'd the *French* *Embassador* so long.

There is a Post come in from *Denmark*, who brings News of the Total Destruction of *Itzehow* by Fire. This was a Town belonging to the *Danes*, and was fir'd by the *King* of *Sueden's* Order. The *Danes* are very Unfortunate of late Years; they make no Figure in *Europe*. There is a Period set to the Grandeur of every *Kingdom* and *State*, and the *Danes* were once very victorious and formidable; but now their *Monarchy* declines apace, to make way for the rising Lustre of the *Suedes*.

By

By Sea the *Dunkerkers* make a great Noise: They have lately taken from the *French*, twenty Merchant Vessels, and from the *English* near half that number. But, if they have not better Fortune than their Neighbours, the *French* will take their City from them e're long. Every Campaign makes a fair Advance toward it. I sent an Account already to the *Kaimacham* of the Surrender of *Montmeli*, one of the most important Places in *Christendom*. Now I acquaint thee, that *St. Venant*, which has not so great a Character, yet considerable enough, has yielded upon *Articles*. This was done on the 28<sup>th</sup> of the last Moon. At this rate the *French Priests* will have little else to do, but to sing *Te Deum*, for their repeated Successes and Victories.

From *Portugal* we hear, that that Court to secure themselves the better against the *Spaniards*, have sent to implore the Assistance of *Morocco* and *Fez*: Which is much censur'd among the *Nazarenes*. Others say, they are only Messengers, gon to buy up all the Horses they can get in that Country.

In the mean while the *King of France* is taking all the *Politick* Measures he can, for the *Empire of the West*. His *Embassadors* in *Germany* appear with a Magnificent Train of three hundred Men, and they style their Master, *His most Christian Majesty, King of France and Navarre, Sovereign Prince in Germany and Italy*; Which last is look'd upon as a fair Step to the Title of *Emperor*.

The *Counsels* of the *German Court* are not a little disturb'd, to hear that our *Invincible Forces* are approaching towards the *Confines of Hungary*. It will put some stop to the design'd Election. Besides, they cannot agree among themselves about a *Successor*.

The *Queen Christina* of *Sueden*, is come back again into this *Kingdom*, being frighted out of *Italy* a second Time, by the Return of the *Plague*.

There is a War commenc'd between the City  
of

of *Munster* and the *Bishop* of that Place : So that he has laid a formal Siege to it, and presses them very close.

All this is of no such Importance, as the News that I receive from *Constantinople*, which assures me, that the *Mussulmans* have retaken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, tho' with some Loss of Men.

I wish they cou'd as easily drive the *Venetians* out of the *Archipelago*, and then the Imperial City would have no longer Reason to complain for want of Bread.

Paris, 10<sup>th</sup> of the 9<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

## LETTER XXII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not what's the Matter, but most of my Friends are of late grown strange to me. They write but seldom, and then their *Letters* are full of Reserves, as if they suspected my Integrity : Or, because that I am commanded to inform the *Divan* of all Criminal Practices, therefore they are afraid to communicate their Sentiments with the same Freedom as formerly ; tho' on *Themes* no Ways belonging to the *State*, but purely *Speculative*, and the common Discourse of all sensible Men. Are you become more morose and rigid at *Constantinople*, than you were twenty years ago ? In those Days, I remember it was common in the publick *Coffee Hans* for *Mussulmans*, *Greeks*, *Curds* and *Franks*, or Men of any other Religion, to meet together and vent their Thoughts with Liberty : No Man being willing to be stigmatiz'd with the Character of a Clown, for taking Offence at another's *Faith*, tho' different from his own.

It

It was then esteem'd a point of Gallantry, to favour the Christians of all Sects, and let 'em talk and act as they pleas'd, provided they blasphem'd not God, or his Prophets. And they themselves wou'd have condemn'd any of their own Party, who shou'd have been guilty of such an Immorality and Affront to the Establish'd Religion of the *Mussulmans*, and the general Sense of Mankind.

But why then is the same Liberty retrench'd now, and that among *Mussulmans* who are intimate Friends? Is it not now as lawful for us to converse with one another by *Letter* or any other way, as it was then to enter into Dialogues with Infidels? I would not encourage or imitate the Bold and Prophane Efforts of their Wit, who deny the Being of a God, or utter Blasphemies against his Messenger: The whole *Universe* is an irrefragable Testimony of an *Eternal* and *Omnipotent Nature*: And the *Alcoran* is an evident Proof, of the Sanctity and Indispensible Commission of our *holy Law giver*. But I hope 'tis no Crime, to enter into Speculations of Things lyable to Controversie. At least, I will venture to disclose to thee my Thoughts, who art the most agreeable of all my Friends. I tell thee, my dear *Gnet*, it appears to me ridiculous, and like the Quarrels of Children, for *Mussulmans* to wrangle about mere Trifles in Religion, and that the Resign'd to God should be zealous for the Whimsies of Men. One Party believes the *Alcoran* is *Eternal*, another says 'tis *Created*. In my Opinion, they are both absurd Assertions. The first, because then it will follow, That there are more *Eternals* than One, which is a fair Step to *Polytheism* and *Idolatry*: The second is only an *Impropriety* of Speech; For we do not usually say of any Writing, That it is *Created* but *Penn'd*.

I can easily believe the manifold Descents of *Gabriel* from Heaven, when he brought down the

*Hundred*



*Hundred and four Sheets of Science and Faith.* But whether *Adam* had only *Ten* of these *Sheets*; or *One* and *twenty*, as some say: Or, whether his Son *Seth* had but *Twenty nine* of them; or *Fifty*, according to Others; is not *Material*, according to my *Faith*. It is possible *Edris* had no more nor less than thirty, and *Abraham* our *Father*, just ten of these *divine Manuscripts*. Of this we are sure, That the *Volume* of the *Law* was sent to *Moses*, the *Psalms* to *David*, the *Gospel* to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and the *Mighty Alcoran* to *Mahomet* the Seal of the *Prophets*.

It is as easy for me to believe the *Celestial Pen* with which all these *Manuscripts* were written, to be of some *Admirable Substance*. But, why it should be made of *Pearls*, rather than of *Diamonds*, or any other *Jewels*, I see no *Reason*; Or that it should be a *Journey of fifty Years*, for the swiftest *Horse* in *Arabia* to run from one End of it to the other. Yet if I have not *Faith* enough for these things, I will not be angry with those that have. Let every *Man* enjoy his *Fancy*.

But I cannot be so indifferent, when I hear Men tell me, that God has a *Body* like Ours, with *Eyes*, *Ears*, *Nose*, *Hands*, *Tongue*, and all other *Members* and *Organs* of *Life*, *Sense*, *Speech* and *Motion*: That he is subject to *Passions* of *Love*, *Hatred*, *Anger*, *Grief*, and all the *Affections* that are common to *Mortals*. Yet thou knowest there is a *Sect* of *Mussulmans*, who believe all this, and preach it to others with great *Assurance*. What is this, but to set up an *Idol*, in the *Place* of *God*? For, the *Original* of all *Idolatry* was the vain *Presumption* of Men, who represented the *Incomprehensible Divinity*, under some common visible *Figure* of Men or *Beasts*.

If we must assign a *Body* to *God*, it would seem more *Rational* to adhere to their *Opinion* among the *Sephatim*, who say, his *Body* is infinite, uncircumscib'd, and beyond all *Form*. Neither is it of  
any

any Import, that the *Western Philosophers* assert, It is of the *Essence* of all *Bodies* to be Circumscrib'd and Finite: Since, though this may be readily granted true of Particular Bodies, yet must it ever be deny'd of the *Immense* and *Universal Body* out of which the *World* is form'd: Unless they will allow an Unlimited and Interminate Unbody'd *Space*, which is more Unintelligible and Absurd. Doubtless, if the *Eternal Mind* has a *Body*, 'tis expanded wide as the endless *Æther*, and equally present in all Places: Neither can this *Body*, be any more Circumscrib'd Confin'd, or shut up in any Place, than the *Light* of the *Sun* can be restrain'd within a *Room*, or separated from its *Source* by drawing of a *Curtain*. For all the *World* is pervious to this *Infinite Body*, which is altogether *Indivisible* into *Parts*, even as that which we call a *Spirit*. In a Word, we must conceive it to be *simple* and *uncompounded*, the *finest* and *fairest Matter* of the *Universe*.

But if thou wilt have my Opinion, all this is infinitely too low and narrow an *Idea*, of that *Eternal* and most *Exalted Essence*, that *Intellectual Beauty*, which no Mortal Eye has seen, no Tongue or Pen can describe; the smallest Glimpse of whose *ineffable Majesty*, falling on the Thoughts of *holy Men* and *Prophets*, snatches away their Souls in sacred Passions and divine Ecstasies, whilst their *Bodies* are in the Custody of the Angel of *Death*. At such Times they are carry'd up through the *Seven Heavens*, beholding all their *Wonders*, and the *Purple Sea* which divides the *first Heaven* from the *second*. They pass by the *Orbs*, where *Fire*, *Hail*, *Snow*, and *Thunder* are prepar'd, and kept as in *Reservatories* against the *Day of Calamity*; being guarded by *Spirits of Vengeance*, who are created to punish Infidels. Then they ascend to the *Fourth Heaven*, where dwell innumerable Armies of *Holy Ones*. Next to the *Fifth*, where are the Angels of *Intercession*

*cession.* Then to the Sixth, which is the Residence of Arch-Angels, the *Internuncio's* or *Messengers* of the Eternal Majesty. And last of all they are introduc'd into the presence of the most Sublime Potentates and Principalities, who wait before the Recess of the Creator in the Heavens above all Heavens, whose Height transcends the Power of Created Intellects to Measure.

O *Dgnet*, when I have said all I can, 'tis nothing to the purpose. For no Words nor Thoughts can reach that *Infinite above all Infinity*. Nothing but pure unbodied Minds, can have Access to the *Skirts* and *Borders* of that endless Region of Light.

Therefore, let us not stretch our vain Imaginations, nor greedily pry into those Secrets, which for ever fly from Human Thought: But keeping our selves within the Bounds of Reason and Sobriety, let us adore God and believe his *Prophet*, obey the Law of Cleaness and Purity, without Injuring Man or Beast; And that's the way, if there be any to ascend to the Vision and Enjoyment of that Happiness, which at present is hid from us.

Paris, 5<sup>th</sup> of the 11<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

## LETTER XXIII.

To the Aga of the Janisaries.

I Receiv'd the Dispatch coming from Valorous Hands, an Express perfum'd with *Narcissus*; full of honourable Words, and exhibiting a Command worthy of an *Ottoman General*. May the Angel of Fortitude, conduct thee in all thy Expeditions, against Infidels, Rebels, and *Hereticks*.

Thy Conceptions of the present State of Europe,  
are

are very proper and lively. Yet in some Things 'tis possible thou hast been misinform'd. The Affairs of *Italy* are inconsiderable, when compar'd with the more important *Wars* of the North. That *Quarter* is at present the *Theatre* of the most remarkable Actions. Yet the Campaigns in *Flanders* this Year have made some Noise in the world.

But, all the Discourse at present is, of the Famous Siege, and taking of *Fredericks Ode* by the *Sueds*. This is a *Fortress* belonging to the King of *Denmark*, and esteem'd one of the strongest in *Europe*. Yet it was taken by Storm: Wherein the *Danes* lost Ninety three Principal Officers, and about three thousand Common Soldiers; thirty three Colours; seventy seven great Guns of Iron and Brass; three hundred and eighty two Barrels of Powder; forty thousand Musquet Bullets; six hundred Granaado's; three thousand Pikes, and two thousand two hundred Suits of Armour.

This Victory makes the *Sueds* appear terrible to their Enemies; and they are look'd upon as the only Flourishing Nation in the North, as *France* is in the West. Yet, to shew that there's no unmix'd Happiness here below, their Interest has been much less'n'd, by the Desertion of the *Brandenburghers*, who now seem to favour the Cause of King *Casimir*.

That Monarch had an Interview lately with the *Elektor* of *Brandenburgh*, at a Place call'd *Broombergh*; where they embrac'd one another, banqueted together, and buried all the *Memoirs* of Enmity in Generous *Compotations*: For, this is the Way of the Northern Princes of *Europe*; who live in so Cold a Climate, that nothing less than a Debauch of Wine, can thaw their frozen Souls, and melt 'em into an obliging Humour.

As for the State of *England*, I perceive thou knowest the Character of *Oliver*, the new Sovereign of that Common-wealth. Yet I can inform thee,  
that



that he begins to change his Temper. There are Persons in his Court, who give constant Intelligence to the King of *France*, of all his Secrets. And as the Exil'd King of *Scots* could not *Snuff a Candle* in a *Passion*, but that *Usurper* had Knowledge of it; so neither can *Oliver* have a *Dream*, but some spiteful *Mercury* carries the News into foreign Countries. His Sleep is interrupted with fearful *Visions* of *Plots* and *Treasons* against his Life; which makes him change his Bed five or six times a Night. They say, he is *Metamorphos'd* from a Hero to a perfect Coward. And this is not the Report of the Multitude, who take things upon Trust; but 'tis the Sport of the *French Grandees*, who wish well to the Son of the late murder'd *English* King.

I must be irregular in my Method of Writing, that I may oblige thee with Military Remarks. A more particular Account of the Storm of *Fredericks-Ode*, is just come to my Hands, wherein we are assur'd, that it was taken at the first Assault, which much redounds to the Honour of *General Wrangle*; and that the *Crown Marshal* of *Denmark*, with many Senators and Grandees, fell by the Edge of the Sword; and that two thousand Captives were driven yok'd in Couples like Beasts, as an Augmentation of the Conqueror's Triumph.

Thou wilt not be displeased at the little Coherence and Order of these Memoirs, considering that it suits well enough with the Subject: For I write *a la Campagne*: as the *French* say, and so am oblig'd to entertain thee with broken Detachments of News, from several Parts, as Occasion offers.

The *Spaniards* are stark mad, for the loss of *Mardike*, which was taken by the *English* and *French* in the 9th Moon, and all the Garrison sent Prisoners to *Calais*. They swear, they will have this Important Place again, whatever it cost 'em. The *Prince* of *Conde*, lies dangerously sick of a *Fever* at *Gaunt*:  
Whilst

Whilst *Don John* of *Austria*, labours under a Malady of another Nature, being much distress'd for want of Money to pay his Soldiers. This is look'd upon as a very bad Symptom in a *General* of an Army.

The great City *Cracow* in *Poland*, is surrendred by the *Suedes* to King *Casimir*. That Monarch begins to find a turn of his *Affairs*; and 'tis thought he will draw half the Princes of *Europe* into a League against the King of *Sueden*.

It will be of no great Importance for thee to know, that the Siege of *Munster* is rais'd, and a Peace concluded between that City and their *Bishop*: Yet 'tis convenient, that this should be related to the Ministers of the *Divan*, who are the Judges of Human Events. Besides, in one of my *Letters*, I mention'd this Quarrel and Siege.

Illustrious *Aga*, I have obey'd thy Commands, in sending thee an Abstract of all the most remarkable Transactions in *Europe*, during the last three or four *Moons*. I wish, 'twere as agreeable to any of my Friends, to send me the News of our *Armies* and *Navy*.

But I am more oblig'd to Strangers and Infidels, for the Intelligence I have of the *Ottoman* Affairs, than to any of the *True Believers*.

Brave *Commander*, may God preserve thee from the Common Vices of a Soldier's Life, and make thee as Renowned as *Cassim Hali*, who was present in 25 pitch'd Battels, receiv'd 48 Wounds, and yet lived to the 63d Year of his Age.

Paris, 27<sup>th</sup> of the 12<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.

*The End of the Third Book.*

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# LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

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VOL. V.

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BOOK IV.

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## LETTER I.

*To Cara Haly, Physician to the Grand Signior.*

**M**OST of my Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Port*, carry News of Wars, Sieges, and Battels among the Christians. Now I'll tell thee who art my Friend, I'm at War with my self; One Potent Passion takes the Field against another; Opposite Armies of Affections, are Embattl'd in my Breast: My Heart is block'd up: Here lies Interest Entrenched; There, Honour displays its Standard. One Minute, Nature and Self-

Self-Preservation makes a Sally ; the next, they are beat back by Generosity and Love. The worst of it is, that these contrary Factions in the Soul, are so blended together by a secret Correspondence, that it is almost impossible to discern which is which.

Wouldest thou know what the meaning of this is ? I'll tell thee in brief ; I'm in a Controversie with my self, whether I'd best to die or live.

Wonder not at the Expression, as if 'twere in any Man's Power to make this Choice ; since according to the *Mussulmans Faith*, we cannot hasten or retard the Moments decreed by Fate. Assuredly, *Predestination* does not in the least interfere with what is call'd Man's *Free Will*. Every the most *Voluntary Action* of our Lives, complies as exactly with the Appointment of *Eternal Destiny*, as the Accidental Fall of a Tile of a House, or the more regular and constant descent of Rain, Snow, and Hail, from the Clouds. And, for ought I know, we may as properly call it the *Free Will* of a River to run toward the Sea, as for a Man to pursue the Various Currents of his own Reason or Appetite. For so a Fountain frequently divides it self into many *Streams*, before it falls into the *Ocean*, which is its *Center*. And Man himself, notwithstanding the boasted Freedom of his Will, is as much confin'd to act according to his *Principles*, *Prepossessions*, *Prejudice*, *Passions* and *Habits* ; as the different *Rivulets* issuing from the same Spring, are restrained each within the *Banks* of its proper *Channel*.

But not to entertain thee with more *Allegories* ; both thou and I, and all Men, find our selves violently carry'd away by certain Inclinations so forcible, as no Power of our Will is able to resist : Sometimes our Love, Hate, Joy, Grief, and so the rest of Human Passions, are as Involuntary, as the Motions of our *Pulse*. And tho' in the most important  
Actions



Actions of our Lives, we Generally form some Regular Design, as their Scope and Center ; Yet we do many Things without Reflection, as *Musicians* are said sometimes to play Excellent *Tunes*, without so much as regarding or thinking what they are about. By all which it is Evident, that our *Will* has little to do in the Conduct of our Lives. We, like all other Creatures, act according to certain *Secret Impulses* of Nature. The very same *Faculty* which we call *Instinct* in the *Beast*, is no other than what we term *Reason, Wisdom, Knowledge, Discretion* and *Forecast* in our selves. And I think 'tis no *Solecism* to say, That that was a *Prudent Dog*, who perceiving his *Master* making ready a *Rope* to hang him, slyly slept away and never came near him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther Digression, and ascribe it to *Fate*. For I'm on a sudden strangely Interrupted in my Thoughts, by a most Furious *Tempest* ; A Medly of Hail, Rain, Lightning and Thunder : And this last, tho' not over-noisy and loud, yet it was the most singularly terrifying, that ever I heard in my Life. There is a sort of *Thunder* which they call the *Drum*, because it approaches near the Sound of that Warlike Instrument, making a lively, fierce Rumbling in the Air, like the Beat of an *Alarm*. There is another more surprizing, like the Roaring of *Cannons*. But this had a Touch in it, of the most Harsh, Affrighting and Irregular Noises that ever shook the *Welkin*.

I was possessed with a deep Melancholy, as soon as I heard the Horrid Clatter begin, and saw the Air darken apace, with a more than ordinary Gloominess. Then I felt some *Religious Passions* struggling with my Reason. I was full of Fears, lest God was angry with me, for my Counterfeited Life among the *Christians* : And imagined no less, than that this *Tempest* was raised on purpose to destroy me ; and make me an Example to all *Mussulmans*, who dare

dare deny the holy Prophet, to serve the Interest of the *Grand Signior*, as much a Mortal as themselves. Or, at least, I concluded I should taste my share of the Wrath of Heaven, at this cholerick Juncture. Nay, and all the *Philosophy* I could muster together, served but to raise my dismal Expectations of the *Fatal Blast*. For I could not avoid thinking, That a wicked Man is a *Magnet* which naturally attracts the *Vengeance of Heaven*: And that I being such in the highest Degree, could not fail of having my Soul scorched up at once to nothing, or *Metamorphos'd* to a *Fury* (which is worse) by some surprizing and inevitable *Flash*. For, to pass from this Life by Lightning, Poison, or an Earthquake, are the only Deaths I fear.

I fell on my Knees and Face, addressing my self to God, with the most humble and fervent Devotion I was capable of. I made my Application also to his Prophets. I said and did, all that I thought would procure a Respite of the Punishment I fear'd. At length, being tir'd and sick of too much Prayer, I rose and sat down chearfully; remembering I was a *Mussulman*, and resigned to the Will of Destiny. Considering also that I was an *Arabian*, of a Noble Stock; I resolv'd, if I must die, to prepare my self with a Moderation worthy of my Blood; that so I might go to the *Invisibles*, like the *Grand-Son* of an *Emir*.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to Vanity: But I esteem it a point of Justice, for a Man to take care, that he may live and die like himself, without degenerating from the *Virtue* of his *Ancestors*, or bringing a Disgrace on the *Tribe* to which he belongs. For, tho' God has created all Men of the same *Mould*, yet he has distinguish'd one Family from another, by more than *Specificque Characters* imprint'd on them in their *Nativity*. And has ennobled some Mortals with peculiar Qualities and innate Per-

fections, which others are wholly Strangers to. So, there others Remarkable for *Hereditary Vices*.

Whether these things depend on the Blood, or on the different Circumstances of Souls before they came into these Bodies, is a Question not soon resolv'd. But, this I'm sure of, That I find in my self both some Virtues and Vices, which I could never yet discover so odly blended together in any other Mortal. I'm always Campagning on the Frontiers of Good and Evil. Yet my Passions are not Mercenary: No Price can tempt me to Treason or Perfidy. I am Master of a certain Fastness of Spirit, which no Human Charm is able to dismantle. My Integrity cannot be warp'd by Gold. And 'tis for this Reason, I a little value my self. Which makes me sometimes inclin'd rather bravely to sally forth into the unknown World, than tarry in this, where I meet with nothing but Contempt and Disesteem from the Slaves of Him, for whose Sake I bear the Fatigue of Life. Surely, think I, wherever it be my Lot to go, after my Escape from this Mortal State; the Spirits of that Region will be kind to me, for the sake of my incorruptible Trustiness: For, they have Intrigues as well as we; and consequently, will be glad of Faithful Agents.

In a Word, since all my Zeal and Loyalty is thought not to merit any Reward in this Life; I would fain try, whether at least I may not deserve to be a Ghost of Honour; If there be any such Distinctions in that World of Spirits.

*Paris, 27<sup>th</sup> of the 12<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1657.*

LETTER

LETTER II.  
To Mustapha Bissa.

I Shall acquaint thee with a late Transaction in this *Kingdom*, which I believe has but few Examples. The *Kaimacham* has already received a Dispatch from me, wherein I signify'd the Return of *Christina Queen of Sweden* into *France*: This Princess since her Arrival at *Fontainbleau*, having discover'd some secret Treachery in one of her Retinue who was an *Italian Marquis*, pronounc'd a formal Sentence of Death on him: Which was accordingly executed on the 10th Day of the 11th Moon, by her own Officers, in a Gallery of her Palace, after he had been warn'd of it by her Express Order, and had a *Confessor* sent to him, to prepare him for another World.

When this was done, she immediately sent a Messenger to acquaint the *French King* with this Action, and the Reasons which induc'd her to it. Some of the Courtiers at first perswaded him, That the Queen's Proceeding entrench'd on his *Royal Prerogative*, he being the sole *Arbiter* of Life and Death within his own *Dominions*: Whereupon *Monsieur de Chaumut* was sent to expostulate with her. I have formerly mention'd this Person in some of my Letters, when he was *Ambassador* from this Crown to Queen *Christina*, then reigning in *Sweden*. He is a Gentleman of Great Abilities: And for that Reason, has been employ'd in the most difficult Negotiations, with the *Stares* of *Holland* and other Countries:

Yet People censure variously; And the Case has been refer'd to the Doctors of the Civil Law, who pronounc'd this Sentence in her Favour, That being an Independent Sovereign, and having the King of France's Permission to reside in this Realm, the Rights of Sovereignty



reignty cou'd not be deny'd her over her own Subjects : Such are to be esteem'd all that are in her Service and take her Pay, except the Subjects of the State where she resides.

The swift Execution of this Queen's Sentence on her Servant, in part resembles the Rigour of our *Eastern Justice*, which admits of no Delays in punishing of Criminal Persons, and removing *Traitors* out of the way ; neither is it to be diverted, by any Fears of After-claps. And though these *Western Monarchs* generally put no Man to Death without a formal Process at Law ; yet sometimes they have leap'd over this Rule, and only given the Word of Command to some of their Officers, and the Business was done : As in the Case of the *Marshal d' Ancre*, and the *Duke of Guize* ; the one falling by a Pistol Bullet, the other by the Stab of a Dagger ; and both in the King's own Palace, surrounded with their Servants and Friends. And there was no other way for the Crown of *France* to secure it self from the Attempts of these dangerous Men, who were grown to such a height, as to Monarch it almost as much as their Masters.

Mighty *Bassa*, the Charms of Sovereignty are very strong, creating Envy and Ambition in *Subjects*, and Jealousie in *Princes*. It is not safe for an *Eminent Grandee*, to appear too Popular. For he that is invested with a Diadem, can never brook a *Rival*, or one whom he has Reason to suspect for such.

Paris, 15<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THE *Spaniards* are all dissolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a young Prince and Heir of that declining *Monarchy*. 'Tis said, that the King his Father, appointed a solemn *Festival* throughout all his Dominions, commanding his Subjects to celebrate it with the most exalted Demonstrations of Joy: And on that Day, he himself wore the Ransom of *Kings* in his Apparel; the very *Diamonds* and *Pearls* in his Hat, being valu'd at three Millions of Gold, By which thou may'st guess at the rest.

He has also communicated this joyful News to all Christian Princes and States, his Friends and Allies. And indeed, he has some Reason to make a noise of this good Fortune, being an old Man, and in all Men's Opinion not likely to have any more Children.

His *Ambassadors* in *Foreign Countries*, endeavour to imitate their Prince in all manner of Magnificent Triumphs. And particularly from *Holland* we have the following Account: That on a certain Day of this Moon of *January*, *Don Stephano de Gamara*, the *Spanish Ambassador* at the *Hague*, caus'd *Te Deum* to be sung with Excellent *Voices* and *Musick*, whilst fifty Pieces of *Ordnance* plaid continually. At Night a hundred and fifty *Pitch-Barrels* were lighted on several Scaffolds in the Streets, and all the Windows in the *Hague* were illuminated with *Wax-Tapers*. And these Words were seen flaming in an Artificial *Fire Work* for two hours together;

*ParVe, at Magne PhILippe,*

*Prospere proCeDe, & regna.*

I need not explain this *Inscription* to thee who art vers'd in the *Roman Language*; and wilt find, that all

the Salt of these words lies in the Capital Letters pointing at the Year wherein this young Prince was born, *viz.* MDCLVII. except a little Pun upon his Name, which is *Philip Prosper*. On each Side appear'd the Arms of the *Spanish King*; and underneath, the *Golden Fleece*, so artificially contriv'd, that from it sprung Fountains of divers kinds of Wine, at which the Multitude drank liberally for some Hours: Whilst many new Coin'd Pieces of Gold and Silver, were scatter'd among them out of the *Ambassador's* Windows. They were stamp'd with an *Olive Tree*, having this *Motto* on one Side;

*Crescente hac, Pax aurea crescet,*

And on the other side a Hand with this Inscription in a Label,

*Dabit Populis Pacem.*

The *French* ridicule this latter *Motto*, and say, The King of *Spain* will e're long deserve the Title of *Peace-maker*: when he shall be forc'd to sue for it, not being in a Condition to carry on a War.

Illustrious Officer, I know thou art well versed in the *Roman* Histories, having been educated under *Achmet-Lala*, who was a Learned Man. And 'tis probable, thou art no Stranger to the more Modern Relations of *Europe*, and the diverse Characters of the People that inhabit it. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that *Rome* in all its Victorious Bravery, never saw firmer Soldiers in a Battel, than the *Spaniards* are at this Day; But the *French* have finer Wits, more Money, and better Fortune: And 'tis this makes 'em insult. Besides, Destiny over-rules all Things. Every Kingdom and Empire has its Climaxes, wherein it droops, declines, and at the Grand Critical Period falls to Ruin.

The *Greeks* had Money enough when the Great *Sultan Mahomet* besieged *Constantnople*: But they had

had not Wit to use it for their own Preservation ; and so that City, the last considerable Stake of the Empire, was lost to the *Ottomans*, who soon after became Masters of all the rest.

Thou hast Wealth in abundance, and Discretion to manage it : Slip no Opportunities, but remember the old *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *God has given whole Days to the Fortunate, but to the Unhappy he affords only some Hours.*

Paris, 17<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

## LETTER IV.

To Pesteli Haly, *his Brother*, Master of the Grand Signior's Customs at Constantinople.

I Remember my promise, though it be late. Thou know'st I have many Hindrances, and therefore wilt not tax me with feigning an Excuse. However, thy Letter came to me in a good Hour, to put me in Mind of these Things, and to enquire of our Mother's Health who still resides in this City.

I have said nothing of her, since my first Letter after her Arrival at *Paris*. And to tell thee the Truth, she has said little her self ; being ignorant of the *French Tongue*, and too old to learn it. Therefore her chief Conversation has been with *Eliachim* and me, above these three Years : For that Jew speaks indifferent good *Turkish* and *Arabick*.

If thou woud'st know how she has spent her Time. 'Tis divided between her Devotions and her Needle. She lives more Recluse than a Christian Nun : seldom or never stirring abroad, unless to take the



Air of the Fields, and then shut up in a Coach with her Maid. In a word her Manner of Living, is a fit Example for the *French Women*: For, in all Things she observes the Laws of her Education, and the Modest Customs of the *East*.

No Argument can persuade her to change her *Grecian* Garb, or dress her self after the Loose Mode of *Western* Females. Neither will she eat or drink any where, but in the House of *Eliachim*, for fear of infringing the Precepts of the *Alcoran*, and disobeying the Messenger of God: For she esteems the Diet of the *Jews* pure, and free from Pollution. In her Pious and Motherly Zeal, she rebukes me for eating and drinking with *Infidels*: And I've nothing to say in my Defence, but the Necessity I lie under of preventing Suspicion, that so I may serve the *Sultan* with greater Success, and that I have the *Mufti's Dispensation* for this and many more Irregularities. When she hears this, she lifts up her Eyes to Heaven, lays her Hand upon her Breast, and appears resign'd: Yet shakes her Head, and seems to pity my Case; not without some Reflections on the Corruption of the Times, the Impiety of the *Seraglio*, and want of Zeal for the *Holy Prophet*.

She has her Health to a Miracle: And excepting the first two *Moons* after she came to *Paris*, I never heard her complain of the least Indisposition. 'Tis possible, the Change of Air, with the Inconveniences of Travelling so far by Sea and Land, might incommode her at first. She was for a while troubled with *Rheums*, *Obstructions*, and a *Dysentery*: But she soon overcame these Distempers, and has ever since been perfectly well.

We often discourse together of thee, and thy Travels in the *East*. Sometimes I read part of thy *Journal* to her, which affords her infinite Delight. She congratulates her self, and thy Good Fortune, in escaping so many Perils and Deaths, as every where threaten

threaten a Stranger : And takes a particular Delight to hear thy Adventures with the *Indian Lady*, at the Court of *Raja Hulacu*. Thou may'st be assur'd, our Mother bears a singular Affection to thee : For we never meet, without wishing thee in our Company. She rejoices mightily, to hear of thy Prosperity and Advancement in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*, and his *Principal Ministers* ; wishing thee every day a new Step of Honour and Interest. Thou may'st also rest satisfy'd that *Mahmut* comes not short of the Affection he owes to such a Brother.

At other Times we talk of our Cousin *Isouf*, who is now in the frozen Regions of the North. His *Itinerary Memoirs*, are also very pleasant ; and we pass some Hours in reading and comparing 'em with the *Dispatches* which I frequently receive from *Me-hemet* an Exil'd Eunuch in *Egypt* : For *Isouf* is more large in his Description of that Country, and his Remarks on its *Antiquities*, than on any other Part of *Africa*. Yet he says enough of all that Southern Quarter.

As to what I promis'd to inform thee concerning the *Pyramids*, *Mummies*, and other Singularities of *Egypt* ; know, that our Kinsman *Isouf* is a great Critick, and gives the Lye to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other Writers of Greece and Rome. Neither will he consent in all things to our *Arabian Histories*.

He says, the *Pyramids* are neither so high, nor does their *Basis* take up so much Ground, as is reported by the *Ancients*. He laughs at those who affirm, They cast no Shadows at Noon, having experienc'd the contrary when the Sun was in *Capricorn*. And we may believe him in this, on good Ground : For it is Recorded of *Thales Milesias*, who liv'd above two thousand Years ago, that he took the Height of these *Pyramids* by their Shadows.

There are three of these *Admirable Structures* not

far from *Caire*, and about eighteen more in the *Deserts* of *Lybia*. It is generally suppos'd, That they were built for *Sepulchres* of the *Egyptian Kings*; some of them before the *Flood*, the rest after. There are not wanting *Historians*, who assert the greatest of the *Pyramids* to be the *Tomb* of *Seth*, the Son of *Adam*.

*Isouf* was within this *Mighty Fabrick*, and attests, that after he and his Company had descended and ascended through certain *Galleries*, they came at last to a *Square Chamber*, wall'd about with pure *Thebaick Marble*; in the middle of which was a Chest of the same *Stone*, which when struck with the *Foot*, sounded like a *Musical Instrument*. It is believ'd that in this Chest was laid the *Body* of the King who built that *Pyramid*.

The Ancient *Egyptians* were of Opinion, That even after that which we call *Death*, or the Separation of the *Soul* and *Body*, there were certain Arts to retain 'em together; If not in so strict and intimate an Union as before, yet in a very familiar Correspondence for many Ages. So that the *Soul* should always take delight to hover about the *Body*, and to exercise its *Faculties* in the Place where that was reposed.

For this Reason, in the first Place, they took out the *Bowels*, and whatsoever was most liable to *Corruption*: And having wash'd the empty *Belly* with *Wine of Palms*, mix'd with *Aromatick Powders*, they stuff'd it with *Myrrh*, *Cassia*, and many costly *Confections*; and then sewed it up. After this, they purify'd the whole *Body* with *Nitre*; And having drawn out the *Brains* by the *Nostrils* with a *Hook*, they fill'd up the *Skull* with melted *Gums*. And last of all, they swathed up the whole *Body* in *Silk*, smearing it over with rich Mixtures of *Bitumen*, *Spices* and *Gums*, and so delivered it to the Kindred to be laid up in the *Sepulchre*.

These were the Preparations they made to Court  
the

the Presence of the Soul, by rendering the Body for ever sweet and incorruptible. And, that the Majesty of *Royal Ghosts* might never be interrupted or violated by the Neighbourhood of *Vulgar Spirits*, or the Ruder Approach of Mortals; *Kings* built these *Magnificent Piles*, as the *Palaces* of their *last Repose*. 'Tis therefore they were Erected in Desert and Unfrequented Places, and in such a Form as was esteemed the most durable, and secure from the Injuries of *Time*, the Assaults of the *Elements*, and from the common Fate of all humane Enterprises. Each Stone of a prodigious bulk, and rivetted to the next with a Bar of Iron: Which with the strength and invincible Fastness of the Cement, renders it a Thing impossible for any one of these *Pyramids* to be demolished, tho' all Mankind were set to work for many successive Generations.

*Al Mamun* the *Caliph* of *Babylon*, attempted to do it, but in vain. For after he had set his Men to work, and been at vast Expences, they made but one small Breach, so inconsiderable, that being made sensible it would exhaust his *Treasures* to remove but the hundredth Part of the *Pyramid*, he desisted, full of Wonder at the Wisdom of the *Founders*.

If it be true, that the Soul may by such Allurements as these, be prevail'd on to remain with the *Body* in its *Sepulchre*, and that a Man's future Happiness consists in this, I should my self admire and imitate those *Egyptian Sages*, I would in my Life-time build me a small *Mausoleum*, according to my Ability, and order in my *last Will* and *Testament*, that my *Body* be embalmed and condit for a perpetual Duration. But if none of these Arts can alter the Decrees of Destiny, or force an *immortal Spirit* from Ranging where it pleases; I must conclude with *Pliny*, That this Celebrated Wisdom of the *Egyptians*, was no other than Glorious Folly, and all



the Magnificence of their *Kings* in building such costly *Sepulchres*, but *Royal Waste*.

They themselves in thus cautiously providing to secure the Soul's Abode with the Body after *Death*, tacitely own'd, That by the Course of Nature it would immediately pass into some other. Nay, the *Transmigration of Souls*, was an Establish'd *Doctrine* in *Egypt*. How then could they be so blind as to imagin a dead *Carcase*, however perfumed and fenced against *Corruption*, was more inviting than an *Embrio* formed to live? or that it was more Eligible for the Soul to be imprisoned in a *Dark Dungeon* (for no better are the Insides of the *Pyramids*) than to enjoy the Light of the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, and the various *Sweets* of the *Elements*? Brother, in my Opinion, 'twere better to be a Bird, a Worm, a Fly, or any living Thing, than to be thus immur'd for many Ages, and have no other Companion, but an old salted *Mummie*.

*Isouf* has made some Remarks on the River *Nile*, to which he says *Egypt* owes not only its Corn and Fruits, but also the very Soil which brings 'em forth. For every Year, at the Time of the Inundation, that River brings along with it from *Æthiopia*, or some other *Regions* through which it passes, Abundance of Slime and Mud, with which it covers all the Land of *Egypt*, leaving it behind at the decrease of the Waters; so that the Soil of *Egypt* is borrowed from other *Countries*. And if this be true, for ought we know, the Place of its Situation may be borrowed from the *Sea*, according to the Opinion of some ancient *Philosophers*.

*Herodotus*, *Pliny* and others, were of this Persuasion, grounding their Conjectures on the nearer Approaches of the *Continent* to the *Island Pharos*, from the Time of *Homer* who exactly calculated its Distance. And they concluded, that the immense Quantities of Slime which the *Nile* transports from the

the Mountainous *Regions* of *Africa*, might in the space of two *Miriads* of Years, have filled up all that part of the Sea which is now *firm Land*, and call'd *Egypt*.

If this be true, it seems to be very strange, That the *Egyptians* should boast of greater *Antiquity* than any other Nation in the World, tho' their Country it self be the youngest of all the Regions on *Earth*, an Abortive *Spot* of Ground, hatched by a River in the depths of the *Sea*, and ever since cherish'd by that River as by a Parent or Nurse, which ceases not to convey to it yearly a convenient Proportion of Aliment, whereby the Country it self grows in Bulk, and the Inhabitants are maintain'd. O admirable Providence of Nature, who can penetrate into thy *Mysterious Conduct*! O *Egypt* abounding in *Prodigies* and *Wonders*! Where the Land and Water, with the other Elements, conspire to render thee all over *Miraculous*.

Dear *Pesteli*, I am transported when I think of that *Region*, and could relate a thousand more Passages, both out of *Isouf's Memoirs*, and from the Mouths of others, who have travelled thither to observe so many *Miracles*. But I believe, thy *Patience* will be sufficiently tir'd with the length of this Letter. Besides, my Mother is just come to visit me, and desires me to recommend her unfeigned Affections to thee.

Be assured also, that *Mahmut* loves thee with the Integrity of a Man, and the Tenderness of a Brother: And he serves thee in all Things without repining.

Paris 17<sup>th</sup> of the 1st Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

## LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Venetians* are very angry for the Loss of *Tenedos*; and not without Reason; For that *Island* is a delicate Spot of Ground, abounding in rich Wines, and other Products of Nature. Besides, it commands the Avenue of the *Shining City*, the *Refuge of Mortals*.

They variously relate the Manner of its being taken from 'em, by the *Arms* which no *Earthly Power* is able to resist. Endeavouring in all their Rumors, to disguise the truth as much as they can, and misrepresent the Bravery of the *Ottomans*; that so the Actions of their own *Generals*, may make the Greater Figure.

These *Nazarens* have a bad Cause, and therefore are Compelled to make Use of Shifts and Equivocations to support it. They are quite degenerated from the Integrity of the *Primitive Followers* of *Jesus*. In a Word, they make good the Character of the Ancient *Candiot*s; Of whom a certain *Poet* says, *They are thorow pac'd Lyars, Ravenous Beasts, and Gluttonous Drones*.

It is believ'd in these *Parts*, that when the *Venetians* quitted the *Island*, they departed not without Revenge, setting Fire to a Mine, and blowing up several Hundreds of *Mahometans*, into the Air.

However, they have for ever Proscribed and Excommunicated *Girolamo Loredan* and *Giovanni Contarini*, in whose Custody the Chief Fortresses of the *Island* were; accusing them of Cowardise and Treachery: Offering also Two Thousand *Cequins* to any that seizes on 'em within the Dominions of *Venice*, and Three thousand to him that kills 'em in another *Country*.

I know, 'tis in the Power of the All Commanding *Port* to protect these *Exiles*, if they are within the *Territories* of our *Sovereign*; much more, if they  
shelter

shelter themselves in that *Sanctuary* of the *Distressed*. But thou and the other *Supreme Ministers*, are best able to judge whether these *Infidels* merit so great a *Favour*.

Perhaps, their Case may be like that of *Nadast* *Governour* of *Buda*, when *Solyman* the *Magnificent* besieged that City. For *Nadast* was a Man of *Invincible* Courage and *Fidelity*, but was betrayed by the *Soldiers*, who bound him in *Chains*, and deliver'd up the City and *Castle* to the *Victorious Sultan*. That brave *Hero* understanding their *Treachery*, and the *Resolution* of *Nadast*, set him at *Liberty*, and presented him with *Noble Gifts*; but commanded the *perfidious Garrison* to be cut in *Pieces*: A due *Reward* of their *Treason*. For, tho' *Princes* often make *Use* of *Traitors* to serve their own *Designs*; yet, when the *Work* is done, they commonly pursue the *Hated Instruments*, with the *Effects* of a *Just Contempt* and *Indignation*.

*Plutarch* the *Greek Historian*, abounds with *Instances* of this Nature; so does *Herodian*, and other *Roman Authors*. But, no example of *Punishment* in this Kind, seems so *Proportionate*, *Regular* and *Ingenious*, as that which *Brenus* *King* of the *Gauls*, caused to be inflicted on a *Virgin* of *Ephesus*; who, when he besieged that City, promised to deliver it into his *Hands*, on *Condition* that his *Soldiers* would bestow on her, all their *Ornaments* of *Gold*, which they had *Plundered* in the *Wars* of *Asia*, and wore about them as *Trophies*: For, when she had performed her *Contract*, the *Wile General* to do his *Part*, caused this *Virgin* to sit down on the *Ground*; and then every *Soldier* in his *Army* casting his *Plate* into her *Lap*, she was oppressed with the *Insupportable Weight*, and buried alive in a *Heap* of *Gold*.

I do not mention this, as if the like were due to the *Venetian Captains*. I refer the *Judgment* of such Things to my *Superiors*, *Ministers* of the *Blessed Sanctuary* of *Mankind*. 'Tis



'Tis possible the *Vizir* of the *Bench* thought me dead or turned *Renegado*, because they have not received any News from me these five *Moons*. But I tell thee, neither Men nor Devils can corrupt the Faith of *Mahmut*. But by the God of my *Vows*, there is not a more trusty Man in the *Universe*.

All the Reason of my Silence, was the Height of the Waters, which seemed to threaten the Earth with a *Second Deluge*. *Germany* was a *Sea*, and *Flanders* a *Lake*, for above three *Moons* together; so that 'twas impossible for the *Post* to travel. There were seen also strange Spectres of Fire in the *Air*; And the People of *Brabant*, were alarmed with uncouth Noises in the *Elements*.

Perhaps, illustrious *Kaimacham*, these are the last Preparations, to the *Grand Cholick* of Nature; when *Wind*, *Water* and *Fire*, shall strive to turn this *World* into its old *Chaos*.

Paris, 3<sup>d</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

## LETTER VI.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Constantinople.

**M**ORE Melancholy still? Wilt thou have no compassion on thy Exil'd *Uncle*, but harangue him to Death with thy *Religious Jargon*? Believe me, thy Letters of this Kind are as Irksom to me, as the continual Din and Babling of *Boys* is to a poor weary *Pedagogue*. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt: 'Tis a Comfort in my Banishment, to hear from those of my *Blood*. But let me beg of thee, to alter both thy *Theme* and *Stile*. Leave *Spiritual* things to the *Mollahs* and *Imaums*; And let thy Thoughts be taken up in  
Thing

Things belonging to thy *Trade*. In that be as Inquisitive as thou canst. Bend thy Mind wholly, to make new Discoveries and Improvements in that ; and it will turn to thy Advantage. At thy hours of leisure I counsel thee to read *Histories*, and sometimes go into Company: There is much to be gain'd by Conversing with Men of Sense. Such will serve as *Mirrors*, wherein thou maist behold *Humanity* in its *Proper Figure*, and the *Deformity* of that *Vizard*, with which *Error* and *Superstition* disguise our *Nature*. They will correct thy Mistakes, without putting thee to a Blush. Wit and Reason shall flow from their Tongues, as soft Harmonies breath from the *Pipes* of an *Organ*, which cheer the Spirits, and serene the Heart that was clouded with Sadness.

The *Imperial City* is full of such, both Natives and Strangers Cull them out from the mix'd Multitude, and make 'em thy Companions, without regarding the difference of *Religion*, whether they be *Mussulmans*, *Franks*, *Armenians*, *Jews*, or others. Above all Things, shun the Society of *Bigots* ; and number not thy self among those who are Opinionated, because they profess the *True Faith* : For, what signifies that, if their Lives be Vicious ? I tell thee, they are worse than the *Infidels*. Give no heed to *Fortune-Tellers*, and such as pretend to *Astrology*. For whilst they boast of knowing other Mens Fates, they are Ignorant of their own. And if there be any Truth in that *Science*, one may say, their Ignorance in it affronts the *Stars*, and often provokes 'em to hasten their own Ruin. Assure thy self, they only amuse the World with Portentous Stories, to get Fame and Money.

Associate thy self with none but Prudent and Moderate Men, whose *Morals* are not leaven'd with a too Furious Zeal ; who look not Superciliously and with Disdain on a *Frank* as he walks along the Streets, much less offer him an Indignity, when he goes

goes about his honest Business, under the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. It becomes none but *Janizaries* and *Ruffians*, to be guilty of these Incivilities to *Strangers*. The *Law of Nations*, and the particular Commands of our *Holy Prophet*, oblige us to treat such with all Humanity and Tendernefs. Besides, 'tis Reflecting on the *Justice* and *Hospitality* of the *Magnificent Port*, which is the *Refuge* and *Sanctuary* of all the *Earth*, that a *Stranger* cannot walk the Streets in Peace. Despise no Man on the Score of his *Religion*; for there are no *Factions* in *Paradise*: But consider, that whilst Thousands of *Mussulmans* shall go to *Hell* for their wicked *Lives*, so an Equal Number of those we call *Infidels*, may be receiv'd into the *Mansions* of the *Blessed* for their *Virtues*.

Thou seemest to be much concern'd for thy *Soul*: Thy *Letter* abounds with *overmuch* care in this point. In being too solicitous, it is Evident thy *Faith* is small. Every Line is tinctured with Sad Expressions about the Perils, Snares, Ambushes, Hooks, Gins, and I know not what other Devices the *Devil* has to ruin thy *Poor Soul*, (as thou call'st it.) *Cousin*, dost thou know what the *Soul* is, about which thou keep'st such a Pudder; If thou dost, 'tis more than I do, and yet I have been searching and prying into it above these Thirty Years; I mean, from the time that I first began to *think* and *consider* of *Things*; but am as far to seek as ever I was. Neither cou'd all the *Wise Men* of *Old*, the *Philosophers* and *Sages*, for ought I perceive, agree in their Verdict about this *Mysterious* thing which we call the *Soul*.

One will have it to be, *Only the Finest Part of Matter in the Body*; Another says, 'Tis the *Air* which the *Lungs* suck in, and diffuse through all our *Members*. A Third sort affirm it to be, *A mixture of Air and Fire*; A Fourth, *Of Earth and Water*; A Fifth call it, *A Complection made up of the Four Elements*, a Kind of *Quintessence*, and I know not what. The *Egyptians* call'd

call'd it, *A certain Moving Number*; And the Chaldeans, *A Power without Form it self, yet Imbibing all Forms*. Aristotle call'd it, *The Perfection of a Natural Body*. All these agreed, That it vvas Corporeal, and as it were Extracted from Matter. The best Definition among them is not vvorth an *Aspre*.

But there vvere Men of Sublime Speculations, vvho affirm'd the Soul to be, *A Divine Substance, Independent of the Body*. Of this Opinion vvere Zoroaster, *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Orpheus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plutarch*, *Porphyry*, and *Plato*. This last defin'd the Soul to be a *Self Moving Essence, endu'd with Understanding*. But vvhen they have said all, I prefer the Modesty of *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and others vvho acknowvledged they vvere altogether Ignorant vvhat the Soul is.

There was no less Disagreement among the Philosophers, about the *Seat of the Soul*. *Hypocrates* and *Hierophilus* plac'd it in the *Ventricles of the Brain*. *Democritus* assign'd it the *Whole Body*. *Strabo* was of Opinion, it resides between the *Brows*; *Epicurus* in the *Breast*. The *Stojcks* lodg'd it in the *Heart*; and *Empedocles* in the *Blood*. Which last seems to be the most Current Opinion of the *East* to this Day: In Regard both *Moses* the *Law-giver* of the *Jews*, and *Mahomet* our *Holy Prophet*, asserted the same, and for that Reason forbid *Flesh* to be eaten with the *Blood*.

But be it what it will, either Corporeal or Incorporeal, a Substance or an Accident, whether it dwell in the *Head* or in the *Feet*, *Within* or *Without* the *Body*, there is no Certainty of these Things, neither can we be assured, what will become of it after *Death*. Therefore 'tis in vain to disquiet thy self in Search of a *Mystery* that is hid from *Mortals*. And equally foolish it will be, to frighten thy self with an Imagination of *Hooks*, *Gins*, and such like *Chimera's*, which thou supposest the *Devil* is busie with to entrap thy Soul. 'Tis a wonder thou art  
not



not afraid to sleep, lest he should catch thee Napping, and steal thy Soul from thee. I wou'd fain know, what Sort of Tools he must use, to take hold of a *Substance* more thin and Imperceptible than a *Shadow*, or how he will be able to Seize and run away with a *Being* Active and free as *Thought*?

*Cousin*, serve God after the Manner of thy *Forefathers*: love thy Friends, pardon thy Enemies, be Just to all Men, and do no Injury to any *Beast*. If thou observest this Rule, thou may'st defy the *Devil*, for thy Soul is in Safe Custody. God is nearer to thee, than thou art to thy self. He is in the Center of *Every Thing*, and is *Himself the Center of All Things*. In a word, *He is All in All*.

Paris, 3<sup>th</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

## LETTER VII.

To Alis, Bassa.

NOW the *Scenes* are changed in *Europe*, Enemies are become Friends, and those who professed a Mutual Friendship, are at open Defiance. Constancy is a Vice in the *Politicks*, and a Dextrous Way of shifting from one Engagement to another; for Interest, is esteemed the only *State-Virtue*.

I have already intimated to the *Divan*, the War which broke out last Year between the *Suedes* and *Danes*. The latter begun it by Solemn Proclamation, sending a *Herald at Arms* to the *Suedish Court*, and dispatching *Embassadors* to all his *Allies* in *Christendom*, to give them an Account of his Proceedings. Now I shall entertain thee with a short *Idea* of this War,

War, By which thou wilt comprehend, That the *Danes* are either much degenerated from the Valour of their *Ancestors*, who formerly made the most terrible Figure of all the *Nations* in the North : Or else, they are less obliged to *Fortune*, who has not favoured them with so many Successes and Triumphs of late, but rather exposed 'em to the Insults of their Enemies, and the Contempt of all Men:

When the King of *Denmark* first proclaimed this War, he had a fair Advantage of the *Suedes*, who at that time were sorely intangled between the *Poles*, *Germans*, and *Moscovites*, and had more need of helps than Hindrances. Yet King *Gustavus* turning Part of his Forces into *Holstein*, *Schonenland* and *Jutland*, he took one Part after another, till he had over-run those *Provinces* in the space of six *Moons* ; And reduced the *Danes* to a Necessity of Composition, and that on such dishonourable Terms, as renders them the Scorn of their Neighbouring *Nations*.

On the 13th of the 3d *Moan*, the Two *Kings* had an Interview near *Copenhagen*, the Capital City of *Denmark* : For, so far had the Fortune of the *Suedish* Arms carried their Victories. They eat and Drank together several Times, and Conversed privately some Hours. At last, a Firm Peace was Concluded between them, and they concerted the Measure of a Perfect Friendship.

But, before this, the *Dane* had been forced to yield up *Schoneland*, with *Elfsimberg*, which commands Half the *Baltick Sea*. He Surrendred also the *Provinces* of *Blakin* and *Halland*, with a very strong Castle ; the *Island* of *Burtholme*, Ten Ships of War ; and obliged himself to pay a Million of *Dollars*; and to maintain Four Thousand Horse and Foot in the King of *Suedeland*'s Service, and give Free Quarter to all the *Suedish* Forces till the 5th  
Moon.

*Moon.* These are such dishonourable *Articles* that the King of *Denmark* has quite lost himself in the esteem of all his *Allies*. They call him a poor spirited Prince, not worthy of Support or Assistance.

In a word, *Serene Bassa*, it is like to fare with him, as with other unfortunate Men, who when they are once falling, every Body will help to throw them down. Therefore conserve thy Honour, as the only Bulwark of thy Interest and Life.

Paris, 3<sup>d</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

## LETTER VIII.

To the Musti.

**B**Y the Faith of a True Believer, I swear the *Christians* are Enemies to themselves, if they do not embrace the Project of a certain *Jesuite*. They are no Friends to their *Messias*, if they reject so Regular an *Idea*, so Reformed a Model of the *Nazarene Empire*, as this *Sage* has lately proposed to the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*.

He lays his Foundation very deep, and draws his *Examples* from the *Practice* of *Peter*, the Prince of the first twelve *Christian Caliphs*, whom the *Franks* call the Apostles of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*. For, according to their *Traditions*, the *Messias* before he ascended to *Heaven*, left an exact *Pattern* of the *Empire* he designed to establish on Earth. He divided this *Empire* into twelve distinct *Provinces*, according to the Number of his *Apostles* or *Vicars*, assigning to each that Quarter of the World where he was to preside, as *Moses* had formerly cantonized the *Holy Region* of *Palestine* among the *Twelve Tribes*, that descended from *Jacob*.

But

But the happy Son of *Mary*, being a far greater Prophet than *Moses*, or any that had gon before him; they say, he would not be content with diminutive *Territories* or *Dominions* disproportionate to his ineffable Descent and Original. Therefore he resolved on the Conquest of the whole Earth; commanding his *Viceregents* to disperse themselves thro' all Nations, according to a certain Method, and proclaim his Laws to every Creature on the *Globe*.

Venerable President of the Faithful, I relate these things, as I receive them from the Mouths and Pens of Learned *Christians*, who may be presumed to know their own History. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of Armies immediately raised; of Camps, Battels and Sieges; of Devastations by Fire and Sword; Storming of Cities, and Famishing of the more impregnable Fortresses: In a word, I believe thou lookest for a Relation of Campaignes and Victories, more Glorious than the Atchievements of the *Roman Cæsars*, more fortunate than the Successes of *Alexander the Great*: but, I tell thee, all the Registers and Archives of the Primitive Christians, cannot furnish us with any Memoirs of this Nature.

Their Gospel mentions no Warlike Undertakings, nor so much as the drawing of the Sword by the Son of *Mary*, or any of his Followers, unless in a private Rencounter, when *Peter* the Lieutenant of the *Messias*, enflamed with a Passion to see his Master betrayed by *Judas*, his *Kahyah*, or *Testerdar*, and rudely assaulted by *Malchus*, a Slave of the Jewish *Mufti*, the Valiant Apostle drew his Cymetar, and cut off the Fellow's Ear.

Believe me, O Mysterious Doctor of the *Mussulmans*, I have perus'd the four Histories of the Life of Jesus, written by those who were Eye-witnesses of his Actions; and I find indeed, that he once said to them of his Retinue, *I come not to send Peace*



*on Earth but a Sword.* Yet, by the Sequel it is evident, That when he examin'd what Weapons his Followers had, and they told him, *but two Swords* ; he seem'd to be well satisfied, saying, *It is enough* ; Though a Moment before, he bid him among 'em that had no *Sword*, sell his *Robe* and buy one.

And I have seen a *Dispatch* sent by *Paul* one of the *Primitive Christian Caliphs*, to the *Nazarenes* at *Ephesus* ; wherein he counsels them to put on compleat Armour, as *Helmet*, *Breast plate*, *Shield*, *Buskins*, *Sword*, and the rest.

Besides these Passages, or such like, there is no *Military Discourse* throughout the Book of the *Gospel* ; much less any Relation of Battels, Sieges, or any martial Exploits. And the *Christian Mallaks* or *Doctors*, interpret that Letter of *Paul's* in a *Mythical Sense*.

Wilt thou know then, how the *Messias* and his *Apostles* subdu'd the World ; I tell thee, it was by Exemplary Virtue and good Works , by Miracles and evident Demonstrations of a *Supernatural Power* assisting them. For, they spake all *Languages*, yet were most of them *illiterate* Persons ; They cur'd the Deaf, the Blind, the Lame and the Paralytick, without the Methods of *Surgery* or *Physick*. They cast out *Devils* ; rais'd the Dead. And finally, perform'd such and so many stupendous *Actions*, that the *World* became captivated to their *Doctrines* and *Laws*, and willingly submitted to a Yoke, which seem'd to come from Heaven. With Divine Eloquence, and the Dint of irresistible Reason, *Peter* the Prince of the *Christian Caliphs*, subdu'd the Minds of his astonish'd Auditory, one day in *Jerusalem* ; so that before the Sun went down, he gain'd five Thousand *Profelytes*. The Fame of these Things was soon spread through the Adjacent Countries, and divers remote *Provinces* ; and the Number of the *Converts* was proportionably encreased. In a word,

all

all that embraced the Faith of *Jesus*, surrendered both themselves and their Estates to be entirely dispos'd of, at the Pleasure of the *Apostles*. So great and unreserv'd an Attach had they for the *Vicars* of their God.

Now the forenamed *Jesuite* considering these Things, and comparing the State of those *Devout Times*, with the Libertinism, Divisions, Wars and general Contempt of the *Priesthood* among the *Christians* of succeeding Times, and especially in this present Age; attributes the Source of all these Evils to the ill Conduct of the *Apostles* themselves, and their Successors in the *Primitive Times*, who did not sufficiently improve the Advantages they were possess'd of, when the *Pious Multitude* wou'd willingly have made them Lords of *All Things*. For, says he, by the same Methods and Reasons might they have claimed the *Dominion* o'er the Estates of Kings and Emperors themselves, as o'er the Goods and Lands of the meanest *Profelyte*: Since they were all equally Sons of the *Church*, and Subjects to the *Discipline* and *Laws* of *Jesus*.

This *Ecclesiastick Politician* therefore mightily blames *Pope Sylvester*, who sat in the *Chair of Peter*, when *Constantine the Great* became a *Christian*, being the first of the *Roman Emperors* who embraced that Faith. He accuses him, I say, of Weakness and a Mean Spirit, for accepting of that *Donation*, which to day is called the *Patrimony* of the *Church*, and comprehends all the *Temporal Estate* the *Roman Pontiffs* can boast of. Whereas, he ought to have claimed an entire Resignation of the whole *Roman Empire* into his Hands, as *Supreme Vicar* of God on *Earth*. This would have been a *Pattern*, says he, to all the Kings and Princes of the Earth, who thought fit to turn *Christians*. And so the *Dominions* of the *World*, had all fallen to the share of the *Priests*.

M

Neither

Neither could it appear difficult, in his Opinion, to have reduced the *Greatest Monarchs*, to such a Forgetfulness and Contempt of their *Royal Birth*, and all the Potent Charms of a *Crown*: Since the same *Rhetorick* which persuaded 'em to be Followers of the *Messias*, would have also convinced 'em of the Vanity of all Earthly Enjoyments; and of the Obligation they had to be mortified, and to pursue their Claims to *Diadems* of a more exalted Degree, the ineffable *Regalia* of *Paradise*.

But since Things are thus in their present State and the Christian Princes retain their *Sovereignty*, without any other Dependance on the *Pope*, saving in Matters purely *Religious*; this *Jesuite* proposes, That the *Roman Pontiffs* would either first Reform their own *Lives* and *Court*, to the height of that *Primitive* and *Apostolical Purity*, which shined so eminently in the earliest *Governors* of the Church; and by that means persuade all the *Monarchs* in *Christendom* to become their *Subjects*: Or else compel them by force to take the *Order of Priesthood*, and so turn their *Crowns* into *Mitres*, their *Kingdoms* into *Ecclesiastick Commonwealths*, where all the *Publick Offices* of State, *Seats of Judicature*; and in fine, the whole *System* of the Civil and Politick Administration should be managed by the *Priests*, in a Subordinate Dependance one of another, according as their several Characters required. By which means all *Christendom* would be soon united into one *Ecclesiastick Empire*, whereof the *Pope* should be the *Supream Head*, in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*.

What I have related is not only this Man's private Project, but the Universal Aim of his *Whole Order*. And thousands of other *Priests* and *Dervises* are Caballing, in all the Courts and Countries of *Europe*, to bring it to pass.

Venerable

*Venerable Esad*, if God should suffer their Contrivance to take Effect; it is to be feared, our Wars with the Christians would be as Expensive and Troublesome, if not more Fatal to the *Mussulman* Interest, than when these Infidels, formerly, laying aside their private Feuds, banded together to Conquer the *Holy Land*.

Paris, 25<sup>th</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

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## LETTER IX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of  
the College of Sciences at Fez.

I Received the *Patquet* of Venerable Import, containing Sacred Counsels and acceptable Intelligence; replenished with Noble Memoirs, and Illustrious Remarks, Sage Precepts, and Refined Improvements in *Philosophy* and the *Mysterious Sciences of Nature*.

With abundance of Affection and Joy I read the Character of *Musu Abu'l Tahyan*, and the *Encomium* of his Wisdom and Virtues. May a *Constellation* of such *Lights* always adorn that Renowned College, and from thence disperse their Learned Influence and Rays, not only through *Africa*, but over all the Earth: That Fez may be numbred among the Cities whose Fame is sweet; That it may be ranked with *Jerusalem* the Holy, *Masre* the Ancient, *Medina Talnabi* the Chast, and the *Salutiferous Babylon*, acquiring a peculiar Title of Honour, an *Attribute* worthy of Respect, when Men shall every where call it, Fez, the Mother of Sciences.



My Soul has been very inquisitive and restless for many Years, and I think this is owing to my *Cap-tivity* in *Palermo*. For, before that, whilst I lived at Ease in the *Seraglio*, basking under the Warmer Influence of Royal Majesty, the sacred Presence of the *Grand Signior*, who like the Sun gives Motion, Heat, and Life to all things; I ne're regarded *Books*, or once applied my Mind to study any thing, but how to acquit my self in my *Station*, and strengthen my Interest at the Court: Esteeming all other *Learning* as *Barbarous*, which conduced not to this End.

Foreign *Histories* and *Languages*, were equally Contemprible to me: I thought it beneath a *Mus-sulman Courtier*, to give his Tongue and Mind the Fatigue of any other *Dialect*, save the *Persian*, *Arabick*, and *Turkish*: Or to load his Memory with the *Records* of other *Nations*, designed to be the Slaves of *True Believers*.

As to the *Speculative Sciences*, I was naturally desirous enough of *Knowledge*. But I either had not Leisure, or wanted *Books* and other Advantages of *Study*. So that all the *Knowledge* I could then boast of, consist'd only in some loose *Notions* of *Logick* and *Metaphysicks*, which I had got by reading an old *Arabick Manuscript*. And I thought my self *Historian* enough, after I had perus'd the *Annals* of the *Ottoman Empire*, and now and then cast an Eye on the *Turkish Translation* of *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*.

'Tis true indeed, by conversing frequently with the *Greeks*, I soon learned their *Vulgar Dialect*: But this is far from the *Polite Language* of the *Ancient Grecians*: And a *Page* of the *Treasury*, taught me the Rudiments of *Sclavonian*; which afterwards I learn'd more perfectly, hoping it would be of some Service to me one Time or other.

All these were very superficial Accomplishments; yet

yet I thought my self Happy enough, without searaching any farther. The Pleasures and Gayeties of a Countly Life, took from me the Edge and Gust, with which I have since pursued more Solid *Studies*, and looked into the Wisdom of the *Ancients*.

But when once *Misfortune* had changed the *Scene* of my *Life*, and instead of the Honorable *Post* I had in the *Grand Signior's* Service, *Fate* had render'd me a Miserable abject *Slave* in *Sicily*; I began to grow very Thoughtful and Pensive. The Continual Drudgery and Labour I underwent, soon mortified my former Passions, and weaned me from all Hopes of Worldly Honour. And the Cruel Stripes I daily receiv'd from that *Barbarous Infidel*, my *Master*, so broke my Spirits, that *Servitude* became Familiar to me; and despairing to be Happy in this World, I was only Ambitious to be Wise.

I grew very Contemplative: And having acquainted my self with an honest *Carpenter* in the *Town* where we lived, who had a great many *Books* in's Custody, he lent me several Choice *Treatises*; and I borrowed all the Hours I could from Sleep, to peruse them with Attention and Profit. That *Carpenter* pity'd my Condition, and did me many good Offices of Friendship, without other Hopes of Reward, save what he expected from *God*. By his Means, I contracted a Familiarity with Two or Three *Learned Men*, who spared no Pains to Instruct me in the *Roman* and *Ancient Greek Languages*, as also in the *Principles of Philosophy*. My *Master* often beat me for this, attributing the Neglect of his Business, to my *Bookishness* (as he call'd it) and keeping the *Priests* Company. But all his Severity could not abate my *Ardent Thirst* after Knowledge. I still continued Studying at certain Seasons, till the Happy Hour of my *Redemption*; and then I frequented the *Academies*. Ever since which Time, I have neglected no opportunities of improving my

*Reason*; Yet find my self at this Day much in the Dark. There appears no Certainty, in any *Science* but the *Mathematicks*. All the Rest are intangled with a thousand Controversies and Riddles. Which has made me turn *Sceptick* in most Things. Only I retain an Inviolable *Faith* for the *Alcoran*, and the *Book of Prophetick Doctrines and Traditions*. Next to these, I pay a Profound Respe& to the *Writings* of *Porphry* the *Philosopher*, who seems to approach nearest to *Reason* of all the *Ancient Sages*. His true Name was the same as thine [*Melesb*] which thou knowest in the *Syriack* signifies [*King*.] Whence his Tutor *Longinus*, taking Occasion from the Usual Colour of *Royal Robes*, called him *Porphyrus*, which in the *Greek* signifies, *One clad in Purple*. He was born at *Tyre*, the *Metropolis* of the *Ancient Phœnicians*. He *Pedigree* was *Noble*, and his *Education* *Generous*. *Nature* also had formed him for a *Sage*, and *Fortune* favour'd him with *Advantages* enough. For, besides his *First Tutor*, whom I have already mentioned (who was the *Greatest Grammarian and Orator* of his Time;) *Porphry* went to *Rome*, where he gained the *Friendship* of *Plotinus*: And that *Philosopher* accomplished him in the *Perfection* of all *Science*. So that he had *Power* over the *Dæmons*, and expelled the *Genius Atan*, which infested certain *Baths* in *Rome*. In a Word, his *Doctrines* appeared *Divine*, and his *Actions* more than *Humane*. Yet he himself before his *Death*, published a *Reverse* of his *Former Writings*: Which is a sufficient *Argument*, That there is no *Stability* in the *Thoughts* of *Mortals*.

Therefore, since the *Wise*st of *Men* contradict themselves and turn *Scepticks*, tell me, O *Oracle* of the *Age*, Why may not I?

Paris, 13<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

## LETTER X.

To Murat Bassa.

There has been something lately transacted between the *French* and the *English*, which seems a *Mystery*. No body here understands the Meaning of it, but the very *Privado's* of the *Cabinet*: Yet every one guesses, 'tis a Fetch of *Mazarini's* Wit. That *Minister* has more *Meanders* in his Brains, than an Old *Turkish* Gamester at *Chefs*; who foresees no less than *Nine* Unavoidable Consequences, before he makes *One* bold Motion: And, to be sure, the last shall be to his own Advantage. In a Word, *Dunkirk* the strongest and most Important *Sea-Town* of all the *West*, is surrender'd by the *Spaniards* to the *French*; and by these, as an Earnest of Friendship is put into the Hands of the *English*.

The little *Politicians* of the *City*, are amaz'd at it; and the Greatest *Machiavil's* of the *Court*, either cannot, or will not inform 'em of the True Secret.

You shall see Two or Three Grave *Citizens* brooding Thoughts together over a *Box* of *Polvita*, and sneezing out their Sentiments, without Reserve. Yet after all their Wise Consult, they part as great Fools as they met, and only satisfy themselves, with Nodding Wisdom to each other, at the last *Conge*; wherein is comprehended, the whole *System* of the *Politicks*.

It was generally thought to be some Extraordinary Overture this *Court* would make to the *English*, when a little before the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, the *Duke of Crequi*, *First Gentleman* of the *Bed-Chamber*, and *Monsieur Mancini*, the *Cardinal's* Nephew, were sent with a Splendid *Retinue* of *French Nobles* to



*England.* Every Body guess'd some Surprizing Action would follow ; and that It must needs be a *Mystery* of Grand Importance, which could not be trusted to Persons of less Note than the Two Chief *Favourites* of the *Cardinal Minister*. And now 'tis come out, they know not what to make on't. Neither can I possibly learn as yet, the true Reason of putting the *English* in possession of such a *Town* as this, which commands all the *Northern Seas*, and has cost so much Sweat and Blood to take from the *Spaniards* I have set *Osmin* the Dwarf to Work, and laid Traps to get the Secret from several other *Courtiers*. But I might as well have attempted to find out the *Body of Moses*, which caused a Quarrel between *Mithael* and the *Devil*. Time perhaps will discover the Secret. And I dare at present conclude that the *English* are the only *Nation* in *Europe*, whose Friendship the *French* think worth Courting.

The *King* has been very Ill of a *Fever*, and in great Danger of his Life : But is now recovered again ; which occasions Abundance of Real Joy among his Friends and Loyal *Subjects*. As for the Rest, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almost forgot to tell thee, that the *Spaniards* endeavouring to relieve *Dunkirk*, were encounter'd by the *French*, and Routed : About Two Thousand of their Men being kill'd, and as many taken Prisoners.

*Sage Bassa*, the Successes of this *Monarch* are so Constant, that they have given Birth to a *Proverb* : For when they would encourage any Man's Hopes, or make a strong Asseveration, they usually say, *As sure as the Great Lewis will get a Town or Two in Flanders this Campaign.*

*Mareschal Turenne* is a Brave General, and the *French Victories* are in a great Measure owing to his Conduct. He is very Expeditious in his Undertakings.

ings. There were but a few Days between the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, and his taking of *Bergen*, *Furnes*, and *Dixmude*. Three strong *Fortresses* in *Flanders*. And, 'tis thought, 'twill not be long before he takes others.

The *French King* is in a Fair Way to the *Empire* of the *West*. But this will not be for the Interest of the *Grand Signior*. For, then he will have a new Enemy, of an Old Friend, and one more Potent than he had before. Yet, *Destiny* over-rules All Things.

Paris, 13<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the year 1658.

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## LETTER XI.

To Mahammed, the *Eremit* of Mount *Uriel* in *Arabia*.

I Have often troubled thee with Important Adresses, O Matchless Mortal; Permit me once more to unbosem my Thoughts, as to my Confessor, or rather as to an Oracle.

Surely, this Hour the *Stars* of my *Nativity* suffer a Mighty Change. I seem to my self, like one newly avvak'd out of a deep Sleep, or from the Delusions of a long *Dream*: For, so methinks have my Past Years gone avway like a *Night*, wherein my Labouring Spirit has encounter'd with Nothing but *Phantasms*, *Visions*, and *Darkness*.

My *Infant* Days I esteem the most Happy, when my Ignorance of Vice had greater Influence on my Actions, and preserv'd me more free from Blemish, than could afterwards all my Acquir'd Knowledge of the *Precepts* and *Maxims* of *Virtue*. For no sooner

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was

was I enjoin'd the Study of *Morality*, and taught to distinguish between *Good* and *Evil*, but my Curiosity prompted me to examine the Nature of the *Latter*, more closely than by bare Speculation. I found my self more Forcibly carry'd away by a Secret Pleasure, to make Experiment of what was *Forbidden*, than to practise what was *Commanded*: So prone is Man to be jealous of his *Tutors*, and to suspect those *Laws* as *Impositions*, which put a *Restraint* on his *Native Liberty*.

Besides this, there are certain Genial Inclinations in every Mortal, which the *Youngest*, and he that is in his *Nonage*, thinks he has as much right to gratifie, as the *Wiseſt Senior*. Nor can any Reason easily persuade him to part with this Privilege, but under the Notion of being highly wrong'd; since every Man naturally places his Interest and Happiness in pursuing the Motions of his own Will.

'Tis true, I never was prone to any Enormous *Vices*, or such as for their Singularity, would make the most harden'd *Libertine* blush, did he practise them to the Knowledge of Men.

I ever had an Unconquerable Abhorrence for those Specifick acts of Lasciviousness, which ought not to be nam'd, and whose very *Idea*, makes the Thought recoil. Yet am Naturally Amorous, and cannot but pay to Beauty, the Sentiments and Passions which are due from *Platonick Love*. I admire Symmetry and Elegance wherever I discern them; and can stand gazing whole Hours together on a *Flower*, a *Tree*, or a *Peacock*. I am Enamour'd with the Brightness of the *Sun*; and like another *Endymion*, I languish for a more Intimate Acquaintance with the *Moon*. The lesser Beauties of the Night, the *Stars*, enflame me with a thousand Passions. I make my Court to the whole *Host* of *Heaven*, yet I hope commit no *Idolatry*. In fine, I am in Love with the *Universe*; and die hourly, when I contemplate

temple the Glory of that *Transcendent Essence*, which is the *Root and Source of All Things*.

These are Passions not unbecoming a *Mussulman*. But I have also some Emotions for Beautiful Women, more Violent than all the Rest, more Dangerous and Fatal. Tell me, O Pious *Sylvan*, how I shall gratifie my Love, without offending Virtue or the Gravity of a Man.

These *Creatures* seem to be Created for our Perplexity; since a Man can neither well be happy with, or without them. They are perfect *Riddles*: And to love 'em, or hate them too much, is an Equal *Solecism*. 'Twere a Question worthy of a *Philosopher*, Whether this *Sex*, among all the Necessary Good Offices they do us, were not sent into the World as *Spies* and *Trepans*, to observe our Counsels and Actions: And by mixing Smiles with Frowns, Flatteries with Reproaches, Sullenness with more Obliging Favours; to keep us in a Perpetual *Maze* and *Labyrinth*, lest the Aspiring Wit of Men should, if left to themselves, attempt something more Audacious than the *Poets* feign of the *Sons of Titan*, or the *Written Law* Records of *Nimrod* and his Companions, who built the *Tower of Babel*.

But, whether they be *Spies*, or *Faithful Assistants*, *Enemies* or *Friends*, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear Loving 'em excessively. And this is Part of the *Dream* or *Trance*, out of which I am just now Awak'd.

Another *Scene*, is that of *Honour*. This is a Phantome also, a mere Vapour, a Shadow. I never hunted after Glory, nor courted Popular Applause. Yet being intrusted with the *Sublime Secrets*, and commanded to serve the *Grand Signior* in this *Station*, I would fain acquit my self without Disgrace. Nay, like other Mortals in such *Post*, I would willingly have the Smiles of my *Sovereign*, and the Carelles of the *Happy Ministers* who serve him, if



it shall be my Lot ever to return to the *Seraglio*. Nothing appears to me more Terrible, than at such a time to encounter with rugged, furrow'd Villages, or Cold and Faint Embraces of my *Fellow Slaves*.

This puts me upon a Thousand Inquierudes ; makes me swear to Contradictions ; utter Lyes and Blasphemies, which would turn the *Devil* to a *Saint* for Fear. In a Word, I stumble at no Vice or Immorality, which may promote the *Cause* I am engag'd in. And all this for the sake of a Fair Character at the *Port* : Whilst I'm cajoling my self as well as others with a Persuasion, that 'tis only on the Score of Honesty, and to acquit my self a Good Man. Thus I pursue a Blast, a Bubble, the *Idea* of Nothing, mere Vanity, and an Empty *Dream*. And 'tis harder for me to shake off this *Enchantment*, than that of *Love*.

Yet, all this while, I have not taken the *French* Method to gain *Honour*. I never was Guilty of Oppression and Cruelty, nor bath'd my Hands in Human Blood. No *Widow* or *Orphan* mourns for what I've taken from 'em. Nor did I ever Dragoon any Body into Compliance with Reason. All the Parts I've Acted in this Nature, were Defensive ; Pure Efforts of *Self-Preservation* : Which, thou knowest, is a *Principle* Natural to all Men, and even to the *Worms* of the Earth. These little *Reptiles*, when they are trampled on, will turn again. And nothing more do I, unless in the *Sultan's* Cause.

This puts me in Mind of my *Integrity* ; For I must tell thee my Virtues as well as my Vices. Neither *Arabia* nor all the *East*, have ever brought forth a Man more true to his Trust, than Honest Loyal *Mahmut*. I will for ever boast of this, in an Age so full of Treachery. This alone will carry me safe to *Paradise*, in spite of all the *Mollahs*. As for the Rest, they are only *Venial* Sins, easily dropt off on the Bridge of *Tyral*. And so long as no  
Body

Body can say, I've betray'd my *Master's* Secrets, I'm safe as an Angel that is not oblig'd to stand *Sentinel* at the lowest Post of Heaven : For, there he's within Gun-shot of the *Devil*.

Just as I drew my Pen from that Word, a sudden Noise in the Streets call'd me to the Window. Where turning my Eyes from the Earth to the Moon and Stars (for 'twas a very serene Sky) I observed a small swift Cloud to glide along from *South* to *North*, much in Appearance like a Bale of Silk. It cleft the Element like a sly *Arab Thief*, that swims for Booty on the River *Tigris*. Wondring at this, when all the Firmament was clear, and not another Cloud above the *Horizon*; I soon concluded, 'twas the Chariot of some Airy God, a Mercury or Messenger, sent with speedy News to the High Lords, Commanders of the *Artick Regions*; to bid 'em be upon their Guard, or some such weighty Matter. Perhaps, thought I, a War is commenc'd between the Spirits of the Poles. Or, it may be, King *Æolus* has sent a Summons to the Northern Winds, being resolved to play some Royal Pneu-matick Freaks upon the Sea.

In good earnest, it made me reflect on our Ignorance of the Laws and Constitutions of the Elements. It put me in mind of the Fogs and Mists, which sometimes envelop the Globe in Darkness; on purpose, for ought we know, to hinder us from seeing what is transacting at such Seasons in the Higher Regions of the Air. The Spirits of those Serener Tracts, may then be Frolicking in Visible Forms, celebrating solemn Festivals, and kindling all the *Meteors* of the Upper *Welkin*, as Natural *Fire Works* and *Illuminations*, not fit for Mortals to behold, lest we should learn too much, and grow as wise as they. However, it made me very Contemplative, to see a single solitary Cloud thus glide along the Air: And I could have wished for Wings  
to

to pursue its Motions, because the Appearance was not common.

Thou that hast measur'd the whole *Frame* of Nature, and taken the true Dimensions of the World, that hast penetrated into the Secrets of the *Elements*, and art always busy'd in the most Sage and Solid Scrutinies; wilt smile at the Vanity of common Mortals, such as I, who when we are unintelligible to our selves, yet presume to comprehend the Ways of the Omnipotent, who is perfect in Knowledge.

As for me, who have studied in the *Academies*, and read *Aristotle*, *Avicen*, *Plotinus*, *Averoes*, with other *Philosophers*; I esteem my self still but at the Bottom of *Plato's* Cave, conversing with Shadows, mistaken in every thing but the *Idea* of thy *Sanctity* and *immense Wisdom*, which is imprinted on my Soul, as those which the *Philosophers* call *First Principles*, because they are *Self-evident*.

I design'd to have said more to thee, but a sudden Indisposition and extreme Faintness, has taken away my Spirits. My Limbs tremble, my Head is giddy, my Heart fails me. In a word, I seem like one between a *Mortal* and a *Ghost*.

Paris, 29<sup>th</sup> of the 8<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

## LETTER XII.

To Achmet Padishani Culligiz, Bassa.

THY Sur-name argues thee a Favourite at the *Seraglio*: And for that Reason, I know thou art accusom'd to receive infinite Submissions and Flatteries. But I must be as blunt with thee, as I was with the new *Mufti*, when I congratulated his  
*Accession*

*Accession* to the chief *Patriarchate*. I told that Prince of the *Mussulman Prelates*, that I had no *Encouragement* to welcome him to a *Dignity*, which tho' in it self sacred and inviolable, yet could not secure him from the *Persecutions* of *Popular Envy*, any more than it did his *Predecessor*. And the same I must say to thee.

*Darnish Mehemet, Bassa*, is fallen a *Victim* to the *Rage* of the *Multitude*; and thou hast got his *Seat* on the *Bench*. May'st thou enjoy it long, and never be *Mob'd* out of thy *Honour* and *Life* as he was. Some *Years* ago he forbid me to write any more to him. What his *Reason* was, I know not, neither did I ever enquire. However, I obey'd his *Injunction*; being indifferent to whom I send my *Intelligence*, provided I do the *Grand Signior* any *Service*. For, to that End am I plac'd here.

*Illustrious Bassa*, I shall now acquaint thee with two the most principal *Points of News* stirring in *Europe*. One is, the *Election* of *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, to the *German Empire*. They have been canvassing this *Businels* eleven *Moons*: And at last the *Austrian Faction* carried it, this was done on the 8th of the 7th *Moon*. And he was solemnly *Crown'd* on the 22d of the same. This has heightned the *Quarrel* between the *Duke of Bavaria*, and the *Prince Palatine*. The latter was so far transported with *Passion* at the *Diet of Frankford*, that he threw a *Standish* of *Ink* at the *Bavarian Embassador*: Which is resented as an *Unpardonable Affront*. And the *Duke* is marching with an *Army* to revenge it, or demand *Satisfaction*. The *Electer* of *Mentz* has deny'd him *Passage* through his *Principality*. And they are all like to be embroil'd in a *Civil War* about it. This is no bad *News* for the *Mussulmans*.

But that which makes yet a greater *Noise* is the *Death* of *Oliver*, the *Protector* of the *English Common-*



monwealth; who whilst living, was the Terror of all *Europe*. The *Superstitions*, and such as regard Signs, say, This was presag'd three *Moons* ago, when a great *Whale*, Nine Times as long as a Tall Man, was taken in a *River* of *England*, near the *Capital City*, forty Miles from the Sea. I know not whether these kind of *Observations* are worthy of *Credit*. Yet it seems, the *Annals* of that *Nation* take Notice, That the unusual Appearance of a *Whale* so far within Land, has always *Prognosticated* some mighty *Change*. Perhaps, the Fate of *illustrious Personages*, affects *Nature* with a more than ordinary *Passion*, puts the *Elements* into a Disorder, and inspires the *Brutes* with *Sympathy*.

We are assured, that on the Day of this *Prince's* Death, and at the very Hour of his Departure, there was so Violent a Tempest of Wind, Rain, Hail, Thunder, and Lightning, as had never been known by any Man then alive in that *Nation*. Which some interpreted to his Dishonour, as if he were a *Magician*, or at least a very wicked Man: And that this *Hurricane* was rais'd by the *Devils*, who transported his Soul to *Hell*. Whilst others affirm'd this mix'd Storm, to be only the Sighs and Tears of *Nature*, the Mournful Passions of the Guardian Spirits of *England*, for the Loss of so great and fortunate a *Hero*: And that the very Inanimate Beings condol'd his Death. As for me, I look on all these Things as pure Accidents, the Effects of Chance. I have an equal Opinion of another Circumstance, much observ'd both by his Enemies and Friends; That he died on the same Day, whereon he had formerly gain'd some notable Victories. The One descanting on this to his Reproach, the Other drawing from it Arguments of Honour. 'Tis difficult to say any Thing of him without appearing Partial. He had Great Virtues, and no less Vices. He was a Valiant General, and Wise  
Statef-

*Statesman* : Yet a *Traytor* to his *Sovereign*. As for *Religion*, though he profess'd himself a *Zealot*, yet 'tis thought he was as indifferent as other *Princes* ; who for *Reasons of State*, and to please their *People*, make a *Shew of Piety*, but in their *Hearts* adore no other *Gods* but *Fortune* and *Victory*.

He was esteem'd one of the greatest *Politicians* of this *Age* ; and none could match him but *Mazarini*. Yet I cannot but smile when I call to *Mind*, how both these eminent *Statesmen* were cheated this *Year*, by *Two* or *Three Fugitives*.

A certain *French Captain* named *Gentilot*, that had served under the *States of Holland* in the *Wars*, and on that *Account* had often pass'd through the *Sea-Towns* in *Flanders* ; observ'd a *Weakness* in one part of the *Walls of Ostend*, by which the *Town* might easily be surprized. At his *Return to Paris*, he acquainted *Cardinal Mazarini* with this ; and gave him so great *Encouragement*, that the *Cardinal* resolved to try some *Stratagem* in order to gain that *important Place*, without the *Cost* and *Hazards* of a formal *Siege*.

To this *End* he commands *Gentilot* to seek out some *Persons* fit to be engag'd in the *Plot* : *Men of Resolution, Conduct and Secrecy*. This *Captain* therefore knowing two or three *Fugitives* in *Paris*, who were forced to fly out of *Flanders* to save their *Lives*, having committed *Murthers*, and other *Crimes* against the *Spanish Government*, breaks the *Business* to them, promising *Mountains of Gold*, if they wou'd assist in carrying it on.

They seem'd to embrace his *Proposals* with *Abundance of Readiness*, and were introduced into the *Cardinal's Cabinet*. Where that *Minister* being satisfied in their *Characters*, and the *Offers* they made to serve him in this *Affair* ; seconded the *Promises* which *Gentilot* had made them, with many *Additional Encouragements*. In a word, they consulted

sulted together frequently ; were late every Night in the *Cardinal's Lodgings* : And at last having adjusted all the necessary Measures that were to be taken ; the *Fugitives* were dispatch'd away into *England*, with Letters from *Mazarini* to *Oliver*, the *English Protector*. Wherein he acquainted him with the Design, requiring the Assistance of some English Ships to transport Men into the Haven of *Ostend*.

These *Agents* went accordingly, but with a Resolution to put a Trick both on the *Cardinal* and the *Protector* ; and by doing their Country so considerable a Service as the saving this Town, to merit a Repeal of the Sentence pronounc'd against 'em, that so they might return Home in Peace , and enjoy their Estates and Native Liberty.

*Oliver* received 'em very kindly , and embraced the Motion with some Warmth. But upon second Thoughts , try'd to out-bribe *Mazarini*, and hire these Persons for himself. *Ostend* was too sweet a Bait in his Eye , to let it so tamely fall into the Hands of the *French*, for want of a few larger Promises and Offers of Gold. Wherefore he ply'd these *Agents* briskly with all the Effectual Oratory he could, to win 'em over to his own separate Interest ; engaging to bestow Great *Preferments* on 'em in *England*, with two hundred thousand *Sequins*, as soon as the Business was accomplished.

The three *Flemings* desired no better Sport than thus to cajole two the ablest *Statesmen* in *Europe*. They possessed *Oliver* with an Entire Belief of their Zeal and Fidelity in his Service : And it was agreed on between 'em, to hold *Mazarini* in Play, and that *Oliver* should send him an Answer, refusing to meddle in an *Intrigue* which seemed to carry so little Probability of Success.

From *England* these *Agents* passed over into *Zealand*. It having been so concluded before they parted from *Cardinal Mazarini* ; that so they might there

there gain more Confederates, and lay all the necessary Trains to bring this *Intrigue* to the desired Issue. But, instead of doing either the Protector or Cardinal *Mazarini* this Service, they went immediately, and revealed the whole Secret to the Governor of *Flanders*.

He having duly examined all Circumstances, and being satisfied in the Truth of their Relations, and in their Loyalty to the King of *Spain*; commanded them to proceed in deluding both the *French* and the *English*, as long as they could, with fair Hopes of accomplishing their Aims. Whilst he took Care to secure *Ostend*, and other Parts of *Flanders*, from all Attempts of this Nature.

In fine, the Protector falling off again, being frightened by Cardinal *Mazarini*'s Threats, who had discovered his Under-hand Dealing; these Agents applied themselves close to the *French*, who were now made so much more eager, by *Oliver*'s Design to Interlope 'em. They spun out the *Intrigue* several Moons, brought the *French King* to sign Articles, and to pass his Word for the Payment of near a Million of Gold; cajol'd his General in *Flanders*, and at one Time made him believe, 'Twas his interest to lie still for six weeks together, when all the World expected he would pursue his Conquests in that Province. At another Time, caused him to march with so much Precipitation, when the Ways were Unpassable, that he was forced to leave most of his Cannon, and a thousand Waggon's plunged in the deep Roads, with the Loss of three thousand Men, who were either drown'd or starv'd: And all this for the sake of gaining *Ostend*. When after all, they were not only cheated of their Hopes in that Point, but most shamefully exposed to the Derision and Contempt of all Europe. For Cardinal *Mazarini* reposed an entire Confidence in the Fidelity of his *Flemish Agents*. So that whatsoever they proposed, as an Expedient



Expedient to compass the Design, was a Law Hence it was, that the *French General* in *Flanders* received Express Orders to embarque part of his Army on certain Vessels that lay before *Dunkirk*, and on a prefixed day to sail into the *Haven* of *Ostend*, there to Land his Men, and take possession of the *Town*, in the Name of his *Master*: Being made to believe, That the Gates would be opened to him, and that the *Spanish* Garison should march out in his Sight.

All this was carried on with so much Artifice and subtle Management, that when he entred the *Haven* with ten Vessels, he thought himself secure of the *Place*: Yet no sooner Landed his Men to the number of fifteen hundred, but they thunder'd upon them such Volleys of great and small Shot, from the Walls, that two hundred of them fell immediately, as many threw down their Arms, and the Citizens making a vigorous Sally, the rest were either kill'd or taken Prisoners, he himself not escaping that Misfortune.

By this thou may'st discern, how easie 'tis for an *Agent* of any *Prince*, to embarass his *Master's* Affairs: And, that a *Publick Minister* can never commit a greater or more dangerous Error, than in being too Credulous.

Serene *Bassa*, let not *Mahmut's* Name sound harsh at the *Port*, nor his Honour be traduced by *Sycophants*: Since his Loyalty is Proof against all *Temptations*, and this the Ministers of the *Divan* know by twenty Years Experience.

Paris, 5<sup>th</sup> of the 10<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

## LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali *his Brother*, Master of the  
Grand Signior's Customs at Constantino-  
ple.

I Have receiv'd a Dispatch from our Cousin *Isouf*. He has been in a *Cold Region*, within the *Artick Circle*, but now is at *Stockholm* in *Sueden*. The *Parts* he has visited, are the farthermost *Tracts* of our *Continent* to the *North*. They may be call'd, The *Territories of Night and Darkeness* : For they have but *one Day* in a *Whole Year*. The *Sun* appears but *Once* above their *Horizon*, during his *Annual Progress* through the *Zodiack*. Yet, he makes them amends by the long continued *Light* he affords them at that *Season* : For, that *one Day* is without the *Miracle of Joshua*, prolong'd the space of four, five, or six *Moons*, according to the proportionate *Distance* of each *Country* from the *Pole*.

*Isouf* relates strange Things of those *Dark Countries*, and such as seem almost to surpass *Credit*, were they not confirm'd by very grave and learned *Writers*. He says, that in some *Parts of Norway*, no *Tree* is to be seen, by Reason of the violent Force of the *Winds*, which blow down all before 'em, carrying away even the *Roofs of Houses*, and scattering them at a great distance. So that the *Inhabitants* are forced to dwell in *Dens and Caves*, and burn the *Bones of Fishes* for want of better *Fuel* : Since it is impossible for any *Plant* to grow in those *Parts*. Neither can *Men* travel safely on *Horses*, or a *Foot*, at certain *Tempestuous Seasons*. For, the *Wind* will either throw both *Horse and Man* to the *Ground*, or catch 'em up into the *Air*.

But

But when he describes the horrible Coldness of these Regions, the very Idea of it is enough to make one quake. He says, Cold is an Active Quality, and reigns under the *North Pole*, as in its proper Kingdom or Centre, from whence it darts its freezing Rays through the Earth. Yet, others are of opinion, that Cold is only a *Privation* of Heat, a bare *Passive* Disposition of the *Elements*; and therefore more sensibly felt in those *Climates* that are farthest from the warm *influences* of the Sun, whose Beams give Life and Vigour to all Things. Be it how it will, its Effects are very remarkable in these *Northern Regions*.

All the Rivers, Lakes, and Seas there, are frozen up during the Winter. Men, Horses, Waggon, Coaches, and even whole Armies, pass as commonly over the *Ice*, as before Ships sailed there, or as we travel o'er the *firm Land*. And last Winter, the *Baltick* Sea was the Road of *Ice*, over which the King of *Sueden* marched with his Army of Horse and Foot into *Zealand*, to prosecute the *War* in those *Parts*. They also raise strong *Forts* of Snow, able to sustain the *Battery* of *Bullets*, and *Engines* of *War* with all the Violence of the fiercest *Affaults*. They build *Caravansera's* on the frozen Seas and Lakes, for the Convenience of *Travellers*; and set up *Branches* of *Fir* or *Juniper*, as Marks to distinguish the Holes and Fissures of the *Ice*, from that which is solid and secure; for there are *High ways* on those *Congeaed Waters*; and *Officers* appointed to survey them, and take all necessary Orders for the Security of *Travellers*. And sometimes they fight *Pitch'd Battels* on the frozen Element.

Our *Kinsman* also has made curious Remarks on the *Triumphal Obelisks*, and *Funeral Monuments* of Ancient *Hero's* among the *Goths* and *Suedes*: For those *Nations* boast of *Giants* and famous *Warriors*. These *Monuments*, tho' of Stone, and exquisitely shaped,

shaped, yet were never cut by the *Hand of Man*, but are as so many *Splinters of Rocks and Mountains*, torn from the *main Body* by the Violence of *Earth-quakes, Thunders*, or the like motions of *Nature*; and falling down in the forms of *Pyramids*, and other *Artificial Figures*, were of old set up by the *Graves of Giants*, and other renowned Persons. Having also *Inscriptions* on them, signifying the particular *Hero* who there lies buried. Such as these,

*I Uffo, Fighting in Defence of my Country,  
with my own Hand Kill'd thirty two Gi-  
ants; And at last being kill'd by the Gi-  
ant Rolvo, my Body lies here.*

And,

*I Ingolvas, that subdu'd all Oppressors,  
and Defended the Poor and Weak; Now  
grown Old, Poor and Weak my self; yet  
having my Sword girt to my Thigh, am  
forc'd to yield to Death ( who Conquers  
All Things ) and to go down into this Se-  
pulcher, which I prepar'd for my Last Re-  
treat.*

It seems, there are *infinite Numbers* of these *Tombs* all over the *Desarts, Mountains, and Vallies* of the *North*, which is an Argument, That however contemptible these *People* may seem to the *True Believers*; yet they have not been wanting in *valiant Men and Hero's*. Doubtless, God has dispens'd his *Virtues and Graces* to Men of all *Nations*: He is not Partial in his *Gifts*. We ought to praise him in the  
Beginning



Beginning and End of all our Actions. And if we contemplate his Honour in the middle of our Affairs, we shall not do amiss; Since, as he is the *first* and the *last* of the *Universe*, so he is the *Centre* of every Thing.

I had not these Relations only from *Isouf*, but out of the *Historians* themselves, who write of these *Countries*: Yet our *Kinsman* informs me of some Things, which are omitted by those *Authors*. Every *Traveller* is singular in his Observations: For, all Men have not the same *Genius*. And thy *Journal* of the *East*, abounds with Remarks which are not common in other *Writers*.

Brother, If I may advise thee, it shall be, to do nothing by Imitation; but pursue the Dictates of thy own Sense, and the peculiar Bent of thy Soul. For whatever is forced and affected, is Nauseous.

Paris, 16<sup>th</sup> of the 12<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1658.

## LETTER XIV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant in  
Venice.

THE *Kaimacham* has informed me, that thou art appointed to succeed *Adonai* the Jew in *Italy*. He has also acquainted me with other Matters relating to thy Charge. I am glad they have found out a *Mussulman* capable of that *Important Trust*; and that we shall not always stand in need of *Jews* to serve the *Grand Signior*, Emperor of the *Faithful*. Tho' some of that Nation are very honest and loyal, yet 'tis better to be without 'em.

Thou

Thou and I are Strangers to each other : But 'tis necessary for us to be speedily acquainted, and hold a mutual Intimacy by Letters, that so we may serve our *Great Master*, without interfering or clashing in our Intelligence. I have been here these twenty Years, and made no false Steps in my *Sovereign's* Business, whatever I have done in my own: Yet have encounter'd a thousand Difficulties and Perils; suffer'd Imprisonment many *Moons* in *Paris*, for my Fidelity; whilst my Enemies at *Constantinople*, persecuted me as a Traytor and an Infidel.

'Tis impossible to avoid these Crosses, in the Course of humane Life. They are natural as the Wind or the Rain. All that we can do is, by a prudent and dextrous management of Contingences, to wind our selves out of Trouble as well as we can. And above all, rather to be our own Executioners, than betray the least Secret committed to us.

I question not, but thou hast had the same Instructions given thee by the *Ministers* of the *Happy Port*. What I say, is only to confirm thee in thy *Fidelity* and *Care*. Write to me with the same *Frankness*, and let nothing make thee reserved to thy *Fellow Slave*. We are both *Followers* of the *Prophet*: We worship *One God* after the same manner, and equally reverence the *Alcoran*. We serve one Master; and tho' in different *Stations*, yet let our Affections and Interests be united as Friends. Let no little narrow Passions or Emulations, corrupt our Integrity, nor reach us to unman our selves.

I know not thy *Original*, whether thou art of *Mahometan* or *Christian* Parents. 'Twould be very obliging to send me a short History of thy Life, and how thou learned'st the *Italian Tongue*: For without that, I judge they would not have sent thee into that *Country*.

As for me, I'm an *Arabian* by Birth, brought up in the *Seraglio*; from thence sent to Sea; there taken *Captive* by the *Christians*; sold in *Sicily*, where I underwent

derwent a tedious Servitude, yet at length gained my Freedom: and having passed through various Fortunes, at last was sent hither, to observe the Secret Counsels of the *Christians*, especially of this Court.

I now grow old, having seen near fifty Years ; Yet, tho' the Strength of my *Body* fails, I feel not the least Decay in my Zeal for the *Mussulman Faith*, or my *Master's Service*, I'm still *Mahmut* the Loyal Slave of the *Port* ; and thy Friend so long as thou art so to thy self.

Paris, 30<sup>th</sup> of the 1<sup>st</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1659.

## LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

**I**T rejoices me to hear, that *Adonai's Place* is supplied by a *Mussulman*, in whom the *Sublime Port* may put more Confidence, than in any of the *Jewish Race*. 'Twill be Encouragement to the true Faithful, and a Precedent of good Import. For, no Nation love to see their *Prince* bestow Offices of Trust on Strangers, when his own People are as capable of Employment as they. 'Tis generally taken as an Affront and Contempt of their Abilities or their Virtue, and has often produc'd ill Consequences.

I deny not, but there are many honest and wise Men among the *Hebrews*, Persons of Merit and Honour, from whom the *Sultan* receives no small Services. But, this ought not to diminish the Reputation of those who are of the same Faith with their Sovereign. Doubtless *Arabia* and *Turkey* are not barren of good Soldiers, prudent Statesmen, and dextrous Ministers.

I know not the Character of *Zeidi Alamanzi*, whether

whether he be a natural born *Turk*, a *Tributary Son* of a *Christian*, or a *Voluntary Renegado*. However, the choice that is made of him; convinces me, that the unerring *Divan* esteem him a Man fit for the Business committed to his Charge.

He ought to be perfectly skill'd in *Italian*, or at least in some other *Language* of the *Nazarenes*: That so he may pass the better unsuspected among the People where he resides, who are more jealous of Strangers, than any other *Nation* in *Europe*. 'Tis a Crime thought worthy of Imprisonment, for a *Venetian* to converse with a *Foreigner* too frequently, and in private: For they are afraid lest by that means, a dangerous Correspondence should be established betwixt some ill-affected Subjects of that *Commonwealth*, and its Enemies: Whereby their Secrets may be betray'd, and Measures taken to ruin 'em.

For this Reason also they have forbid *false Hair*, or *Perukes* to be worn by any in their *Dominions*, lest this might serve as a Disguise for Villains and Traitors. Yet nothing more common in *France* and other Countries of *Europe*, than for Men to wear on their Heads, Ornaments of Womens Hair, instead of their own.

As to Religion, I believe they will not much trouble him, being no *Zealots* themselves. And provided he does but profess himself a *Christian* and a *Catholick*, they'll make no farther Inquisition.

The *Italians* in general, are much like the ancient *Romans* in their Humour. Men of grave Aspect and Carriage, and much more compos'd in both, than the *French*, who appear ridiculous through the Levity of their Discourse and Actions. The former abound in Sage Precepts of Morality, and Politick *Aphorisms*, which serve as a Rule whereby to square the course of their Lives: The latter only affect some flashy Improvements of Wit and Conversation, studying rather how to please Women than Men;



coveting to be perfect in external *Accomplishments*, and the *Graces* of the Body, whilst they slight the more valuable Endowments of the Mind. In a word, they are mere *Apes* and *Mimicks*. On the contrary, the *Italians* are Men of an awful and majestick Behaviour, solid Judgment, and deep Reach. If you see them smile, you shall seldom or never hear 'em laugh : Whereas the motion of a Feather will set the *French* a Braying like *Asses*. These will contract a warm Friendship with any Man at first Interview, heighten it with a thousand Compliments, make him their Confessor, and unbosom all their *Secrets*. Yet a *second* Encounter shall extinguish this Passion, and a *third* shall revive it again : Whereas those are cautious and slow in the choice of their Friends ; and when once that Knot is dissolv'd, 'tis never to be fasten'd there again. They are irreconcilable in their Hatred and Revenge.

But, there are Men to be excepted in both *Nations*, who fall not under these general Characters. *France* affords many wise, and learned Persons ; and *Italy*, not a few Fools and Ideots. Virtues and Vices are strangely mix'd in all People. War, Commerce and Travel, with other human Occurrences, alter Men's Natural Dispositions, and give the Lye to the exactest Observations that can be made. Besides, Time changes all Things : And the Qualities which this Age remarks in the *Italians*, may in the next be transfer'd to the *French*. For, there is no Constancy in any thing under the Moon.

*Zeidi* will find great Examples of Frugality, among the *Venetians*, in the necessary Expences of their Persons and Families ; Yet abundance of Magnificence in whatever relates to the *Publick*, which the Subjects of that Commonwealth serve with open Purses and free Hearts.

Indeed they are not so remarkable for their Temperance, as some other Parts of *Italy*. Liber-  
tinism

tinism and Volupruousness Reign uncontroll'd in Venice. Women and Wine are there almost as common as the Elements Yet, 'tis observ'd that Strangers generally debauch more with Both, than the Natives. God preserve Zeids from their Temptations.

If it be his Fortune or Duty to visit Padua, he ought not to make too long an Abode in that Nest of Philosophers and Physicians, lest they first Anatomize his Soul, and discover the Secrets of his Commission, and then turn his Body to a Skeleton; as they once serv'd a Moor, whom they dissected alive, to make Experiment perhaps, whether a Mahometan's Blood circulated the same way as a Christians.

Those Italian Physicians, are very Cruel; and think it no Sin to try Poisons, and other Fatal Tricks on the Poor, that so they may be the better able to keep the Rich on the Rack at their Pleasure, and make their Market of them.

I know not Zeid's appointed Station, or what Cities he is to see: But where ever he goes, 'twill be necessary for him to use abundance of Caution; for the Italians are the closest, slyest and most judicious People in the World.

But, I forget that he is chosen by the Divan for this Employment, to whom the Characters of all Nations are known, and who penetrate into the most interior Recesses of Men's Spirits.

Therefore I lay my Hand upon my Mouth in profound Submission, and acquiesce to my Superiors. Still praying, that the Grand Signior may have faithful and wise Ministers at Home, and no Novices for his Agents Abroad.

Paris, 3<sup>d</sup> of the 2<sup>d</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1659.

## LETTER XVI.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Ausiria.

**T**Here is a *Street* in *Paris*, which they call the *Street of Hell*. The Reason of this Name is said to be, because at one end of it, there formerly stood an old House, possess'd by *Dewils*? who were so troublesome, that as the *Records* of *Paris* affirm, an *Edict* of *Parliament* was pass'd, to remove all the *Inhabitants* out of their Houses in that *Street*, and shut up the Entrance with a Wall. Since which, these *Demons* were expell'd by the *Carthusians*, who built a *Monastery* in the Place. If this Story be true, it redounds much to the Reputation of that Order, and of all you *Monasticks* in general, who by your *Exorcisms* are able to subdue the *Infernal Spirits*. But I have heard so many silly Tales of Houses being haunted by *Ghosts* and *Hobgoblins*, that I know not how to give Credit to this.

Besides, when I consider the nature of *Incorporeal Beings*, it seems ridiculous to think that they can take Delight to play the *Anticks*, to frighten poor Mortals; Or confine themselves to an old ruin'd Castle (for such was this House) for the sake of a little Sport; when according to the ancient *Philosophers*, every *Incorporeal Being* is far more excellent than the most *Perfect Body*, and can be every where: Neither are they at any time *locally* present in *Bodies*, but only by Propension or Habit are inclin'd to them: And this they mean of *living Bodies*. What Charm then can there be in an old rotten *Fabrick* of *Stone* and *Wood*, to allure and detain *Immaterial Substances*?

Certainly, the nature of these *separate Essences*, is very Remote from all *Compound'd Beings*. I have been often at a Loss, in *contemplating* the Soul of Man. Sometimes it seems no otherwise distinguish'd

guish'd from the *Souls* of *Brutes*, than by being United to a *Body* of Different *Organs*; Which causes us to shew more Evident Tokens of *Reason* than they, in the *Faculty* of *Discourse*, and in our *Actions*. Yet when I consider more attentively the *Operations* of our *Mind* and *Intellect*, I cannot but conclude, there is a vast Distinction between our *Souls* and those of the *Beasts*. I have with Pleasure observed the Excellency of *Human Intellect* in *Mad-men* and *Dreamers*; who being come to themselves, (as we usually say) relate many Things of which they were before Ignorant, and comprehend Things surpassing their former Imaginations.

It appears therefore more rational to me, That the *Soul* is *Every Where* and *No Where*, as the *Ancients* say; than that it is shut up and imprison'd in the *Body*, as a *Wild Beast* in his *Den*, or *Liquor* in a *Glass*. However, by an Ineffable Production of it self, it is Present in *Every Part* of the *Body*, as the *Light* of the *Sun* is diffus'd through the *Air*, and can as soon withdraw it self as that *Light* when interrupted by a *Cloud*. In a Word, I conceive the *Soul* to be a very *Free Agent*, and that it is *here* and *there* and *Every Where*. It United it self to the *Body* by its own Choice, and can retire again from it at Pleasure.

One closely pursu'd Act of *Contemplation*, will at any Time carry thee or me to the *Invisibles*, when ever we go resolutely about it.

Paris, 1<sup>st</sup> of the 4<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1659.

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## LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Ibrahim Cadilesquer of  
Romeli.

Here has not a Year escap'd, since my Arrival at *Paris*; wherein I did not send to the *Ministers* of the ever Happy and Exalted *Port*, constant



stant Intelligence of Battles, Sieges, Storming of Towns, and such other Occurrences of War, as happen'd between the Kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*: But now I believe my Future *Dispatches* must contain other Matters. For, in all appearance, this War, which has lasted Four and Twenty Years, is in a fair way to be ended. The King of *Spain* grows weary of his Continual Losses in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*: And he of *France* seems grieved with perpetual Victories and Conquests. In a Word, these Two Potent Monarchs laying aside their Quarrels, are making diligent Preparations, this Year for a Campaign of Friendship and Love.

They are both in Arms, yet commit no Acts of Hostility. Whilst Cardinal *Mazarini*, on the part of this Crown, and *Don Louis d'Aro de Gusman*, First Minister of *Spain*, are gone to meet each other on the Frontiers of both Kingdoms, as Plenipotentiaries for their respective Masters, to concert the Measures of a Lasting Peace, and treat of a Marriage between the King of *France*, and the Infanta of *Spain*.

All Europe is amazed at this surprizing Change. And the French and Spaniards, who border on each other can hardly believe their own Senses, whilst they find a Mutual Commerce restor'd between their Frontier Towns and Villages, which had been Interrupted, ever since the Year 1635. about Sixteen Moons before I came to this City.

But, though they are thus disposed to Peace here in the West; the Northern Monarchs are pushing the War forward in *Sueden*, *Denmark*, and *Poland*, with all Imaginable Vigour and Animosity. The coming over of the Elector of *Brandenburgh* to the Danish Interest, has made a great Alteration in their Affairs. For, whereas Fortune seem'd before in all Things to Favour the *Suedes*; now they lose Ground, and find their Attempts Unsuccessful. Four Thousand of their Men fell before the Walls

of

of *Copenhagen*, in three Nights and Two Days : Which caus'd King *Gustavus* to raise the Siege. Whilst the Duke of *Brandenburgh* retook *Fredericks-Ode*, and thereby restored to the King of *Denmark*, the Provinces of *Holstetn*, *Jutland* and *Ditmarsen*.

The *Hollanders* also have had a Combat with the *Suedes* at Sea, and sunk fourteen of their best Ships : Besides what they burnt and took.

These Events have stirr'd up several *Princes* to mediate a *Peace*. And 'tis not improbable, but in a little Time, we may see all the *Christians* good Friends : And then 'twill be Time for the *Mussulmans*, to be upon their *Guard*.

As for *Mahmut*, he will not fail to pry into the Counsels of these *Infidels* ; and send timely Notices to the *Port* ; Leaving the Rest to the Wisdom of his *Superiours*, and the Pleasure of *Destiny*.

Paris, 29<sup>th</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1659.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Professor  
of Theology at Fez.

THE Character, which the Great and Illustrious *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, President of *Presidents*, Grace and Ornament of *Ancient Learning*, Oracle of *Africa*, and Restorer of *Obsolete Truth*, has given me of thy profound Wisdom and Science, fills me with Reverence and Sacred Love. I am ravished with Wonder and Joy to hear, that in this Age, wherein the *Mussulman Theology* has suffer'd so many Innovations, there yet survives a Man who dares, and is able to assert against all Opposers, not only the *Primitive* and *Original* Truth,

Truth, brought down from *Heaven* by the Hand of *Gabriel*, but also the Real and Indubitable Sayings, Sermons, Counsels and Actions of the Prophet, whilst he was on *Earth* conversing with Mortals, before his *Transmigration* to the Gardens of *Eternal Repose* and *Solitude*. Thou art the *Enoch*, the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the *Age*.

I have seen many Copies of the *Zune*, or the *Book of Doctrine*; each pretending to comprize the whole *System* of that *Divine Philosophy* and *Wisdom*, which dropt from the Lips of our *Incomparable* and most *Holy Law giver*, and were Attested by his *Wife*, the *Holy Agesha*, *Mother* of the *Faithful*, and by his *Ten Disciples*. Yet all these various *Transcripts* differ both in their *Sense* and *Manner* of *Expressions*.

I have perused the *Books* Entituled *Dabif*, or *Imperfect*; which contain the *Memoirs* of his other *Wives*; and the *Manuscripts* called *Maucof*, or *Fragments*: Being only a *Collection* of some *Select Sentences*, *Aphorisms* and *Parables* of the *Sent* of *God*. But these have no other *Authority* to back 'em, save the *Credit* of some *Learned Scribes*, who were not familiar with the *Divine Favourite*, only living in his *Time* and taking *Things* on *Report*.

In fine, I have met with several *Parchments* of the *Zaquini*, or *Pretended Traditions* of *Abu Becre*, *Omar*, and *Othman*; But these I esteem as *Spurious*, *Corrupted*, and full of *Errors*.

What shall I say? The *Zeal* of *Omar Ebn Abd'il-Aziz*, the *Ninth Caliph* of the *Tribe* of *Merwan*, is not unknown to me. I am no stranger to his singular *Piety*, not to be matched among *Crowned Heads*: For, of him it is Recorded, That as he descended from the *Throne* at the *Time* of his *Inauguration*, he gave the *Robe* from his *Back*, as an *Alms* to a *Poor Man*: And, That during his whole *Reign*, he spent but *Two Piasters* a *Day*, on himself.

himself. And so great was his Resignation to *Destiny*, (an Admirable Virtue in a *Sovereign Emperor*) that when he was on his Bed in his last Sickness, and was counsell'd to take *Physick*, he answer'd, *No; if I were sure to heal my self. only by reaching my Finger to my Ear, I would not. For the place to which I am going, is full of Health and Bliss.*

This Caliph was a Miracle of Humility and his Charity always kept him Poor: *Moslema Ebn Abdi'l Melec* relates, that going to visit Omar on his Death Bed, he found him lying on a Couch of Palm-Leaves, with Three or Four Skins instead of a Pillow, his Garments on, and a foul Shirt underneath. Seeing this, *Moslema* was grieved, and turning to his Sister *Phatema* the Empress, he said, *How comes it to pass that the Great Lord, Commander of the Faithful, appears in so squalid a Condition?* She reply'd, *As thou livest, he has given away all that he had, even to the very Bed that was under him, to the Poor, and only reserved what thou seest, to cover his Nakedness.* Then *Moslema* could not refrain, but burst forth into Tears, saying, *God shew thee Mercy upon Mercy, thou Royal Saint: For thou hast pierced our Hearts with the Fear of his Divine Majesty.* This Caliph was numbered among the Saints.

He it was, that perceiving the Contradiction, and Disputes of the *Mussulman's*, the Darkness and Confusion in the various Copies of the *Zune*, or Book of *Doctrine*, assembled a General *Divan* of *Mollah's*, and Learned Men at *Damascus* from all Parts of the Empire: Commanding that all the Manuscripts of the *Zune*, which were extant, should be brought in to this Assembly, on Pain of Death to him that should detain one. This being done, he Commanded Six of them, to be chosen out of the Whole Number, by Vote; Men Eminent for Learning and Piety; And that these Six should severally collect, out of all the Multitude of Copies, each



each Man a *Book*, containing what he thought to be the most *Genuine Discourses* of the *Prophet*, concerning this *World*, and that which is to come. When this was executed according to his *Will*, he commanded all the *Old Books* to be burn'd, in a *Field* near *Damascus*.

Yet after all the *Religious Care* of this *Holy Caliph*, to restore these *Writings* to their *Primitive Integrity*, the *Mussulman's* soon fell into *New Contentions*, about the *Sense* and *Interpretation* of these *Correct Copies* of the *Zune*. From whence sprang the *Four Cardinal Sects*, on which all the *Innumerable*, lesser and later *Divisions* among *True Believers*, are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoyce, and from my heart highly applaud the Method taken by those of your *Renowned College*, to discern the *True Doctrines* and *Sayings* of the *Holy Prophet*, from those which are *Supposititious*, by comparing all the *Books* that are extant together, and reducing *Matters of Divine Revelation* to the *Analogy* of the *Alcoran*; Those of *Philosophy* and *Moral Regards*, to the *Standard of Experience* and *Reason*; For, it is *Impious* to believe, that the *Divine Apostle* would impose any thing on our *Faith*, repugnant to the *Sense* of *Men*, or the *Express Will* of *Heaven*. By the *Soul* of *Pythagoras*, *Mahomet* said nothing but what was *Rational*, and *Evident* to any *Unprejudiced Mind*. But the *Greatest Part* of these *Sectaries* are besotted. They form to themselves *Falle Notions* of *God* and his *Prophet*, and think to merit *Paradise* by their *Stupidity*.

Reverend *Alfaqui*, I have much more to say to thee, and many *Questions* to ask; But, *Time* and the *Grand Signior's Service*, force me to conclude abruptly, wishing thee *Perfection* of *Bliss*.

Paris, 20th of the 6th Moon of the Year 1659, according to the *Christian Style*.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*



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